ECORDINGS

Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 28, 1953 / 20¢

A TONEFILE OF GLENN MILLER
By Irving Kolodin

Katherine Anne Porter recording for the Columbia Literary Series
(See "Writers as Readers," page 64)

THE PAPERBACK REVOLUTION
By Benjamin Appel

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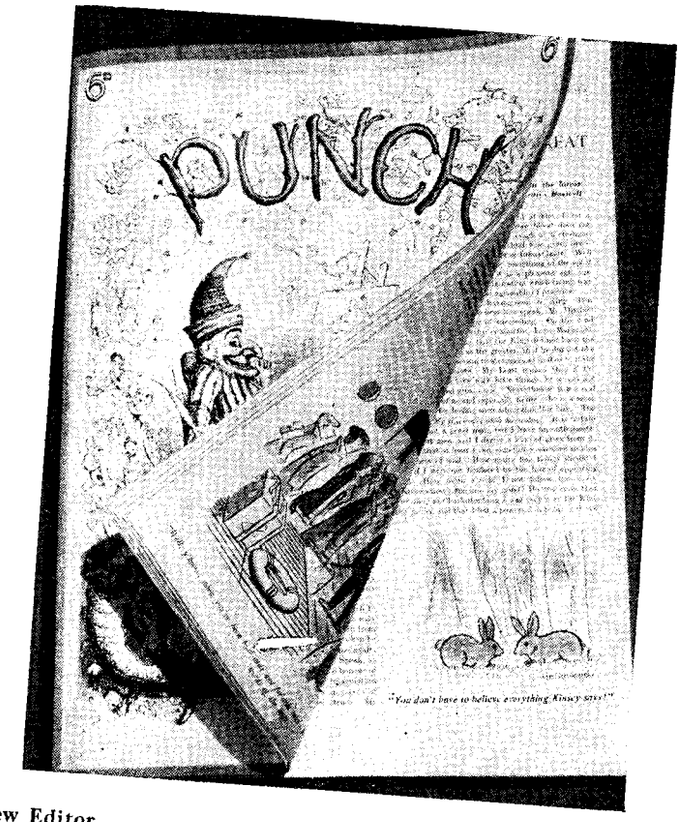

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Today Punch is still a wayward mixture of the old and the new, of the uproariously international and the whimsically British. The magazine that first said "You pays your money and you takes your choice" (1846), that coined the phrase "bedside manner" (1844), is, in modern times, the magazine that unleashed on the world the explosive social philosophy of Stephen Potter's Lifemanship, and the meticulous convolutions of Rowland Emett's Far Tottering and Oyster Creek Railway.

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Cyril Connolly
A. P. Herbert
Geoffrey Gorer
Anthony Powell
Beverley Baxter
John Lehmann
John Betjeman
Marjorie Riddell
P. G. Wodehouse
William Sansom
Richard Gordon

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A year ago Malcolm Muggeridge came to preside over Punch's traditional editorial conferences. (He is the eighth editor since 1841.) A former foreign correspondent, author, literary critic, and newspaper editor, Muggeridge has a simple concept of an editor's duty: get good contributors, and get the best out of them.

Some of the most famous names in English letters now appear in Punch, as well as new writers, exciting to discover. With them are the drawings of Punch's famous stable of cartoonists—David Langdon, Sprod, Bernard Hollowood, Rowland Emett, Fougasse, Giovannetti.

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I have been reading the memoirs of a rather unusual detective. His quarry is not criminals, but Mankind; and as a matter of fact, he calls himself not a detective, but an anthropologist.

¶ The name of this Manhunter is Henry Field, whose new book, "The Track of Man," is the story of his experiences in seeking out traces of early man in such places as Kish, Sinai, the Altamira Caves in Spain, Saudi Arabia, the Caucasian area of Russia, and other spots both out of the way and out of the ordinary.

¶ Henry Field is an American trained at Oxford who became a curator of Chicago's Field Museum, where he set up the famous exhibition halls of the Races of Man and Prehistoric Man.

¶ His book is a down-to-earth account of how an anthropologist works. Dr. Field tells how he knows where to dig, how he goes about excavating a centuries-old skeleton, how he gets his findings home, and, finally, how he sets them up in a museum.

¶ He communicates to the reader the excitement of finding the world's oldest wheeled vehicle, the dangers involved in taking the head measurements of the fiercely anti-Christian Yezidi tribesmen, and the embarrassments of cave-searching clad only in beret and shoes.

¶ I've always been fascinated by anthropology and archaeology, but this is the first book I have read which tells me just what they are all about.

¶ I'm no more of a bopster than I am a scientist; but after reading "The Track of Man," I'm really beginning to dig anthropology.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Track of Man," by Henry Field, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. It may be obtained from your bookseller.

(Advertisement)

The Saturday Review

NOVEMBER [illegible]

Cover Drawing by Douglas [illegible]

After a Photograph by Fred Pl[illegible]

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVI, No. 48, Nov. 28, 1953. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire Issue copyright 1953 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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SR's Library Poll

"LÉLIA," the biography of George Sand by André Maurois, continued this week to head *The Saturday Review*'s poll of books most in demand at a representative cross-section of public libraries from coast to coast. Sustained reading appeal was also shown by James Jones's novel, "From Here to Eternity"; by Norman Vincent Peale's guide to everyday living, "The Power of Positive Thinking"; and by Alan Paton's second novel from South Africa, "*Too* Late the Phalarope." These books were in second, third, and fourth place respectively.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Lélia**
   by André Maurois (G)*
2. **From Here to Eternity**
   by James Jones (F)*
3. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
4. **Too Late the Phalarope**
   by Alan Paton (F)
5. **Beyond This Place**
   by A. J. Cronin (F)
6. **The Spirit of St. Louis**
   by Charles A. Lindbergh (G)
7. **Time and Time Again**
   by James Hilton (F)
8. **Désirée**
   by Annemarie Selinko (F)
9. **Sexual Behavior in the Human Female**
   by Alfred C. Kinsey (G)
10. **The Adventures of Augie March**
    by Saul Bellow (F)
11. **A Man Called Peter**
    by Catherine Marshall (G)
12. **The Robe**
    by Lloyd C. Douglas (F)
13. **Battle Cry**
    by Leon Uris (F)
14. **Call Me Lucky**
    by Bing Crosby (G)
15. **A House Is Not a Home**
    by Polly Adler (G)
16. **The Caine Mutiny**
    by Herman Wouk (F)
17. **Come, My Beloved**
    by Pearl Buck (F)
18. **Quackery in the Public Schools**
    by Albert J. Lynd (G)
19. **The Age of the Moguls**
    by Stewart H. Holbrook (G)
20. **Gone With the Windsors**
    by Iles Brody (G)

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Atlanta (Ga.), Birmingham (Ala.), Boston (Mass.), Buffalo (N. Y.), Chicago (Ill.), Cleveland (Ohio), Des Moines (Ia.), Los Angeles (Calif.), Louisville (Ky.), Milwaukee (Wis.), Minneapolis (Minn.), New York (N. Y.), Omaha (Neb.), Philadelphia (Pa.), Pittsburgh (Pa.), Salt Lake City (Utah), St. Louis (Mo.), Washington (D.C.).

* (G) — General
** (F) — Fiction

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when their moneyed old

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. . . when

the intriguing countess

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and they all

follow Uncle Abel

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even the

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finds the countess

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TRADE Winds

GEORGE DUPRE'S STORY of breathtaking adventures in the French underground, published under the title of "The Man Who Wouldn't Talk," turned out to be too good to be true. It had been accepted as gospel in Canada for over five years, but grew, evidently, each time it was repeated. By the time DuPre told it to Quentin Reynolds it was a whopper.

The Reader's Digest, which featured the tale in its November issue, will carry a complete explanation of the hoax in January. Random House, publisher of the book, promptly offered full refunds to all purchasers requesting same. Not one copy, however, had been returned three days after Mr. DuPre's elaborate fantasy had been punctured. Instead, orders were pouring in from all over the country.

DuPre's straightforward, modest manner took into camp everybody he met—from Canadian generals and ministers to ordinarily skeptical reporters. Reynolds remembers only one thing that might have been a tip-off on DuPre's delusions. He was to meet the Canadian at the Bedford Hills railroad station. "How will I recognize you?" he asked. "You'll know me," DuPre answered confidently. "I look quite a bit like President Eisenhower." "The catch," adds Reynolds, "is that he really did!"

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING in the air in Des Moines, Iowa, that nurtures valiant and successful publishers. Des Moines is the home of both the Meredith and the Cowles families—and thus a city of less than 200,000 population can claim credit for two of the five leading magazines in the whole United States in volume of advertising (Meredith's *Better Homes and Gardens* and Cowles' *Look*).

Edwin T. Meredith, virtual founder of his publishing dynasty, was nineteen years old in 1894 when he received *The Farmer's Tribune* as a wedding gift from his grandfather. The card read "Sink or Swim." In 1902 he was still treading water. Then he sold the *Tribune* and launched a more ambitious project—*Successful Farming*—still going strong to the tune of over 1,250,000 copies a month. In 1922 another new publication was conceived. First known as *Fruit, Garden, and Home*, its name was changed to *Better Homes and Gardens* in 1924, and soon put its stablemate in the shade. Today its circulation is nudging the four million mark, and it carries more advertising linage than any other monthly magazine in America.

Edwin Meredith was the Secretary of Agriculture in Woodrow Wilson's Cabinet, and for some days was in serious contention for the Democratic nomination for President in that long-drawn-out and confused convention at Madison Square Garden in 1924.

Gardner Cowles meanwhile had given up his banking career in Northern Iowa in 1903 to purchase the *Des Moines Register*, and was thriving along with the Merediths. And a third prominent resident of the city—Harry C. Wallace—became a Cabinet officer, too; when Warren Harding tapped him for the same post Meredith had occupied: Secretary of Agriculture.

Meredith's son Ed is now one of the big shots at the Meredith Publishing Company; Cowles's son Mike guides the destinies of *Look*. And Wallace's son Henry, you may recall, was Vice President of this country from 1941 to 1945.

ED MEREDITH is a restless man. Not content with a burgeoning magazine empire, he initiated a series of "How to Do It" books early in the Thirties that today account for a large part of the company's profits and are a prominent part of every bookstore's permanent stock. The cook book has gone through sixty-six printings in twenty-three years and has sold five million copies. The latest edition, loose leaf, in color, with every recipe triple-tested by girls in the Meredith model kitchens (their average tenure on the job is two years: Des Moines swains appreciate good food), is new from cover to cover.

"The Better Homes and Garden Baby Book" was the second in the line. It appeared first in 1943, and was soon followed by a "Garden Book" and a "Handyman's Book"—all loose-leaf, all enormously successful. The entire line is "bread and butter publishing" at its best, and as old-guard book publishers are finally discovering—possibly too late in some instances—one solid entry in this category can ring up bigger year-to-year net profits than any five best-selling novels (below the magnitude of a "Caine Mutiny") combined. They're far less trouble, too!

Ed Meredith is a popular gent in Des Moines today—particularly since neighbors persuaded him to get rid of a baby mountain lion that he kept as a pet in the back yard. They're pleased, too, that he's included two storybooks for children in his line. They don't sell quite as well as the

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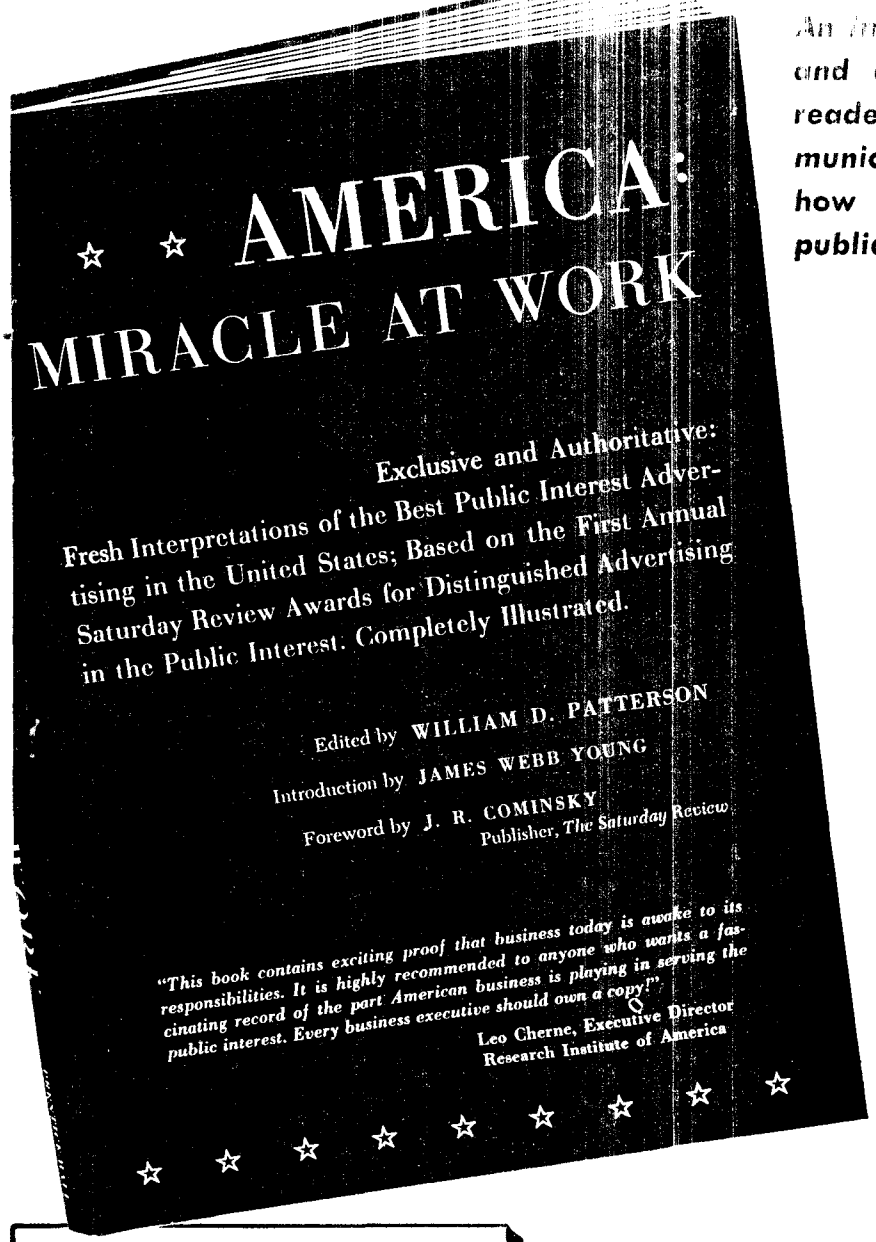
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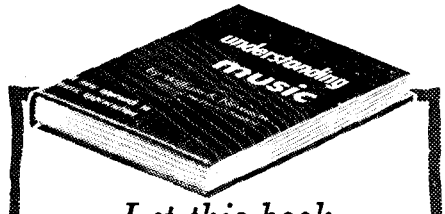

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HARPER

"how-to-do-its"—only a little over 650,000 copies in two years—but he's not complaining. Some prankster in the Meredith publicity department, incidentally, suggested that a review copy of the "Second Story Book" be sent to the librarian of every one of the country's more representative jails. Prisoners, he reasoned, might regard this as the most valuable "how-to-do-it" book of them all!

FOR ANOTHER SUCCESS STORY TRADE WINDS whirls you now to Minneapolis, where officials of General Mills, makers of Wheaties, were racking their brains last fall for a new premium that would intrigue the most voracious and demanding of the breakfast-food public—the kiddies. In this television age the problem of children's premiums has become a major headache: they stampede wildly for the one out of ten that strikes

their fancy—and won't be seen dead with the other nine. The Wheaties brass suddenly got a call from the Knox Reeves Advertising Agency. Mere mention of the nature of their suggestion sent the Wheaties executives into a tizzy—but even they didn't begin to realize what they were letting themselves in for!

The Reeves Agency plan was simply this: a set of miniature reproductions of the automobile license plates of the forty-eight states, absolutely authentic in style and color, made of durable "black plate" steel by the J. L. Clark Company in Rockford, Ill. One miniature plate was to be glued to the face of a package of Wheaties. In addition, a coupon on the box top was to offer a regional set of twelve plates for the box top plus a quarter, or plates for all forty-eight states—and, oh yes, the District of Columbia—for four box tops plus a dollar.

The promotion began in February, and the Wheaties people realized they had a bear by the tail when grocers sold out the introductory packages long before the first ads for the campaign broke in the Sunday comics on March 15. Kids weren't the only ones who wanted complete sets of the plates. Shopkeepers soon recognized their drawing power. One set scattered about the show window of a shoe store actually caused a traffic block outside. A customer demanded, "Do you have that South Dakota number in my size?" Another said, "I'll buy those expensive brown

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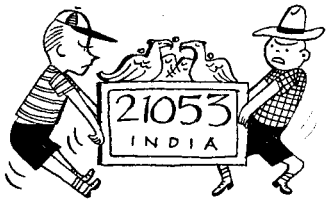
oxfords if you'll throw in the Wisconsin plate for a shoe-horn."

Police and other dignitaries in cities, towns, and villages demanded sets for educational purposes. Fathers clamored for them to decorate their rumpus rooms. "They make great conversation pieces," wrote one happy recipient, "and get everybody started

on tales of his own travels." (This is *good?*) Automobile clubs, travel agencies, hospitals, and schools joined in.

Here are the results. General Mills officials were snowed under by orders for more than half a million individual miniature plates a day. The mailing agency put on shifts working around the clock—and soon fell hopelessly behind anyway. The total number of plates manufactured to date exceeds twenty-one million, and where it all will end is anybody's guess. The sale of Wheaties is soaring month after month—which was the big idea in the first place.

To take up the lag in delivery of



the plates the makers of Wheaties enclosed replicas of the baggage stickers of all the world's leading airlines this summer. And in November they will begin to distribute miniature license plates of thirty-one foreign countries. I've seen them all and they're so fascinating it took real will power to turn them over to my two kids. The free bonus is the special plate of one of India's nobbiest Maharajahs—a double gold eagle emblazoned on a shield of carmine. As a starter fourteen million sets of the foreign plates have been ordered. They'll be merely a drop in the bucket.

AND NOW THAT the Reeves Agency has been so successful in developing a brand-new premium for the kiddies will they direct some of that dynamic energy to finding a way to sell worthy first novels in hardback format? The way things are going now it will take a lot more than a plate to lure customers for three-dollar fiction. They might not even go for a whole set of dishes! —BENNETT CERF.

Scribner CHRISTMAS HIGHLIGHTS

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Bookmarks

HOW pleasant it would be if one could turn back the clock to New Year's Day of 1896, when the devastating announcement came not that a new super-weapon had been developed, or a garrison slaughtered in Eastern Asia, or a spy plot unearthed in Hungary, or a cache of heroin exposed on a New York pier, but that Alfred Austin had been named poet laureate of England. Although it was news that everybody had expected, the world shook. *Punch* let go with a serial diatribe that persisted almost to Austin's death in 1913. Norton B. Crowell has made the most of this inkpot tempest in a spirited account of "Alfred Austin: Victorian" recently issued by the University of New Mexico Press. Mr. Crowell has, among many other agreeable qualities, a nice sense of footnoting. One of his glosses informs us that the servant at Austin's country seat was wont to announce the entrance of their hosts to the assembled dinner guests with "The Poet Laureate and Mrs. Austin." Mr. Crowell sensibly concludes that "few poets of any pretension have to their discredit so weighty a body of miserable verse, yet a volume of poetry carefully selected from his total production would be far above mediocre." And he quotes Ambrose Bierce to much the same effect: "Mr. Austin is not a great poet, but he is a poet." Austin fared far worse at home than he did abroad; Browning called him a "banjo-Byron." Those were the days!

* * *

An austere clerical friend of ours admits that he enjoys an occasional on-color story.

* * *

In P. R. Reid's "The Colditz Story," a tense, attention-holding narrative of life in (and away from) a German prison for Allied soldiers who had previously escaped elsewhere and been retaken, the author describes a two-man card game called "Gapin," which means, in Polish, "a person who looks but does not see." Since English has no word precisely like that why not adopt it?

* * *

Met any committal people lately?

* * *

What is bosh, that so many people are full of it?

* * *

"It will be remembered that" means "You are just a dope and never knew this, so I am going to tell you." —J. T. W.

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Good News

▶ Dr. Felix J. Underwood, seventy-one, of Jackson, Miss., state public health officer for thirty years, has received one of the annual Lasker Awards of the American Public Health Association. In three decades he has transformed his state into a national pace-setter in public health. Uniting the work of the medical profession, health experts, political leaders, and private foundations and citizens, he has developed county health units, child-guidance clinics, mental health and service programs for working families, a new state medical school, and a unique program for rural medical education. These stand as a mighty monument.

▶ It begins to look as if the so-called "dead region" called the Negev, which constitutes half the state of Israel, may prove to be economically the most important half. A survey of the area indicates the presence of close to 100 million tons of phosphate rock, for which there is a great demand today.

▶ An East and Central African University, to be called Gandhi Memorial College, looms as a good possibility for the near future in equatorial Africa today. Over half of the million dollars needed for its establishment has been raised privately from the Indian community in East Africa.

▶ In the twelve months since its publication the Revised Standard Version of the Bible has sold 2,500,000 copies, a record sales figure for all time, unequaled by any other book in history, fiction or non-fiction. It remains on the nation's best-seller lists after forty-eight consecutive weeks. Many formerly obscure passages are clear and lucid in the new translation. Let us hope that the book is read as enthusiastically as it is purchased.

▶ M. J. Holahan, supervisor of personnel research at Pitney-Bowes, Inc., addressing the American Management Association the other day, said that his company considered its employes its "greatest and most valuable asset," and feels that they must be maintained as well as any physical asset. He added that this meant that employes and their families should be protected from illness, accident, and death as part of "just good human relations." He emphasized that aging employes should not "be put on the scrap heap as may be done with obsolete machinery and equipment."

—DONALD HARRINGTON.

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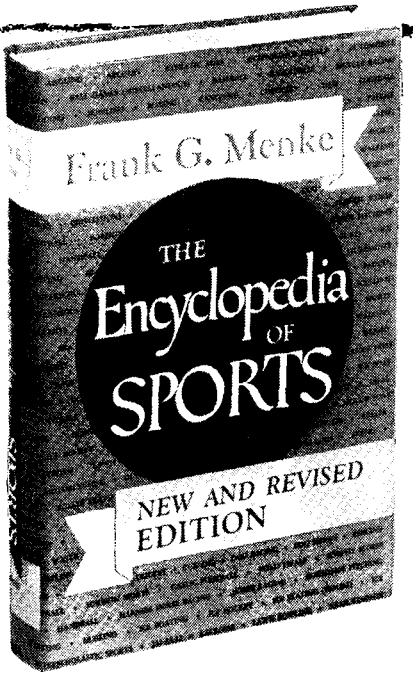

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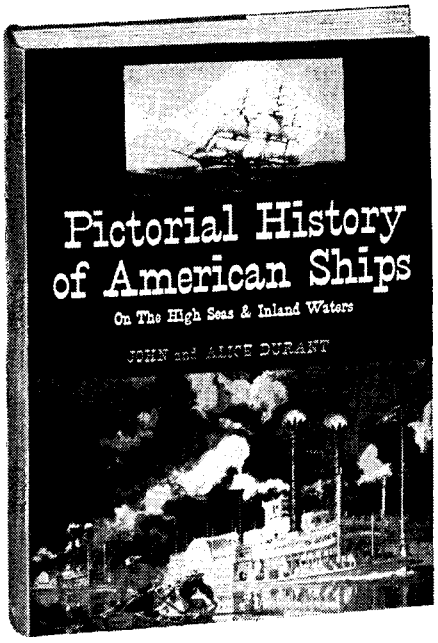

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The Saturday Review
NOVEMBER 28, 1953

THE PAPERBACK REVOLUTION

By BENJAMIN APPEL

The rows of gaudy books in the nation's drugstores and railroad stations are becoming increasingly populated these days with a new species: the "paperback original." More and more novelists are consigning their work directly to the paperback market and bypassing the traditional hardback publishers. The effect of this trend on fiction, and on the writer of fiction, is discussed here by Benjamin Appel, who has written novels for both mediums, among them "Fortress in the Rice" (hardback) and "Plunder" (paperback).

PAPERBACK has become a fighting word: the paperback original novel has divided book people into Hardback and Paperback partisans in a literary civil war whose final battles are still to be decided. To the Hardbacks the paperback original is a work of 180 or so lurid, sensational, extremely unimportant pages bound in the bosom of its heroine. To the Paperbacks the paperback original is good reading for the millions at a price they can afford; it is the novel of the future, etc., etc.

I don't know if it is possible to be neutral in this controversy, a sort of simultaneous Hardback-Paperback. But as a novelist who has published both hardback novels and paperback originals, and who expects to publish in both camps in the future, I became sufficiently interested to examine the available facts. As might have been expected, the facts were all intimately related. The traditional clothbound novel, the paperback reprint, and the paperback original make up one fiction family, and it was the work of fiction—hardback, reprint, and original—and its reception in recent times that primarily interested me as a novelist temporarily become a Student of Trends.

The emergence of the paperback original novel would have been impossible if the paperback reprint had not already transformed American book-buying and book-reading habits. What is the original but the younger brother—or, if one is to judge by the covers of so many reprints and originals, the younger sister—of the reprint? Both originals and reprints are produced on the same high-speed rotary presses, distributed by the same wholesalers, displayed by the same drugstores. They are both the book products of a conveyor-belt America.

The history of paperback publishing in America stretches back to the Civil War, but in the twentieth century the paperback never really caught on until a very few years ago. Its success dates only from 1939, when Robert F. de Graff founded Pocket Books and wooed the unbookish millions with twenty-five-cent reprints; the first thirty-four titles in the Pocket Books series sold 1,508,000 copies. In a sense de Graff's reprint venture was also preparing the way for the first twenty-five-cent originals—those of Gold Medal Books that appeared on the market in 1950. And, since Simon and Schuster participated in the launching of the reprint firm of Pocket Books in 1939, a hardback publisher was also responsible, if unwittingly, for the eventual appearance of the paperback original novel.

Originals? Reprints? To publishers, critics, and writers the terms are clear enough. But if one walks to the rows and rows of bright-colored books in a drugstore and watches the new twenty-five-cent species of book browsers the question arises if the terms are anything but labels to most of the ten million buyers of paperbound books. Reprints and originals look so much alike. They could be sisters under the (paperbound) skin. "When I was with Bantam," Ian Ballantine of Ballantine Books has said, "we issued books that had sold only 2,000 or 3,000 copies in their regular trade editions. Nobody had ever heard of them. Weren't those reprints really originals?" Charles R. Byrne, editor of Avon Books, has made a similar point: "Before Nelson Algren published 'Man with the Golden Arm,' which made him famous, we reprinted two books of his that had a very limited audience in hardback form. We sold 750,000 copies of his early novel, and 400,000 copies of his short stories."

Thus, in a very complete sense

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"Of Making Books There Is No End"

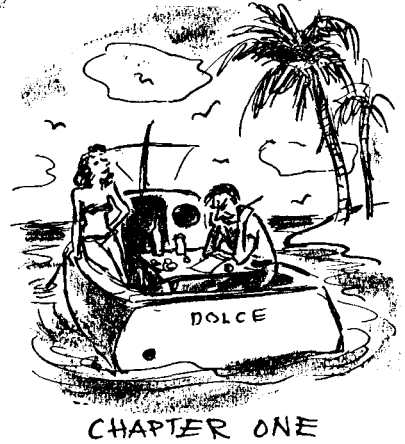
OUR INDEFATIGABLE AUTHORS

By Alan Dunn

As the plane droned on towards the border of the American zone I realized a momentous decision confronted me. In Russia I would still be boss commissar in charge of glycols and aldehydes for Uzbekistan; in America. . .

Buttercup (Ranunculus bulbosus) and arbutus (Epigaea repens), magic sorcerers of the forest, spotted the dewey path beneath my feet. A song lent the stillness: oooh coco coo— coo coo coo — Ah, Zenaidura macroura, the mourning dove...

75 grand and where are you? Just a lousy vice-president of radio, he ruminated, the alcohol fouling his brain, not fully conscious of the hot pulse of Darwin's yielding form . . .



CHAPTER ONE

~~Once there was a~~
~~It was a glorious day in June~~
~~Margot in the transparent~~

many reprints were "originals" to tens of thousands of their readers. Yet, in a time when twenty-five cents or thirty-five cents or fifty cents will open the pages of almost everyone from Shakespeare to Spillane the asking price of the hardback novel has jumped to three dollars, to three-fifty, to four dollars. The firm of Simon and Schuster, astute enough to help set up Pocket Books as a sister firm in 1939, finds it necessary in 1953 to run an ad explaining why a first novel has to be priced at four dollars: "What it adds up to is that, by and large, a novel must be equated with (1) theatre tickets or (2) a bottle of Canadian Club."

WILL the near-luxury priced hardback novel save the hardback publisher? While Americans by the millions were reading the twenty-five-cent reprints, the hardback publisher has been forced to lean more and more heavily on his subsidiary rights, especially his reprint rights. Other rights have declined in importance. Book-club sales according to the September *Fortune* are "still skidding." Book-of-the-Month Club membership between 1947-1952 dropped from 900,000 to 500,000. For the hardback publisher today reprint rights are not only bread-and-butter rights—one hardback novel out of five is reprinted—but cream-and-sugar rights as well.

It is well known that some publishers will not accept a manuscript for publication lacking in reprint possibilities; that others will even submit a manuscript under consideration to the reprint editors, who in effect serve as first-line readers for the hardback publishers. While hardback publishers have become more and more dependent on their one-half share in reprint-rights, the reprint publishers have come of age. The once seemingly inexhaustible hardback lists have been combed over again and again. For the new hardback titles that everybody wants the reprinters have been forced to pay more than they think is fair. Freeman Lewis, of Pocket Books, has warned: "I would estimate that of the 'big bid' books of the past two years, that is titles which were acquired for reprint by guarantees of $15,000 or more, less than five will ever earn out their minimum guarantees. If the present situation continues all paperbound publishers may be forced to seek either a change in the terms and methods of contracting for reprint rights or a change in the sources of supply. A number of them have already done so."

Charles N. Heckelmann, editor of Popular Library, criticized the bidding contests for reprint rights and began to publish originals. Charles R. Byrne, of Avon Books, has said: "When the bidding became fierce for the hot reprints we could only get one out of seven that we wanted. It was a question of getting a new source of books. And Gold Medal had proved that material could be had."

The plain fact is that the reprint, this "good sister" of the hardback publishers, in a little over ten years had become an indispensable and giant crutch for the regular trade novel. (Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" sold for $40,000; James Jones's "From Here to Eternity" is reported to have sold for $80,000.) And, to venture into science-fiction parable for a moment, the crutch finally began to manifest a definite restiveness, a necessity even to walk about on its own.

Enter the paperback original novel. Up to the year 1950 authors were

(*Continued on page 45*)

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The End of the End

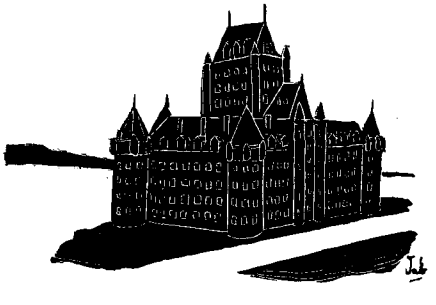
"Triumph and Tragedy," by Winston S. Churchill *(Houghton Mifflin. 800 pp. $6), the sixth and concluding volume of the British Prime Minister's account of World War II, covers D-Day, the Yalta conference, the death of F. D. Roosevelt, the Potsdam conference, Churchill's 1945 defeat at the polls, and the opening of the atomic age. Dexter Perkins, who reviews it here, is professor of history at the University of Rochester, and the author of "The Evolution of American Foreign Policy" and other books.*

By Dexter Perkins

WINSTON CHURCHILL's closing volume on the Second World War, "Triumph and Tragedy," hardly seems to justify, from the literary point of view, the honor that has recently come to him in the form of the Nobel Prize. It lacks the brilliance that has frequently characterized his style; the Churchillian rhetoric rises to great heights only when the Prime Minister quotes some of his earlier utterances. There is far too much direct citation from the documents to make the book a strikingly effective performance from the stylistic angle.

But the book does deal with an epic period, and it comes from one of the principal actors in a great drama. It is packed with information of high value to the student; it is a source the primary importance of which cannot be denied. And it raises a variety of questions that will be debated again and again in the years ahead, and will furnish grist not only to the professional historian, but one suspects to the politicians as well.

In a period when it seems the object in some quarters to discredit the war leadership of the United States



a decade ago, there will be quite a little comfort in two of Churchill's main contentions in this book. First, the contention that it was a cardinal error to weaken the Allies' forces in Italy in order to bring about the invasion of Southern France and to hold out a hand to General Eisenhower by marching up the Rhine; and, second, that it was an equally grievous error for the American troops to withdraw from the very considerable area that they occupied at the end of the fighting and to fall back into the zone that had been agreed upon with the Russians as marked out for occupation in the postwar period. There was lost in this case, according to Sir Winston, a great opportunity to secure political concessions from the Kremlin as the price of American fulfilment of the agreement that had previously been made with regard to the Allied policing of postwar Germany.

These are pretty fundamental matters. On the Italian question Sir Winston cites in corroboration of his point of view the naturally prejudiced opinion of General Mark Clark. And, of course, Field Marshal Alexander also agrees with him. The thesis is that, had the armies in this theatre not been weakened, it might have been possible to break German resistance, advance into the valley of the Po, and thence penetrate northward through the Ljubljana gap towards Vienna. Such a move might have had substantial political implications, and might have strengthened the position of the Western powers in Eastern Europe. This view is directly opposite to that adopted by General Eisenhower. To him the important thing was to mass the greatest possible strength against the German divisions in the West and to open up new lines of communication for the supplying of the armies he was deploying against Germany. Such a view gave primacy to what were deemed to be fundamental military considerations and, perhaps it may fairly be said, neglected the political factors.

Yet it is by no means possible to accept the Churchill thesis wholeheartedly. It is never possible to dogmatize about the course that was not chosen at a given historic moment. We cannot go back and choose that alternative and see how it would actually have worked. We can only

BEHIND THE BOOK: The *real* preface to Sir Winston Churchill's six volumes about the Second World War, it now turns out, may be "Bow-wow." "Bow-wow," according to one account, served as a kind of verbal ignition for "Transcriber," a complicated piece of equipment into which Churchill dictated his history of the war. It is built into the study wall of his house at Chartwell.

All Churchill had to do whenever he was in the mood for a little dictating was to say, "Bow-wow," and a blank record began turning. (A man whose firm built "Transcriber" divulged the other day that the machine went into action the moment a word was uttered; the P.M., he added cautiously, sometimes uttered "a mild Churchillian expletive" in place of "Bow-wow" to start things going. He was too bashful to say what it was.) Forty-eight hours of prose went on a single record. All the resplendent Churchilliana was typed, then set up in galleys in fourteen-point type before Churchill would even look at it. Occasionally he worked sixteen hours a day, keeping "Transcriber," six secretaries, and a printer busy. Churchill doesn't like working off typescript. Anyway, the galleys were subjected to some rewriting and some polishing, just enough to win awards like the Nobel Prize. Churchill got that prize last month, the sixth Briton ever to receive it. Rudyard Kipling was the first.

Churchill received his extraordinary grounding in English at Harrow. He wasn't a crackerjack Latin student, the result being that he got lots of extra drilling in English. "Thus," he once said of those Harrow days, "I got into my bones the essential structure of the ordinary English sentence—which is a noble thing." Like any writer, Churchill, with more than thirty books to his name (histories of war, biographies, essays, travel, even a cloak-and-dagger novel), has some advice for other writers. "Broadly speaking," he has said, "the short words are the best and the old words are best of all."

—BERNARD KALB.

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—Culver.

FDR and Sir Winston—"balance of power agreements endure as long as the balance."

speculate as to what might have been. The Churchill strategy *might* have succeeded. The victory in the North *might* still have been won, and the armies of Clark and Alexander *might* conceivably have penetrated to Vienna. But the task that the British Prime Minister *would have* set for these armies would have been a formidable one, and we know from Sir Winston's own account that their advance into the valley of the Po came about only after some German forces had been withdrawn as a result of the invasion of Southern France. It would have been a long and formidable business to march north from the Lombard plain into central Austria and it would have involved all sorts of logistical and strategical considerations. Where the experts disagree it is best for the layman not to make too confident a judgment.

On the second point, however, there is more to be said for the Churchillian view. The Eisenhower plan *did* carry our armies far into territory that had been allotted to the Russians for occupation after the end of the war. The Russians were already showing many signs of bad faith in their dealing with the Western powers. They had by April 1945 in part ignored their agreements with the United States and Britain that had been made at Yalta. They had installed a puppet government in Rumania, and, despite their promises, they were showing signs of an intention to do the same thing in Poland. They were insisting on the extension of the Polish boundary in the west from the eastern to the western Neisse, an extension which Churchill properly—but ineffectually—opposed. In the face of these facts, it *does* seem as if the American Government might have postponed the withdrawal of American troops and used its military advantage to secure some political profit. At any rate, the matter might have been more seriously considered.

BUT the big fact in these considerations is that Churchill was more skeptical of Russian good will than Roosevelt or Truman. One of the President's last letters to the Prime Minister states rather optimistically that the disputes with the Kremlin "usually iron themselves out." And American policy under his successor was still influenced, and influenced unduly, by the hope of a good understanding with Stalin. In this it doubtless reflected American public opinion, the opinion of a great self-governing people trained to the processes of accommodation and understanding, but not yet hardened to the wicked world of international politics. Though the deficiencies of American action can be excused, the fact that these deficiencies existed ought not to be dodged.

These two questions, the question of the Italian campaign and the question of the American withdrawal from the area beyond its zone in Germany, are related to another of great interest. During the war period Churchill came to an agreement with Stalin that gave Russia a pretty free hand in the Balkans, Britain a pretty free hand in Greece, and that assumed an equality of interest in Yugoslavia. To the Americans this looked like a return to balance of power politics of a kind that has always been repugnant to the United States. The arrangement was defended by the Prime Minister as purely provisional, but it seems to this reviewer that it may reflect something fundamental. In essence, at the bottom of Churchill's mind, has there not always lain the idea of a settlement on balance of power principles? And is such a settlement sound? On the other hand, others might ask has not the United States been unduly rigid in refusing to recognize, even today, the position that the Russians have marked out for themselves in Eastern Europe? Here again there will be much debate. But two things may perhaps be said. The first is that, whether we like it or not, the American people will never stand for that kind of agreement which explicitly hands over to Russian domination peoples that should be free. The second is that balance of power agreements usually endure only so long as the balance endures, and no longer. As a matter of fact, the agreement with Stalin just mentioned was soon violated, and before the end of the war we find Churchill complaining of Russia's preponderant influence in Yugoslavia. There is at least a case for the American attitude, as it has been expressed in the last postwar period, that is, to recognize the practical difficulties in the way of shaking Russian domination in Eastern Europe, but not to give that domination the slightest moral support.

Perhaps it is unjust to the Prime Minister to think that he would, if he could, strike a bargain with the Kremlin. But he certainly showed no hesitation in approving the Yalta arrangements between Roosevelt and Stalin and these, despite a substantial defense that can be made for them, *were* a bargain in the old tradition and alien (it may be added) to the traditions of American diplomacy. Indeed, the Prime Minister repelled the objections of Foreign Secretary Eden.

All of which ought not to be taken to mean that "Triumph and Tragedy" does not reveal a great statesman struggling with high courage and devotion against the menace of his time.

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A Woman of Business

"Out of These Roots," by Agnes E. Meyer *(Little, Brown. 385 pp. $3.50), is the story of the author's own progress from a New York suburban girlhood through a bohemian period to national leadership in the fields of education and social work. Our reviewer, Lucy Sprague Mitchell, is acting president of New York City's Bank Street College of Education and the author of a recently published memoir, "Two Lives: The Story of Wesley Clair Mitchell and Myself."*

By Lucy Sprague Mitchell

ANYONE who has met Agnes E. Meyer in person or in print will be moved by her autobiography, "Out of These Roots." In it she tells what went on inside her on "that terrible path toward oneself" that in later years led to her well-known, vigorous work to improve education and social conditions. Hers is a story of a democratic childhood, an "uprooted" self-centered period, a return in maturity to the values of the democratic process. Her colorful personality, against a succession of dramatic stage-sets on which move many world figures, makes for good reading.

Her uprooted period began when she was twelve and lasted for some years after her marriage. Her security, built up through living close to the earth and through democratic life in family and public school in the simple community at Pelham Heights, was shattered when the Ernst family moved to big, impersonal New York. The real shock, however, lay in what happened to her adored father, who had been the emotional center in the life of his precocious only daughter, the youngest of four children. In the city he deteriorated until he became irresponsibly indifferent to family ties and finally became their financial burden.

In her unhappiness Agnes Ernst sought satisfactions in intellectual pursuits that would not demand human sympathy. She describes herself as arrogant, self-centered, and irresponsible. Her interests ranged from mathematics in the Morris High School and Barnard College to Chinese paintings which she saw in London and says "determined the main direction of my intellectual activity for the next eleven years." She even studied Chinese and in 1923 published a sensitive, erudite book on Chinese painting.

During this uprooted time her analytic mind enjoyed social philosophy and drew her successively to John Dewey and the Chinese poet-thinkers, and made her a close friend of Paul Claudel, the Catholic poet, and of Thomas Mann, some of whose works she translated. But until some years after marriage she felt no interest in social problems and resisted responsibilities toward society or toward her family (she says she used to forget when it was time to nurse her first baby). When in 1910 Agnes Ernst, a Lutheran, and Eugene Meyer, a Jew, married their friends wrongly prophesied this "mixed marriage" would end in disaster. She feels their marriage was helped to success because they possessed common ethical ideals, a sense of humor, and neither ever bored the other. As "a by-product of parental solidarity" they and their five children developed a "family solidarity."

When they married Eugene Meyer was a successful businessman. World War I took him to important work in Washington. Later he became governor of the Federal Reserve Board and in 1933 he bought *The Washington Post*. His work shifted the family home to Washington. However, it was in Mount Kisco, which they still regarded as their real home, that in 1921 Mrs. Meyer says she had "one of those curious summons of fate." The summons came from the boss of Westchester County to help get out the women's vote and elect a Republican supervisor in a nearby township. Boss Ward persuaded her by words that "might have come from John Dewey": "There is only one honest use of political power—to make things better." In interviewing people she was brought into her first contact with problems of middle-class housewives. She says, "My never-ending education in human sympathy had begun."

THUS began her long yearning years in many social fields. Boss Ward persuaded her to become Commissioner of Recreation, a position she held for eighteen years. She developed this new field vigorously and imaginatively. During World War II she made a series of surveys of social conditions all over the country and wrote articles about them for *The Washington Post* that were later published in her book "Journey through Chaos." She describes her later work as "Health for All Americans" and the "Battle to Improve Public Education"—she considers our public school our most powerful public organization for improving society. She became a power in Washington but never was willing to accept any political office.

In their Washington home Agnes Meyer had to perform all the exacting social duties that went with her husband's position. She lived a complicated life with growing children and a program of strenuous work. Yet in her chapter "Women Aren't Men" she maintains that the true role of women in society—that of homemakers and "guardians of life, morality, and human compassion"—is threatened if women undertake work outside the house except local community work.

In her closing pages Mrs. Meyer sums up the beliefs she has evolved in an outline "for the spread of justice and freedom and human happiness." This comprehensive program covers the fields of education, health, and welfare and emphasizes community responsibilities and coordination of public and private, of local, state, and national work.

This is a program for democracy. As one finishes what Mrs. Meyer calls "this spiritual-sociological biography" one realizes what she means when she says, "My life has swung a full circle and brought me back to my native beliefs."

Agnes E. Meyer—"never-ending education."

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The Human Ledgers Close

"The Wild Place," by Kathryn Hulme *(Little, Brown. 275 pp. $3.75), relates the experiences of an American woman who served for five years as a field worker in European D. P. camps. Meyer Levin, who reviews it below, is the author of "In Search" and other volumes.*

By Meyer Levin

KATHRYN HULME'S "The Wild Place," a captivatingly vivid and sensitive book about her five years as a field worker in D.P. camps, richly deserved the Atlantic Award as a literary prize. But Kathryn Hulme ought to get several more prizes. A prize for great common sense, a prize as a human being unashamed to show that she still has a heart, as a social worker unabashed at doing good, as a citizen unafraid to show her wrath at bureaucratic wrongs, and finally as a woman who never lost her sense of humor, never lost her sense of beauty, even while confronted with the stretched-out waste of the postwar D.P. years.

There have been analytical reports, and innumerable sob stories about displaced persons, whose millions present a Sisyphus problem, for no sooner are the slave workers of the World War somehow distributed to old and new homes than the escapees from behind the Iron Curtain appear, and the displaced of the Korean War, and the displaced of Palestine. Miss Hulme's account is, unhappily, as she is fully aware, no wind-up report, but an introduction to the nature and treatment of a twentieth-century sickness. She reminds us that the victims do not have a communicable disease, that they are not numerals but individuals, and often remarkable individuals.

"The Wild Place" was Wildflecken, an ex-S.S. training center, isolated in a deep woods. At war's end Kathryn Hulme arrived there with a small UNRRA team. They were promptly inundated with box-car loads of Polish slave laborers, men, women, grandmothers, and children released from Germany's factories and farms. Without a grumble these people passed their first nights in the open snow when transportation from rail-end to camp proved inadequate.

A driver named Ignatz attached himself to Miss Hulme. It was only when his baby died of malnutrition that she realized her Pole would not ask for special privileges. "I tossed and turned on the wide bed built for a German officer, trying not to think of Ignatz keeping vigil over that crib, and thinking of him constantly while trying to count G.I. shoes instead of sheep, counting them out carefully and cornering the stout-soled for the woodcutters. . . ." She remembered how these charity shoes, some gathered by American civilians, and some by the Army, "tumbled from the sacks, still bent to the shape of a foot that had walked from a Normandy beachhead into Germany. When the mud did not drop off easily we knew that it had a tougher binder than water, that it was stuck to the shoes with a soldier's blood."

One thinks of that other picture of masses of shoes in the documentary film of the piles of shoes found at an extermination camp. The fantastic poles of human feeling contrasted in these two images tell the whole story of our times.

Once the refugees were shod, and fed enough to end the malnutrition deaths, the repatriation drive began. But as their countries fell under Communist dominion few D.P.'s wanted to return to them. A huge sixty-day food package was displayed to bribe them into accepting repatriation. "Gradually we forgot the secret shame we felt when we had first stood beside the free food displays and had watched our D.P.'s stare at the terrible fascination of the bait, thrashing, twisting, and turning before they took the hook."

BUT when more and more of the repatriated ones stole back over the borders and reappeared at the camps the drive came to an end. The years of waiting began, while IRO and the United Nations sought corners in the world where these people might be distributed. The Poles made their little D.P. gardens, grew greens and herbs to add to their borscht. They made schnapps from their flour ration. They made babies, babies. They foraged a bit, on surrounding German farms, for meat to add to their diet.

"Call forward, in processing, final shipment"—what traps lay in between, through the years of waiting. "Our chief resettlement officer, who had a peculiar Swedish sense of humor, measured the documents in a single case file and found that they stretched out end to end for a distance of seventeen yards."

—*Kathryn Novak.*

Kathryn Hulme—"Motive? Despair."

UNRRA became IRO, Miss Hulme moved from camp to camp, somehow managing to keep Ignatz and a few special cases along with her. "If you traveled widely enough in the Zone you could hear practically every deadlocked D.P. named by his frustrated guardian, who knew that he could never leave Europe and sleep in peace unless that one went safely ahead of him . . . My Balts, my Jews, my Ukrainians, my Hungarian generals, my Ignatz, my Georgi . . ."

"Again and again," she writes, "we picked up and dusted off the rejected ones. One of our Ukrainian doctors, who performed some thirty major operations a week and seldom lost a case, wept like a child when he was rejected from a scheme calling for hard-rock miners for Canada." And the suicides? "On the incident report what shall I write in for motive?" she asked her field chief. "Despair," said Sam harshly, and hung up.

But the times of triumph are recorded, too, as when Georgi climbed aboard a truck and counted heads. "His mother, his wife, and their two sons; his married daughter, her husband, and their son; his wife's brother and that sister-in-law . . . He counted as if he could hardly believe the results of the risks he had taken, first to assemble them from camps all over Germany, then to get them covered by assurances from the same state as his and finally to maneuver them in close sequence through the processing. When he finished counting he twirled his mustaches. Not one of his kin would be left behind in Europe. You had to be a field worker to know what he had really accomplished."

This woman knew. She understood. And her book, so urgently needed, can make anyone understand.

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Anglicized Mlle

***"Madeleine Grows Up," by Mrs. Robert Henrey** (E. P. Dutton. 320 pp. $4), continues the story of the author's life begun in "The Little Madeleine"; now the French girl is coming of age in pre-World War II London.*

By Ernestine Evans

LITTLE Madeleine was never childish, but refreshingly young like a mountain stream, though her life flowed through Montmartre. Wide-eyed innocence gazing at the facts of life however sad and sordid, a little pitcher politely paying attention, loving expectancy, she is fixed in the remembrance of all who met her in her volume of memoirs, "The Little Madeleine." To continue her story in "Madeleine Grows Up" is like receiving a batch of letters, long waited for.

Madeleine was poor, but her one-room flat in Soho, up a flight of stairs, a room too hot and too lived in, was cozy. After her father's death her mother, the widowed seamstress, so deft, with a Paris flair for material and line, who had supported her daughter by making clothes for all kinds of women, kept and otherwise, had moved to London. Madeleine's own first job there was with Mr. Adolphe, who ran the men's barber shop and manicure attached to the Savoy Hotel. Remember—just next to the flower shop as you turn in off the Strand? Shy, anxious to make good, as the young are on their first jobs, any kind of first job being like a debut on the grown-up stage, a pretty creature it is whom we watch dress in the Soho bedroom and fare forth, a little late, very earnest and excited. A job! And, as it turned out, a box seat to the International Pageant of the Savoy, a better seat, too, than lobby or grill room. No *Fortune* article ever better explored the workings of a big hotel, or gave better close-ups of the comings and goings of celebrities, the why and wherefore and adventure of tips, the give-and-take of staff, in and out of uniform. Madeleine's story flows delectably, like a super documentary film with a sound track of snatches of conversation, and a succession of little scenes, upstairs and down. Hardly a person in the cast is a mere extra. Mr. Adolphe was a mine of intelligent information on his customers, a devoted reader of novels, a generalizer on national characteristics. "Americans," he said, "never struck him as passionate lovers." The manicurists prospered under him and managed to wash and iron and mend and put on their make-up leisurely in the little dressing closet.

Madeleine grown up is still a natural-born describer with a memory for details that quiver and dance in the sunlight of her observation. One sees the hats, the dresses, the mounds of colorful ruffles on her mother's sewing and dining table, the tricks of kittens, the faces of the two Genarros, who had a very different idea of the Battle of Men and Women from that of our Thurber, big Bonzo in his sky-blue uniform, the Savoy Concessionaire.

The young man in the black hat fell in love with the blonde manicurist with the beautiful hands. Few expert novelists can report love at first sight so vividly as does Madeleine. The way of the day's work, the little tragedies in Soho neighbors' lives, the gaudy sketches of streetwalkers and their gossiping servants, the dresses Mme. Gal made for them, encounters with George Doran, the Astaires, Pavlova, Schenck from Hollywood, maharajahs, and tycoons, all made part of her ecstatic happiness and she is endlessly entertaining reporting them.

Robert—that is the name of the man we watch in his jealous loving—comes back from an assignment in Geneva to find that Madeleine has fallen ill on her holiday jaunt to the British seaside. (Noel Coward never painted a more ruthless daub of British watering place.) But sickness only postpones the marriage. In the meanwhile the journey to the South of France and the cure of tubercular pains packs Madeleine's album with still more men and women, little gems of portraiture. Then home to Soho and the wedding, one of those weddings with a curious ache in it. The romance of Madeleine and Robert has been so real, though we have seen the latter only with eyes entranced, that we are left to wonder what the wars have done for the two standing, hand in hand on the pavement, as the little handful of wedding guests vanish down Bond Street. All this happened fifteen years ago. Will Madeleine keep on remembering in another volume? It would be pleasant to keep on reading of one who is never bored and always busy.

Multifaceted Lady

***"Misia and the Muses," by Maria Sert** (translated by Moura Budberg. John Day. 212 pp. $3.50), is the memoir of a woman who cut a charming figure in the literary and artistic circles of Europe in the first three decades of this century.*

By Elizabeth Wecter Pike

"ANGELS fly," said G. K. Chesterton, "because they take themselves lightly." Misia Sert's memoir, "Misia and the Muses," which might have floated buoyant as thistledown, descends to a leaden pedestrianism because of the solemnity with which she takes herself. No earthling can soar without humor as a leavening agent, but that ingredient got short measure when Madame Sert was concocted.

Misia Sert died in 1949, somewhere in her seventies. Though her sometime husband, José-Maria Sert, is well remembered by this country for his murals in Rockefeller Center and at the Waldorf-Astoria, America is of total insignificance in her life and book. Hers is a long-span, extremely personal chronicle with a European backdrop of belles-lettres and beaux arts.

Her heritage was Polish, her birth violently Russian. After stalking a faithless husband two thousand miles into wintry Russia her Mother died in despair and in childbirth, leaving Maria to be suckled by her father's mistress, who also happened to be her great-aunt. Her father's insensitivity and a procession of stepmothers made Misia's childhood a frenetic one. At fourteen she revolted and bolted for London, where she lived for a few months completely alone, a piano her only solace. At fifteen, back in Paris, she spent her entire dowry on lingerie and married her step-cousin, Thadée Natanson, a youth with funds and literary inclinations. Thadée founded the *Revue Blanche*, Misia became friend and hostess to Mallarmé, Proust, Verlaine, and Valéry. She posed for Lautrec, and Renoir painted seven or eight portraits of her.

Misia must have been delicious then. It is a pity that someone else did not serve forth the testimonials to her; that would have been more fitting. When her life crossed paths with Alfred Edwards, publisher, tycoon, and thirty years her senior, he determined to have her for his own. Conniving, he contrived to make

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A Satisfactory Informality

"Widow Man," by Edgar Wolfe (Little, Brown. 178 pp. $3), is a first novel about a lonely old white man and his love for a comely Negro widow.

By Harrison Smith

BOOK reviewers, for reasons best known to themselves, frequently praise the first venture of a writer beyond its just deserts and view his second with the coldly appraising glance of a public accountant examining a bankrupt debtor. This has led a good many young writers with only one worthwhile story in their heads down a golden path and then left them in a waterless desert.

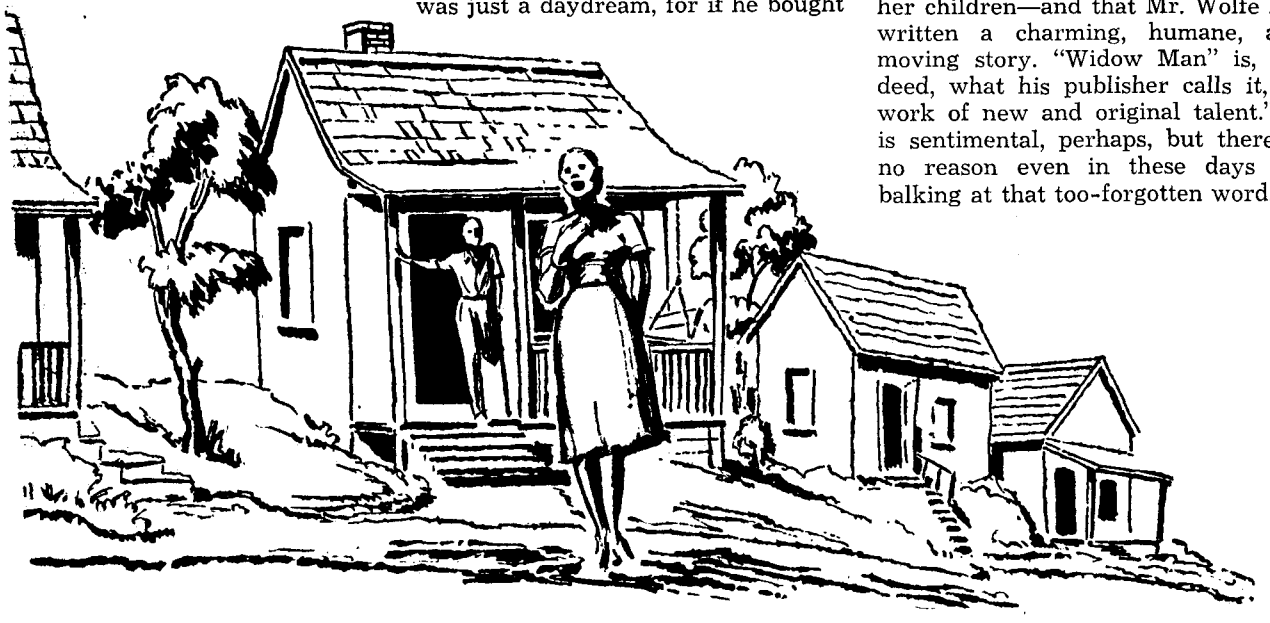
The author of "Widow Man" is not likely to find himself in this dilemma. Edgar Wolfe is forty-seven years old, and aside from a few poems published in small magazines and an English textbook for college freshmen, whose authorship he shared with two other teachers, he has been so far unknown to the literary world. He was born and lived all his life in Kansas and is now an English instructor in the University. Over the long years he has sold Bibles and taught high-school students and illiterates in Fort Lauderdale's disciplinary barracks. Mr. Wolfe's first novel apparently emerged from the time when he was a case-worker in the slums of Kansas City. In 1950 he received his master's degree from the University of Kansas and was awarded the William Allen White Prize for the best book-length manuscript submitted. It was a good year for Mr. Wolfe; 1953 will certainly be a better one.

"Widow Man" is novel, amusing, kindly, sad, and wise, and it would have been seized without a delay of three years if publishers' editors these days were not scared by their own shadows. The scene is a single, filthy street perched on a barren hill on the outskirts of an unnamed city, a street lined with a few tumble-down two-story shacks and inhabited by a rich mixture of colored and white folk. Among the latter was old Tom Wade. Nearly all his neighbors were living on relief and scrounging for more of the city's money than they were entitled to. Even Tom concealed from the charity folk the fact that he had a thousand dollars in the savings bank, most of it from his deceased colored wife's funeral money. Tom wasn't really old, but he was minus one leg, and being a large man hobbling around on crutches he gave the illusion of age. Most of the time he spent cooking for himself, trying to clean out his shack, slaughtering flies and vermin, and sitting on his rickety porch smoking.

He had loved his childless wife, Diola, and he missed her; but he wondered, now that she had gone, if he could not escape from Quarry Hill Street and find a job and friends among white people. But this he knew was just a daydream, for if he bought a new leg, got a job, and left the hill he would feel frightened and alone.

DOWN the street in the foulest of all the shacks lived a senile and crazy woman, known as Miz Bradford, living on scraps, smelling to the high heavens, and screeching insults at the placid and gentle Negroes around her. Of late Tom Wade had kept his eye on Tunasie Graybill, a comely and tidy young colored woman, who rented a little house from the old witch and made it a home for her three small and lively brown children. Tom might have spent the rest of his life smoking on his porch and dreaming of a new life that would never come if Miz Bradford had not been abandoned by her worthless, vicious son, with whom she slept on a sodden mattress. Now, alone in a terrifying world, she came to Tom for food, though her shack was full of open tins, crawling with flies, and rotting bags of flour. The old vixen imagined that he was sleeping with the shapely colored girl next door. Her screams and foul words alarmed the whole street, though by some magic of Mr. Wolfe's he manages to make her a comic as well as a tragic figure.

Despite Tunasie's fascination for Tom, he had misgivings about her. If he married her he would never again be all white, respected by his kind. One evening when Tunasie was away looking for some better place to live Tom sheltered her children in his shack. The lonely young woman came to see that he was capable of love and could be restored to full life. In the end she trapped him by taking his bankbook and forcing him to follow her into her home. At the end the reader is aware that they will marry, that old Tom will get a new leg and live happily with Tunasie and her children—and that Mr. Wolfe has written a charming, humane, and moving story. "Widow Man" is, indeed, what his publisher calls it, "a work of new and original talent." It is sentimental, perhaps, but there is no reason even in these days for balking at that too-forgotten word.



—Jacket design for "Widow Man."

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—SR *Drawing by Doug Anderson.*

Warmth in the Cold

"The Passionate North," by William Sansom *(Harcourt, Brace. 249 pp. $3.50), is a collection of ten short stories laid in the Scandinavian countries and the farthest sections of Scotland.*

By Walter Havighurst

THREE years ago in his volume "South" William Sansom presented a group of landscapes with figures from the Mediterranean countries. "The Passionate North" is a book of the same kind but of quite different background. Here he brings together ten stories laid in the northermost parts of Europe—seven of them in the Scandinavian countries and three in the western islands of Scotland.

All these tales are as much concerned with the spirit of place as with the experience of people. Climate, Mr. Sansom says, has given the north its harshness and sudden magic—the mystique of fur and ice, of snow and fire. He found in the northern lands a passion—"almost as an opposite to emotion"—an intensity most clearly felt in the dark winter season when climate drives life inward and heightens the human drama. All his stories are winter stories, and they are all concerned with the tension that exists at a fresh meeting of the sexes. Since things seldom happen in the right place, he chose to imagine beyond the life that he observed. As a storyteller he could suit character and action to significant time and place. He preferred the truth of fiction to the facts of a travelogue.

The ten stories range in mood from the eerie fantasy of "The Wedding" to the stark, ironic naturalism of "The Death of Baldy." All of them are lyrical, with a projection of mood and intensely sustained feeling. But all are not equally successful. The weakest are the three tales of the Hebrides, where mist and murk seem to obscure the characters as well as the terrain; these stories leave only an impression of fog-wreathed shores and the gulls crying. All the Scandinavian stories have character, and no two are much alike. "Happy New Year" is a gray but compassionate story of death and life while Oslo lay under slush. "To Greenland, To Greenland . . ." tells a somber tale of the winter waterfront in Copenhagen. "A World of Glass," a striking and beautiful story of a blind girl in Trondhjem, is marred by the use of an extraneous and inconclusive framework.

MR. SANSOM looks at the world with his own eyes and feels it with his own nerve-ends. At their best these stories have a stabbing freshness of discernment. A memorable passage in "The Death of Baldy" pictures a winter night in Stockholm, "a great frozen city's night"; in "The Wedding" an unearthly story unfolds amid "the color in this strange north such as is never seen in other lands." Mr. Sansom's language can be striking: the island town "grown small like a doll's town under its confetti of gulls"; though when not upheld by the external image it may be merely mannered: "The deeper the feeling, the more impossible this."

In all these stories the interest in weather is more than descriptive, it is a part of the author's feeling and discernment. The varied scenes and landscapes of "The Passionate North" are not a record of travel but a projecting of character. Winter is an inner season with his people.

Clash by Law

"Lincoln McKeever," by Eleazar Lipsky *(Appleton-Century-Crofts. 308 pp. $3.50), reports on the clash of Anglo-Saxon and Spanish cultures, as revealed in a murder trial in the American Southwest of the 1890's.*

By W. R. Burnett

IN "Lincoln McKeever" Eleazar Lipsky is telling the story of a murder trial—a cause célèbre in the American Southwest of the Nineties—of what led up to it, its many ramifications, and its somewhat astonishing climax. This is also the story of a rather over-emotional, Darrow-like, idealistic lawyer who takes the case against his better judgment and finds both sorrow and at least a glimmering of happiness during the trial's protracted course.

Mr. Lipsky is a lawyer himself and knows what he is writing about as far as the legal aspects of the case are concerned, and we read him with deep interest when he is dealing with the moves, countermoves, chicanery, and politics of lawyers and judges. And he does very well indeed with the scenes of suspense and violence that arise out of the clash of cultures —Anglo-Saxon and Spanish—that is at the bottom of this unfortunate affair.

Besides, he seems to have a true feeling for the Southwest itself and makes the physical aspect of the country very vivid to the reader. But he handles women—speaking in a literary sense—as if they were so many hot potatoes, and in the intimate scenes between his lawyer-hero Lincoln McKeever and Florence Hogarth —a female lawer and member of the opposition—there is much fine sentiment but little conviction.

One odd point in the story is that Lincoln McKeever and his client, Don Carlos de Niza, though one is American and the other Spanish, are both of an identical stripe: quixotic. Now quixotism in a Spanish Don is to be expected and in fact it saves de Niza at least in the eyes of the jury—that is, if I read Mr. Lipsky's somewhat confused ending aright; but what saves the Don might well have wrecked the lawyer, who is engaged in a no-holds-barred fight with tough men and a case-hardened political machine—to be truthful, the reader is inclined to expect disaster. That McKeever comes off unscathed is due entirely to Mr. Lipsky's skilled literary manipulation and does not arise

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Pronunciamentoes from Indiana

IT IS AN unfortunate fact that nations and individuals must so often be judged by acts and expressions which are representative of some segment of opinion but yet belie the universal attitude. That vast majority of Americans, for instance, who abhor McCarthyism and smart under the misapprehensions it has aroused abroad, like the millions who have looked askance on the activities of the "book burners" which brought the nation into ridicule, know full well that these phenomena are excrescences upon their country's polity and not the controlling factors they appear from a distance. They know it just as they know that America is not the amalgam of crime and ostentatious luxury that Hollywood represents it to be. They can look back upon their history and see dotted throughout its development movements and personalities which time has thrown into perspective in which the menacing has become the innocuous and the portentous has had no issue. They know that in the brew which is America much rises to the top that is spurious and evanescent. With Edmund Burke they might well say:

> Because half-a-dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate clink, whilst thousands of great cattle . . . chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that of course they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little shriveled, meager, hopping though loud and troublesome insects of the hour.

A homely illustration, to be sure, but one pertinent to ladies from Indiana who would ban the Robin Hood legend from the schoolbooks as inculcating Communism or to the zealots who would expunge time-honored sayings and figures from histories and literature on the same grounds. Pertinent, too, to the utterances and statements that make their way into our press and from it to the newspapers of Europe and Asia and so into the misunderstanding of those who should be our friends.

There has doubtless never been a time in history when nations have not judged—or misjudged—each other on what may be regarded as secondary issues. Dislike between peoples, as between persons, is founded all too often on divergencies of habit, discrepancies of taste, oddness of manner. Viewed in the light of such a preconceived prejudice any departure from the norm of its own observations and attitudes of mind takes on ill significance in the reactions of a people. The incongruous, the absurd, or the ill-considered looms out of all proportion to its actual unimportance. So the irresponsible statements of our Senators, the excesses of our anti-Communists, the floundering of our politicians adds enormous difficulty to thorny international problems already hard to resolve.

Americans are a trusting people. They believe profoundly that righteousness exalteth a nation and since they believe it and believe that their own motives are righteous they are naively surprised to be misjudged by others. They fail to realize that what to them seems matter-of-course and without ulterior intention may to the nations with whom their fate is now indissolubly bound appear self-seeking or aggressive. Persuaded of their own good will they are startled to have it questioned and, confident that the basic purposes of their country are good, they are taken aback to have what they know to be misrepresentations of the public mind regarded as an expression of it.

BETWEEN nations, even those that speak the same language, there is moreover always the danger that words do not carry the same connotation for all. Ideas, projects, intentions may have one meaning for one, another meaning for another. Democracy, Communism, the social state—there's no assurance that France understands them as does England, or Germany as does America. Now, as ever, eternal vigilance is the price of safety. Americans are learning the hard way that they must project themselves into the psychology of others as well as enunciate their own doctrine. Only by sobriety of utterance, the most carefully worded definitions can they hope to have their purposes understood as they are meant. Every loose statement, every wild proposal is so much ammunition for the ill-intentioned and so much impediment to the well-intentioned. Therefore such absurdities as the pronunciamentoes coming from Indiana are not mere ridiculous nonsense. They are not only stupid but dangerous, for added to other foolish and unwise statements they help build up a misconception of the United States. Americans must accept the fact that vigilance begins in forecasting what may be misinterpreted instead of trying to laugh it out of court after its ineptness has been exposed. —A. L.

Rose

By Anne W. Young

NOW is the dust redeemed,
Earth is broken to the rose,
Air cleft in a new fragrance no man knows
To name, for who has dreamed
An essence that denies
Corruption and the body of this death?

Pale Lady of Macbeth,
Burn no more with frantic eyes
Your little hand. Know, Madam, you but dreamed
Its crimson . . . Hold to your brow this rose
Till perfume not Arabia knows
Make sweet the dust redeemed!

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"THE NEXT FIFTY YEARS"

MAY I FILE A DEMURRER to Quincy Howe's challenging piece on the past fifty years and the next half century [*SR* Nov. 7]? His conclusion strikes me as too pessimistic and his interpretation of important events and tendencies somewhat arbitrary and unrealistic.

Neither Lenin nor Woodrow Wilson claimed the gift of prophecy or the role of prophet. The wisest observer makes mistakes in dealing with highly complex human affairs. Lenin expected revolutions which were probable in his time but which didn't materialize. Wilson didn't indulge in millennial speculations and purely wishful thinking. The League of Nations was certainly not *his* league, as Harding charged. It was ruined by powers which were not sincerely attached to the idea and purpose of its progressive founders. But the United Nations is the old league under another name, and vindicates Wilson. This time, let us hope, it *will* be supported by the big powers and be given a chance to evolve and establish itself on a solid, firm foundation. If it, too, dies of neglect and indifference it will be born again. The ideal is sound and in no sense utopian.

The next fifty years are morally certain to witness encouraging progress in international as well national concerns. World federation is on the "agenda," and it will gradually be brought nearer and nearer. The horrors and terrors of atomic warfare will promote peace, since man has no intention of committing suicide and is capable of rational thinking. The sober idealist is not disheartened. Man is *not* obsolete. He has done fairly well and will do better. History warrants a moderate optimism.

VICTOR S. YARROS.

La Jolla, Calif.

CULTURE NOT TRIVIA

IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE that so excellent a writer and journalist as Quentin Reynolds, who has visited Israel several times in the past few years, should fill two columns of the Mediterranean Issue [*SR* Oct. 24] with such a collection of trivia.

If Mr. Reynolds was limited to this small space for the making of his presentation, a regrettable fact in itself, he appears to display poor judgment in selecting his material. To convey some information on the cultural activities of the community it seems hardly necessary to mention a few names of actors or musicians, names which are unknown to the general public on this side of the ocean.

Perhaps he would have done better to give the reading public some idea as to the type of plays and music that are performed. The reader in this country could then appreciate the fact that audiences there see plays by Molière, Ibsen, Shaw, and Gogol, as well as modern American plays such as "Dear Ruth," "Death of a Salesman," and others, together with purely indigenous plays.

EDNA HOMA MILLER.

Chicago, Ill.

"Is this the first time you've been double-crossed?"

GOBBLEDEGOOK UNACCEPTABLE

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON in his editorial on Churchill [*SR* Oct. 31] remarks that "in the United States only the teachers in the English Department teach English; the others let their students get by with any old gobbledegook."

Mr. Morison's observation, unfortunately accurate, identifies the chief cause of college illiteracy. There are, however, conspicuous exceptions. One of these is Colgate University, where the English Department has pioneered, along with other departments, in setting up a Functional Writing Program. Here instructors in non-English courses grade student writing for effectiveness in communication as well as for content. They teach English by one of the most effective methods: refusing to accept gobbledegook or unedited papers. Most student writing automatically improves when the whole college community continually insists on it.

STRANG LAWSON.

Hamilton, N. Y.

MORISON IN UNPRESSED KHAKI

THREE CHEERS for "Man of Action" Morison, an historian who I hope will some day receive preferment for a Nobel Prize, as has his friend Sir Winston.

Well do I remember the day of our first and last meeting. It was early 1943. I stood by a fallen coconut tree in the jungle at Guadalcanal. It was my privilege to initiate the building of a chapel-in-the-palms for my good friend Father Fred Gehring, fighting Catholic padre of Lunga Point, whose rescue of Patsy Li and other exploits are now part of the legend of the epic struggle for control of that South Pacific bastion.

A tall man in unpressed khaki approached. He asked if I was the "Exec" of the Naval Base. His voice was surprisingly soft and well modulated. We chatted for some time. He wanted to know of my reaction to the night fighting in the "Slot" while serving as Fire Control Officer of the first *Helena*.

He was interested in life on the island and in our program for preparing a staging area for advance operation. We talked about inane things too—the ingenuity of the men in trapping the tiny rats which ran through the tents all night long, and how difficult it was to stamp out the distilleries which abounded in the foxholes.

Thus did Samuel Eliot Morison, former Farnsworth Professor of History at Oxford, prepare himself to record an on-the-spot naval history of World War II.

MARTIN MERSON.

Philadelphia, Pa.

MISTAKEN IGNORANCE

I WOULD LIKE to tell you that the map "The Mediterranean" [*SR* Oct. 24] is not correct concerning Romania and Bulgaria. What the map shows as "Romania" is Bulgaria; Romania is Bulgaria's northern neighbor.

Let's hope that everybody will take it for a mistake of the printers. After all, the Communists could exploit a national American magazine's ignorance of the locations of two ancient Balkan countries.

MIHAILO RADUSINOVICH.

Oakland, Calif.

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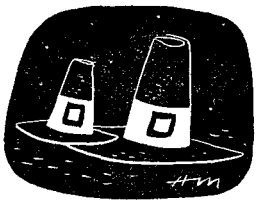

New Worlds and the Covenant

"The New England Mind: From Colony to Province," by Perry Miller *(Harvard University Press. 513 pp. $6.50), is a careful examination of the subtle changes that occurred in the intellectual life of the Massachusetts Bay Colony between 1680 and 1730. Ralph H. Gabriel, who reviews it below, is professor of history at Yale and the author of "The Course of American Democratic Thought" and other works.*

By Ralph H. Gabriel

IN "The New England Mind: The Seventeenth Century" (1939) Perry Miller reconstructed the theological citadel of "the city set on a hill" in the New World. In a recently published sequel, "The New England Mind: From Colony to Province," he deals with Massachusetts at the turn of the eighteenth century, the dynamic center of Puritanism of such basic importance for American thought. Though the walls of the citadel stood unchanged in outward appearance during the second half of Massachusetts' first century (1680-1730), the life within them so changed as to alter vastly their significance for society.

In 1629 a small company of Puritans, dedicated to the high task of infusing the Church of England with the full-blooded Protestantism inspired by John Calvin, met at Cambridge, England, and planned to go to America. Their religious leaders had been trained in the university in the shadow of whose walls they met. These men were not running away from persecution, though they had suffered from it. They knew in their hearts that God had chosen them, that the Almighty had deigned to enter into a covenant with them as a group for the purpose of setting up in the American "desart" a model society, Zion, whose light would guide the Old World to the true faith. The Massachusetts Bay Colony, then, began with a group of Englishmen, living, to be sure, in America but thinking in terms of a strategy that embraced Western Europe and planning, in particular, a kind of flank maneuver to envelop and win the Church of England to truth. From their beachhead in America these first Puritan pioneers faced eastward across the stormy Atlantic.

This part of the story has long been known and Mr. Miller is not the first to set it down. What happened later in Massachusetts has not been so fully understood. Several factors have combined to obscure the significant details of the story. The application of mature historical scholarship to the intellectual life of colonial America had to wait until the twentieth century, when it was pushed forward by a succession of distinguished men. The twentieth-century mind, shaped in such large part by science, was impatient of the dialectics and the nuances of the version of Calvinist theology created by the leaders of Massachusetts Bay. Secular historians, for all their interest in the colony, were inclined to treat this forbidding system as the man in the woods treats that indigenous New England mammal the porcupine, namely to note the general course of his progress but not to examine him too closely. At the same time our divinity schools where theology is a major interest manifested, with a few exceptions, as they still do, a lamentable indifference to the history of religious thought in America. Mr. Miller's achievement is that he has mastered a complex system of thought and course of rationalization to adapt that system to changing circumstances. With minute detail he has traced the subtle changes which transformed a structure that remained superficially the same.

The transformation was as momentous as it was unforeseen by the earnest group who met at Cambridge in 1629. New World conditions, aided by the growth of the inquiring spirit so furthered by seventeenth-century science, made over the Massachusetts interpretation of the Covenant that bound them to God. The men of 1629, following the determinism of Calvin, emphasized the faith that God holds the destinies of men in his hands. The creation in Massachusetts in the first century of its history of a successful and prosperous society focused attention upon the activities of men. By the end of that century the Puritan leaders were preaching a philosophy of activism that has ever since been central to American thought. They urged upon the individual man not only the diligent pursuit of his calling but a doctrine of stewardship, the obligation of the man who had done well in his affairs to do good with his substance and with his life. In their thinking about society the Puritan leaders moved from a preoccupation with a supernatural covenant between Massachusetts Bay and God to an affirmation of constitutional rights under their first charter, drawn up by men and granted by a king. When they lost this charter at the end of the seventeenth century and were compelled to live under a new and less favorable one, the Covenant, once the symbol of the great design to bring Western civilization to the true faith, became the symbol for the patriotism of a self-conscious American community.

DURING this process the original intolerance toward dissenters from the Puritan pattern relaxed in the face of American conditions in which religious diversity became important. In the rising emphasis on constitutionalism the Puritan leaders found a place for reason that forecast the dependence upon reason by the men of 1776 to justify the Revolution. Mr. Miller has traced the emergence in the Massachusetts beachhead of Western civilization of tends and emphases that were one day to be thought of as American.

Mr. Miller's scholarship is thorough. His treatment is detailed. His book is a notable achievement. It has a particular relevance for our troubled age, when for guidance in our thinking we turn more and more to the contemplation of our origins.

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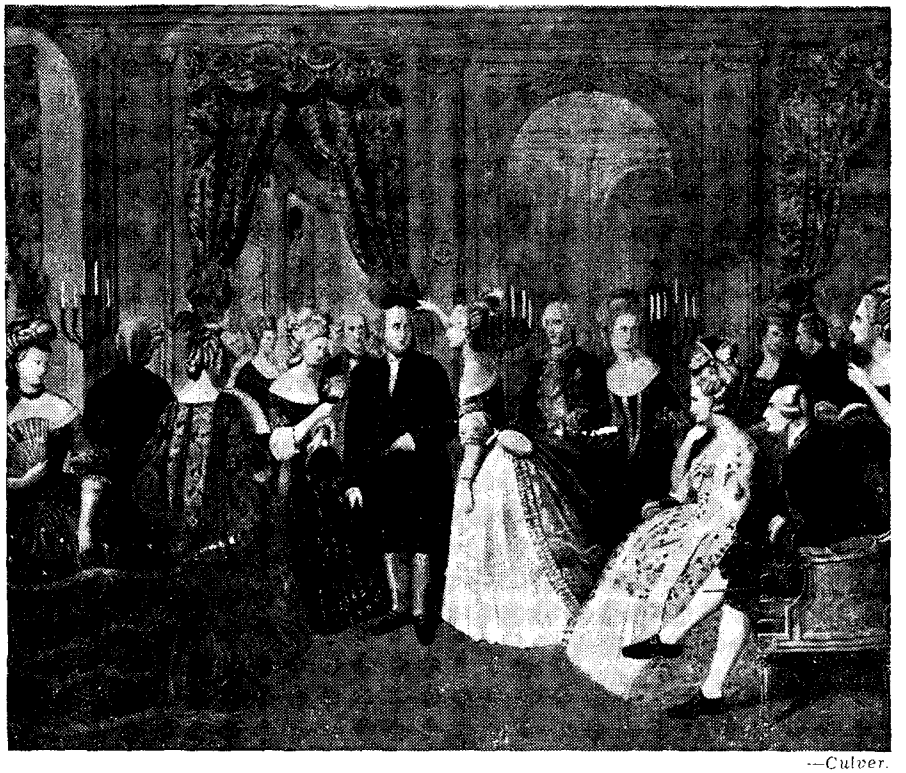

—Culver.

Franklin at the Court of France—"[the] difficulty is his pure, inescapable charm."

Philadelphia's Own Leonardo

"Benjamin Franklin," by I. Bernard Cohen *(Bobbs-Merrill. 320 pp. $3), the third volume in The Makers of the American Tradition Series, considers the Philadelphian's contribution to our national thought. J. H. Powell, who reviews it here, is the author of several volumes on the intellectual life of Philadelphia.*

By J. H. Powell

I. BERNARD COHEN's "Benjamin Franklin: His Contribution to the American Tradition" is the third book in The Makers of the American Tradition Series, which purports to combine "the best and most characteristic" words of outstanding American figures with "thoughtful and incisive interpretations by distinguished scholars." Now Dr. Cohen is certainly a distinguished scholar, and his interpretations are properly thoughtful. But Franklin presents one difficulty, on every page of his writings, which is unusual among makers of the American tradition. That difficulty is his pure, inescapable charm. To everyone who studies him Franklin becomes irresistible. He will never be seen in a just perspective, apparently, for he is too beguiling, and no one who learns enough of him to speak with authority can speak with anything short of love.

It does no good now to say that Franklin made an inferior president of Pennsylvania; that the reason he contributed so little to the Convention of 1787 was not that he was old but rather that he was never at any age a very happy or original thinker on constitutional matters; to say that he was not effective on the Canadian mission, or that his early antagonism to the Penn charter was a narrowly partisan stand. It does no good because Franklin's positive achievements are so extensive, so permanent, that such inadequacies as he had vaporize and disappear.

In his own days he was much opposed. When he invented his stove with its down-draft fire a political enemy wrote,

> Let candor then 'grave on his urn,
> "Here lies the renowned inventor,
> Whose Flame to the skies ought to burn,
> But inverted, descends to the centre."

And there were other attacks. Writers do not prepare us for them, nor do they warn us of the unrelieved materialism of his thought, the circumscribed mercantile world which his expanded mind never escaped even while it was making that world seem to encompass all of life. To be sure, there is one historian in Philadelphia who cannot mention Dr. Franklin without citing a snarling source that indicates he emanated a decidedly unpleasant body odor. But the smell has not been wafted down the ages. Franklin became an American hero before he died; and in 1826 LaFayette (a gentleman, but humorless) could offer a toast at which his old friend himself would, if not blushed, at least have smiled: "The Memory of our immortal Franklin: Wiser than Solomon, for he possessed all of his knowledge, without any of his follies."

IT is not the scholarly impulses of Dr. Cohen that induce him to speak of "Franklin's mighty dimensions," and to surrender, as everyone else, to his enduring charm. But neither is it objectionable. Enthusiasm is rare, but it is appropriate in historians, and inevitable when they deal with his engaging figure. One thing surprised me about the selections given here. I think it would have surprised Franklin, and I know it would Carl Van Doren. Americans admire craftsmanship; it is part of their tradition. And Franklin was above all a craftsman. In his handwritten letters he even made a squiggle to justify the right-hand margin of his page, for he had all the printer's habits. But Dr. Cohen specifically omits his writing about craft. I suppose he must, for his space is limited.

What he gives us is a pleasant, warm introduction, which certainly deserves a high place in Franklin literature, and frequent helpful comments on the selections he chooses from the great bulk of the preserved writings. He omits the pure science in favor of the applied and practical science which is more typically American.

This is sensible. I think he might have made more of Franklin's participation in the American Philosophical Society, and his Society for Political Inquiries, for both reveal the community of effort that belongs to the American tradition. But in the limits of his space he certainly has achieved both a just and a balanced picture. Most of all, he has provided for a small price a great deal of the delight that awaits a reader of Franklin's words. Appreciation may not be careful and judicious appraisal, but enjoyment has its place in the American tradition.

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Nemesis of the Leisure Class

"Thorstein Veblen," by David Riesman *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 208 pp. $3), is a short critical interpretation of the thought of the author of "The Theory of the Leisure Class." Paul T. Homan, who reviews it here, is chairman of the economics department of the University of California at Los Angeles and former member of the staff of the Council of Economic Advisers to the President.*

By Paul T. Homan

THE perverse genius of Thorstein Veblen, combined with his tantalizing personality, continues to induce a flow of critical commentary. Withdrawn, unconventional in personal behavior as well as habit of mind, ultimately bitter, through his lifetime he issued a series of brilliant commentaries, usually amounting to bitter attacks, upon formal economics and upon the structure, habits, and relationships of modern industrial society. Initially his approach, in part no doubt a pose, was that of an objective scientist engaged in restating economics, or more broadly social science at large, in terms of Darwinian, evolutionary concepts. In the end he came more and more to appear as the prophet of a revolution.

David Riesman's "Thorstein Veblen: A Critical Interpretation" extends across the whole gamut of problems raised by Veblen's life and work—his personality, his motivations, his personal history, his contributions to social thought, and the validity of his analytical apparatus. Since this is ground which has been well turned in numerous earlier books and articles, it is a tribute to Professor Riesman's freshness of outlook and expository skill that, in remarkably few pages, he goes over the whole territory, personal and intellectual, without being banal or unrewarding. More than perhaps any other great writer and social critic, Veblen invites the total approach, because there are so much pose, ambiguity, and ambivalent obscurity in his writing that one is driven back to personal factors to find out what he was driving at.

There probably are many others who, like Professor Riesman, having been greatly influenced by Veblen in their intellectual development, have the urge to sort out their thoughts about him, to separate what is permanently valuable from what is untenable. It would, nevertheless, not be surprising if direct critical commentary on Veblen were about played out. The cleansing and enlarging effect of Veblen upon economic science has had its effects, and his more fantastic aberrations dropped from sight. Moreover, as Professor Riesman demonstrates, his social criticism was highly topical and contemporary. His psychological and anthropological categories are obsolete. The course of industrial civilization did not develop according to the "evolutionary" pattern which, from his turn-of-the-century viewpoint, he prognosticated. His dramatically posed antitheses of interest and outlook no longer provide the terms in which radical reformers face up to the conventions and prescriptions of the social order.

Nevertheless, even if his name and fame grow dim, he will have left behind, at the least, an anonymous residue of great importance. Social truth cannot develop without the aid of minds who examine social phenomena from sharply unconventional viewpoints. In this respect Veblen had no peer, and in many directions his insights have become imbedded in the minds of students of society.

PROFESSOR Riesman is at some pains to establish the psychiatric and cultural basis of Veblen's own viewpoint. In this realm he develops a fairly precise theory of motivation, relying heavily upon the "marginality" or "alienation" theme, as the source of Veblen's externality to his environment, and upon the "hard father—imaginative mother" theme as the source of his abnormal fear of constraint and his polarized treatment of human bents and relationships.

As to the substantive elements in Veblen's work, Professor Riesman outlines the basic ideology and examines in turn the argument of each of the principal works. His critical method is to check Veblen's categories and conclusions against the present contemporary scene. The effect is to make a considerable shambles of the Veblenian structure of thought—as science, as relevant social criticism, as prophetic prognosis, and as social engineering. The critical commentary is most effectively done with respect to the more broadly sociological aspects of Veblen's thought. A substantial merit of Professor Riesman's method is that it permits him to make his own constructive contributions to thought in this sphere.

Having so effectively dismantled much of Veblen, Professor Riesman does not make entirely clear wherein Veblen remains important as part of our intellectual heritage. He circles the subject, but never comes quite to grips. What Veblen did was to throw into high light neglected aspects of thought, experience, and "truth," recognized as such by inquiring and sensitive minds. This is the effective measure of his value for social science. This valuable residue is indestructible, however shaky some of the apparatus of thought and however foolish the cultism of those who systematized his half-truths.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

IONIZATION

Here are ten titles each of which follows a time-worn formula: definite article, noun ending in—*ion, of,* proper name (save in a single instance). You are urged to supply the—*ion* nouns (the lengths vary) and to identify the authors. If, of the twenty bits of information required, you achieve fourteen, you elude frustration; if fifteen, you merit approbation; if sixteen or better, you deserve congratulation. Answers on page 41.

1. The .....ion of Sennacherib
2. The .....ion of Theron Ware
3. The .....ion of Leo McGuire
4. .....ion of Brian Kent
5. The .....ion of St. Anthony
6. The .....ion of the Kelwyns
7. The .....ion of Sir Launfal
8. The .....ion of Krishna Mulvaney
9. The .....ion of Al Toolum
10. The ..ion of the Democratic Dogma

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A Revolution's Embryo

"The European Mind: The Critical Years," by Paul Hazard *(translated by J. Lewis May. Yale University Press. 454 pp. $5.50), examines the coming of the Enlightenment to Western Europe between 1680 and 1715. Our reviewer, J. Salwyn Schapiro, professor emeritus of history at the City College of New York, is the author of "The World in Crisis" and other books.*

By J. Salwyn Schapiro

UNDER its French title, "La Crise de la Conscience Européenne," Paul Hazard's "The European Mind: The Critical Years, 1680-1750" has been well known to students of the intellectual history of Europe. Its author, now dead, was a professor of comparative literature at the Collège de France and a member of the French Academy. When "La Crise" appeared in 1935 it attracted wide and favorable notice as a work of thorough scholarship written in a style that was elegant yet lively. Hazard excelled in the art of analyzing an idea, a book, a personality, and his judgment was penetrating, subtle, sure. His notable work is now made available to English readers in the translation by J. Lewis May, who did the job so well that "The European Mind" reads like the finely written French original.

Hazard presents a thesis that is novel, ingenious, and provocative. In the short period from 1680 to 1715, he contends, appeared the clear outlines of the intellectual physiognomy of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment. "One day the French people, almost to a man, were thinking like Bossuet. The day after they were thinking like Voltaire. No ordinary swing of the pendulum, that. It was a revolution." To develop the great theme of the passing of one climate of opinion and the coming of another within the narrow compass of a generation requires imaginative scholarship of a high order. Hazard had it. He took all Western Europe for his province and utilized the works not only of the great thinkers of the period—Locke, Newton, Bayle, Leibniz—but also of many second-string writers who influenced public opinion.

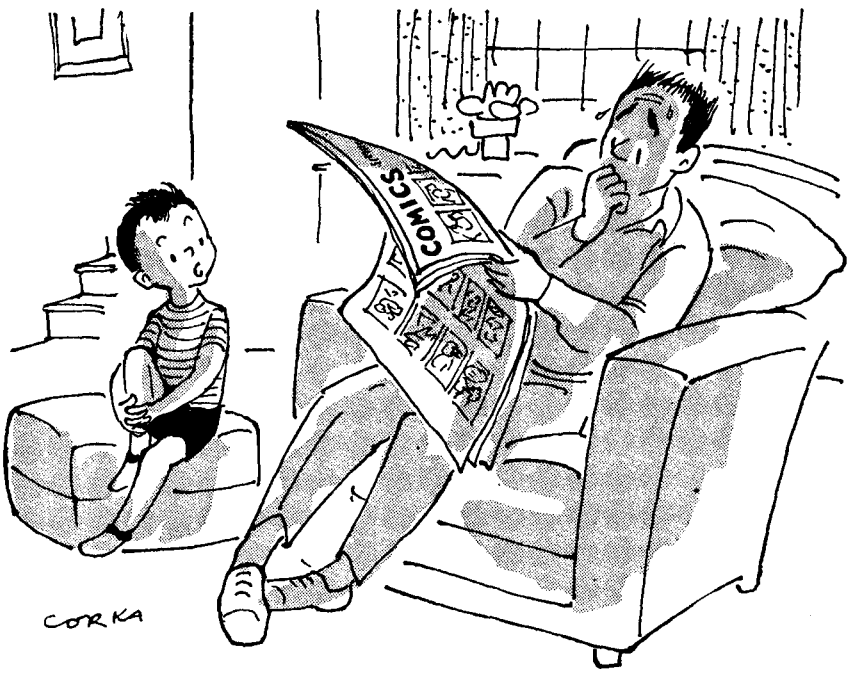
The conflict during the period was a battle of the books. It was fought between the rationalists and the *réligionnaires*, or Christian believers, Catholic and Protestant. As champions of secularism the rationalists asserted that henceforth man's supreme aim was to be happiness in this world, which he was to attain through mundane ideas and methods. Reason and reason alone could erect a new edifice in Western Europe, its foundation resting on government without divine sanction, on religion without mystery, and on morality without dogma. So influential was the work of the rationalists that it set going the "broad river of incredulity" that flowed throughout the eighteenth century.

The great figure of the period was John Locke, the "moderate" Englishman whose views on government, psychology, and religion exercised a profound influence on the revolutionary thought of the eighteenth century. His "Essay Concerning Human Understanding," according to Hazard, "stands at the turning point whence the roads of Europe start for the New Age." Locke's sensational theory produced a "psychology of uneasiness" by denying the existence of innate ideas, a doctrine which was then almost universally accepted. The "noblest, the fairest, the purest of ideas; moral teaching; the promptings of the spirit—all derived from the senses!" Despite the fact that Locke sincerely believed in the fundamentals of Christianity, his theory contained within itself the germ of irreligion.

One of the best chapters in Hazard's book is that on Pierre Bayle, who created the method of anti-religious propaganda so widely used in eighteenth-century France. Bayle's "Historical and Critical Dictionary," a novel literary genre, contained articles on all sorts of matters with comments by the author. It let loose a volley of furious invective against dogmatic beliefs and religious intolerance. Many of his bitterest attacks were tucked away in footnotes, which often were more deadly than the text itself. In the momentum of destructive criticism, writes Hazard, Bayle "grips and seizes his ideas till he has forced them to yield their last drop of meaning." Though he stopped short of repudiating Christianity altogether Bayle was the true precursor of Voltaire. His "Dictionary" prepared the way for Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary" and for the greatest of all rationalist works of the eighteenth century, the French Encyclopedia.

RATIONALISM found supporters among all kinds of advanced thinkers. In France the *libertins* constituted a group hostile to revealed religion, all the way from those who merely criticized Biblical texts to those who were stark atheists. In England the deists proclaimed the existence of a "non-mysterious God," the worship of whom consisted only in acknowledging His existence. In Germany Christian Thomasius, of whom it was said that he stood "in awe of nothing and of nobody," advocated a hedonistic

(*Continued on page* 42)



"If that one bothers you, Dad, I can read it by myself later."

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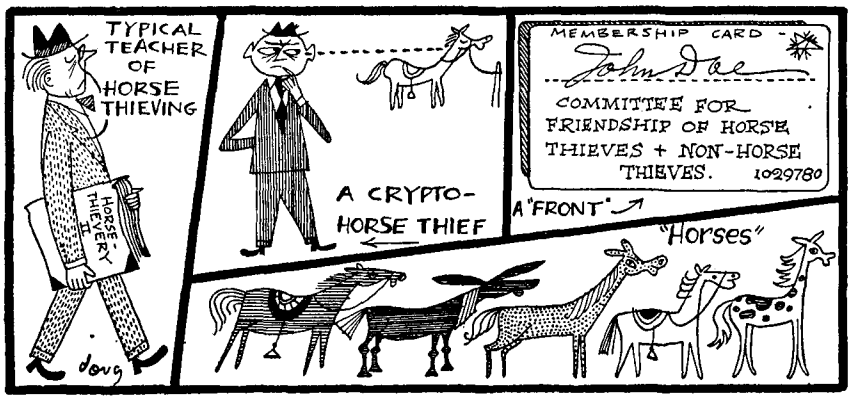

Ending the Horse-Thief Menace

Edwin A. Rothschild is a member of the Chicago law firm of Sonnenschein, Berkson, Lautmann, Levinson, and Morse; in 1951-1953 he was chairman of the Committee on Civil Rights of the Chicago Bar Association. This essay appeared in the Chicago Bar Record *and is published here by special arrangement.*

By EDWIN A. ROTHSCHILD

THE horse thieves must be stopped. No state has effective laws to stop them. In Illinois, for example, the only statute directed at horse thieves is the Act of March 2, 1875 (*Ill. Rev. Stat., ch. 38, sec. 397*), which provides as follows:

> Horse stealing. Whoever feloniously takes or steals any horse, mule, or ass shall be imprisoned in the penitentiary not less than three nor more than twenty years. The words "horse," "mule," "ass" shall include animals of both sexes[1] and all ages.

This law is inadequate. It punishes no one except the person who has been caught stealing a horse. The typical horse thief does not get caught stealing horses. He steals horses without getting caught or else he does not steal horses at all. Either device enables him to slip through the loopholes of the present law.

A new law is essential. We need a law which defines the thief as well as the horse. We need a law which will expose horse thieves and drive them from public life. A bill for such a law is submitted herewith.

SECTION 1. DEFINITIONS

(a) "Horse" means each and every animal which can be identified as a horse, including, without limiting the generality of the foregoing, plough horses, saddle horses, cow ponies, milk horses, race horses, mules, burros, asses, donkeys, ponies, colts, nags, mustangs, and every other horse of every kind, nature, and handicap whatsoever, of any one or more or less sexes[2], sizes, weights, ages, races, creeds, colors, or combinations thereof.

(b) "Horse thief" means any person who steals, attempts to steal, or aids in the stealing of a horse, or advocates, abets, advises, or teaches by any means any person to steal, attempt to steal, or aid in the stealing of a horse, or in the commission of any act intended to facilitate the stealing of horses, or who is a member of or affiliated with any horse-thief front organization.

(c) "Horse-thief front organization" means any organization, corporation, company, partnership, association, trust, foundation, fund, club, society, committee, political party, gang, or any group of persons, whether or not incorporated, permanently or temporarily associated together for action or advancement of views on any subject or subjects, one of the purposes of which is advocating, abetting, advising, or teaching the desirability of any action, advocacy, abetting, advice, or instruction, which will advance or facilitate in any material respect the stealing of horses.

Under this section no one will be able to deny he is a horse thief merely because he has not stolen a horse.

SECTION 2. It shall be a felony to be a horse thief.

This is preventive jurisprudence. It is folly to await the commission of a crime before restraining the criminal. Why lock the stable after the horse is stolen?

SECTION 3. Any person convicted of violating Section 2 shall be imprisoned in the penitentiary for not less than fifteen or more than one hundred years.

This is five times as effective as the present law.[3]

SECTION 4. No person shall hold any office of trust or profit within the state or be employed by any agency of the state or by any agency receiving tax exemption from or paying taxes to the state unless he shall take the following oath:

> I swear (or affirm) that I am not now and never have been and will not be, during my term of office or employment, a horse thief, a crypto-horse thief,[4] or associated in any way with any agency heretofore or hereafter designated as a horse-thief front organization by any federal, state, county, or municipal official.

This is a very effective provision. It is a well-known fact that no horse thief would dare to take a false oath. Other people should be proud to swear that they are not horse thieves.[5]

SECTION 5. No person presently employed within the state shall be continued in employment unless he shall establish beyond a reasonable doubt that he is not suspected of being a horse thief.

Since this is not a criminal provision, it is proper to place the burden of proof upon the employe. Who knows better than he whether or not he is a horse thief? People who work for other people should be above suspicion.

SECTION 6. All other laws on the subject shall be continued in force.

Two laws are better than one.

SECTION 7. This law may be cited as the Anti-Horse-Thief Act of 1953.

What kind of people do you think would oppose an anti-horse-thief act?

[1] Some people steal geldings.

[2] See footnote[1].

[3] Sentimentalists may say that this section is severe. Have the sentimentalists thought of what the horse thieves would do if they were in power?

[4] One who, if he had seen a horse and could have stolen it, would have liked to. Webster, 3rd ed.

[5] They should also be proud to swear that they are not pickpockets, burglars, Communists, juvenile delinquents, confidence men, murderers, anarchists, or traffic violators. Appropriate legislation is recommended.

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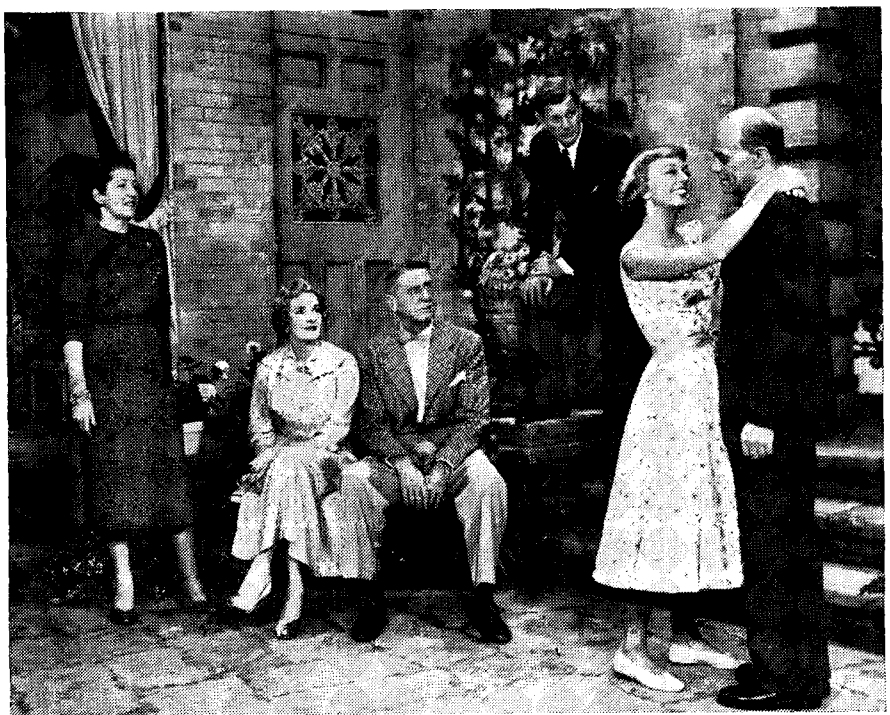
BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Long Island Story



—From "Sabrina Fair."

". . . she can blend her love of the world with his power to produce a new society."

"SABRINA FAIR" appears to be one of those plays we will all have to apologize for liking. Barbara Bel Geddes turned it down last summer, and out of town many of the people connected with the attraction felt they had a turkey on their hands that would be well carved before Thanksgiving. Furthermore, it was written by Samuel Taylor, whose "The Happy Time" and his version of Roussin's "Nina" would mark him more as a slick writer than as a playwright of stature. But this dreary preamble can be ignored. "Sabrina Fair" turns out to be a whackingly good example of a naturalistic comedy of manners.

The play begins with a biting yet entrancing prologue soliloquy by Margaret Sullavan as the young Sabrina returning after five years in Paris to the swanky Long Island estate on which she had grown up and where her father works as the chauffeur. Because of the way Miss Sullavan delivers it the soliloquy serves as that loaded gun that playwriting teachers tell us should be shown the audience at the beginning of a play. It warns us that, while "Sabrina Fair" is to be light and amusing, there is to be a bitter undercurrent of reality. The ways of high society are to be questioned, but the teacups are to be chipped rather than broken.

From this point we slip into an innocuous first act to meet the Larrabee family as they indulge in smart talk. Mrs. Larrabee, played with slithering sparkle by Cathleen Nesbitt, tells us that the homecoming Sabrina "graduated from college with all the high honors, and went to Paris for all the wrong reasons." Mrs. Larrabee is a snob, as she proves when she says to her youngest son's ex-wife, whom she dislikes, "Perhaps we can have a cup of tea later. Ask someone to find me." But she is honest when she confesses that, while the world may think her broad-minded and "liberal," actually she belongs to a society that died in the Twenties. She and the other surviving members must live on in a cemetery, or at the very least in an "unsatisfactory" world that has lost grace and dignity.

It is precisely this leisure society with its emphasis on grace and dignity that constitutes the prescribed climate for a comedy of manners, and Mr. Taylor has preserved it for us within the walls of the Larrabee estate. We soon meet the elder Mr. Larrabee, who is portrayed by that distinguished and terse-mannered actor John Cromwell. Mr. Larrabee, on his doctor's recommendation that he find a new hobby, has taken up going to funerals. As his wife says, "It gets him out among people. And it keeps him in the open air; he always goes along to the cemetery. And it's such an inexpensive hobby! He almost never knows the deceased well enough to send flowers." Mr. Larrabee is of the old school which believes in sailing the way the British believe in horseback riding. He says, "You can do business with anyone, but you can only sail with a gentleman." His respect for decorum reveals the peculiar nature of a society where tongues are cruel but conventions are proper. When his youngest son, David, says that he likes his older brother more than any man he's ever known Mr. Larrabee points out, "That's a praiseworthy sentiment, but it's not the sort of thing one says out loud."

In contrast we are now introduced to the eldest son, Linus, as enacted by Joseph Cotten. He is described as "a throwback to some free and independent Larrabee who sailed out of Newburyport in the slave trade." He is aristocratic, but not proper. He philosophizes, "There's a conspiracy in this world of little people to cut you down to their size . . . you have to impose your terms on them to prevent them from imposing their terms on you."

Since Linus does not subscribe to the graceful life he is able to be both inside and outside the Larrabee estate at the same time. So, too, is Sabrina, who has grown up over the garage. She has had the advantage of exposure to gracious passive living, and of yet being excluded to the point where she learns to have an active love of contemporary humanity.

During the brief period of less than one day Sabrina is forced to make up her mind about marrying three rich men. The first is young David, whom she has been in love with since childhood. The second is a Frenchman, whom she does not love, but who offers her the kind of life she wants except that his offer contains the threat of domestication, and the third is Linus, who when she was four accidentally knocked her into a fence inflicting a "deep Freudian wound" on her left leg. With him she can marry without fear of being domesticated and can blend her love of the world with his power over it to produce, as it were, the new society.

While the playwright does not really prove this last point he does give us an extraordinarily true and at the same time fancifully amusing picture of the old society. In addition

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to the elder Larrabees, he has included two other wonderful representatives of the older generation. The first is an intellectual, performed with no nonsense by Luella Gear. She is at her best turning down an invitation to sail with such an incisive commonsense remark as "I could never see the charm of getting wet at a forty-five degree angle."

The second is Sabrina's father, an enlightened member of the working class, played by the benign Russell Collins. As a chauffeur he has enjoyed a life of reading books on his employer's time and has made a million dollars in the stock market, not out of greed but from noble motives. For instance, in 1926 he bought on margin to show confidence in his country; in 1929 before the crash he sold because "it didn't seem right to make all that money for doing nothing that any fool couldn't do"; and in 1932 he bought again because "he felt sorry to see the stocks of such fine companies fallen so low." However, the Larrabees don't know about their chauffeur's wealth, and he astounds them by turning down a proposed marriage between David and Sabrina with, "Nobody poor was ever called democratic for marrying somebody rich."

This Shavian rebuff is the final straw for the elder Mr. Larrabee and his vanishing world. He calmly delivers a splendid angry rebuttal topped by a punctuating nudge of a potted plant off the terrace, a magnificent symbolic gesture of the upsetting of his whole decorous world. The moment is a master stroke both of acting and of writing, and indicates perhaps that in a modern comedy of manners the society being poked fun at should be strongly believed in by its representatives rather than by a sitting duck for a writer with progressive ideals.

While the story lacks any great emotional appeal and the dialogue is not always witty, "Sabrina Fair" is still the best American comedy of manners in more than a decade. It combines some of the tough-mindedness of Shaw with some of the charm of Philip Barry. And if anyone gives you a condescending look when you say you like this play remind them of some of these things as you calmly and deliberately tip over *their* flower-pot.

THE problem of finding the proper husband is also at the root of Victor Wolfson's more somber "American Gothic," which becomes the first new play to be presented at Circle-in-the-Square in more than two years. The play is based on a novel by the same writer called "The Lonely Steeple." In the novel Addie recalls from the insane asylum the story of her life on Cape Cod *circa* 1900. It seems that as a young girl her father had rowed her out to a tiny island and seduced her.

The resultant guilt, and Addie admits that subconsciously she had approved of the project, lies heavy inside her. A few years later a handsome young man named Ed Purdy marries her in order to keep his father from disinheriting him as a no-good playboy. For a while there is love, but unfortunately she cannot give him the one thing he needs. She describes the situation: "Ed didn't belong any place, and he married me because he felt I didn't belong either. . . . I loved Ed for his not belonging and I hated him at the same time for not belonging because that shut me out too."

Finally they are divorced, and while Addie has an affair with Halsey Curtis, a man who does belong, Ed finds himself a wife who can make a place for him in the town. Then Ed and his new wife have a baby, which is too much for Addie. She goes to their home while they are asleep, locks them in, and sets fire to the house.

For some reason the passage about belongingness is left out of the play as is any mention of the incident on the island. Then because stage fires never work very well Addie commits her crime offstage with a poker while Ed is absent.

While these omissions make the play considerably less clear and less effective, there is still enough left in the script for director José Quintero to work up some strong emotional scenes. Clarice Blackburn gives a quivering, introspective performance as Addie, and Jason Robards, Jr., makes a hard, tense Ed. James Greene, William Major, Fred Herrick, Richard Woods, and Gloria Scott Backe all give excellent sketches of their various roles. Jean Stapleton's interpretation of Addie's mother tells us that she is a grasping materialist, but she doesn't make much contact with Addie. Warwick Brown's costumes, scenery, and lighting again give the feeling of the total Cape Cod locality in a way that only seems possible in arena staging.

But "American Gothic" fails to sustain the steadily evolving character development which is so vital to this kind of staging. You'll see emotions you never dreamed existed at Circle-in-the-Square, and you'll find yourself deeply absorbed for the first act at least. But Mr. Wolfson has neglected to give his case history enough shape and meaning.

—HENRY HEWES.

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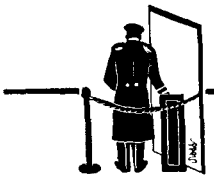

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Millionaires Are a Girl's Best Friend

"HOW TO MARRY a Millionaire" is the second Cinemascope movie, and it offers, in addition to advice, some expansive views of New York harbor, Marilyn Monroe, skyscrapers at dusk, Lauren Bacall, snowbound forests in Maine, and Betty Grable. All of the views are interesting, but since the movie demonstrates the ability of the anamorphic lens and the wide-wide screen to adapt to more intimate scenes we are privileged to glimpse the majestic sweep of a dinette, the interior of a refrigerator, a mountainous hamburger with peaks of mustard, sauerkraut, relish, and onions, and finally a truly panoramic vista of a thousand-dollar bill. The last fully justifies the familiar term given to that banknote. To cope with Cinemascope one must, at the very least, grab a seat in the last couple of rows. This vantage point slightly nullifies the proportions of the screen, as well as the disturbing qualities of stereophonic sound. Twentieth Century-Fox claims that "you see it without glasses," but this only applies to near-sighted people. Far-sighted types, no matter how far back in the theatre they sit, should get themselves fitted with glasses that will cut down their distance vision, and while they're about it they may as well get lenses that make things look smaller than they actually are. One chap I know of intends to beat the game by taking along a pair of field glasses and looking through the wrong end.

Having gotten this technical report out of the way I am constrained to admit that "How to Marry a Millionaire" has more funny moments than most comedies give us these days and that the ladies who play three pretty models in search of three millionaires (looks and age no object) weather their magnification well. The glassy expressionless expression, so much a part of Miss Monroe's stock-in-trade, has been put to excellent use by Jean Negulesco, the director, and Nunnally Johnson, producer and screenwriter. The expedient is almost beautiful in its simplicity: she portrays a girl so nearsighted that nothing comes into focus until it's three inches away. Great meaning is thus given to an uncomprehending stare, and when she misquotes a classic couplet with the line "Men never reveal their intentions with women who wear glasses" it somehow becomes both piteous and comic. Not only that, but the way in which she bumps prettily into walls while searching for a door, asks her friends what her fiancé looks like, and takes a plane headed for Kansas City instead of Atlantic City is enough to arouse all sorts of instincts, including chivalrous ones, in her behalf. I'm going to be chivalrous enough to say that she snatches the movie right out of the grasp of Betty Grable and Lauren Bacall, who both show a sense of low, if not high, comedy.

William Powell, Cameron Mitchell, and Fred Clark are to be seen as millionaires, and all manage to add to the fun. David Wayne turns in a choice bit as a man ideally suited to Miss Monroe by way of his own myopia, and George Dunn has two excellent bits as an elevator operator. The point of the story, by the way, is that girls can seldom marry millionaires by design, only by accident. For me this has the ring of truth.

* * *

"The Man Between," a new Carol Reed thriller, is a much more gloomy affair and, while it exhibits much of Mr. Reed's directorial flair, I found it less satisfactory than others of his admirable movies. The scene is present-day Berlin, both East and West zones, and the man between is played by James Mason, who while employed as a kidnapper for the East finds himself yearning to be a part of the West. His dilemma admits of no solution, though, and at the end we find him clutching the ground, riddled with Eastern bullets, midway between the barriers of the Russian and the American zones. No more symbolical ending than this could have been devised but, unfortunately, I'd already seen it a couple of times on television.

Then, too, the settings he has

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chosen while striking and well adapted for the chase scenes, are by now familiar ones. The effect of novelty has worn off them. Mr. Reed, nevertheless, is artful as he explores dingy cafes and cabarets, moves through the rubble, and catches the glare and rattle of a construction project going up at night. There is one wonderful scene as an automobile, completely covered with snow, moves slowly and menacingly towards a kidnap victim. Claire Bloom is the visitor to Berlin who encounters the man between and is used as a pawn in the capture of a man who is anathema to the secret police. She is gracious and competent. Hildegarde Neff, a woman of unusual beauty, is saddled with a role that makes her start uneasily every couple of minutes, peer fearfully from behind drawn curtains, and lift up the telephone as though Malenkov himself were at the other end of the wire.

But I'm afraid the main trouble with Mr. Reed's picture is the story material. "Entertainments" of this type somehow go down better when the object of all the furtive maneuverings is something of earth-shaking impirtance. Perhaps childishly, we want the big secret to be the plans of Russia's or our own atomic bomb cache; the messenger who is spirited away should have in his briefcase papers of significant importance to all the Western powers. The efforts to give the movie reality manage, more often than not, to expose glaring holes in the plot. The underpinnings are shaky in "The Man Between," and it is not wholly a success. But I think it can be stated categorically that anything Carol Reed has a hand in is eminently worth seeing. His story this time is weak, but his movie sense is sure. —Hollis Alpert.

SR Recommends

The Living Desert: There are a few desert courtships, games, and idyls, but mostly slaughter and fear in the first full-length Walt Disney True-Life Adventure. (*SR* Nov. 14.)

Little Fugitive: A very young man gets away from it all on Coney Island; a smalltime film force follows in his marvelous wake (*SR* Nov. 7.)

Gilbert and Sullivan: Robert Morley and Maurice Evans play this Victorian duet to the dum-te-dums of Sullivan's tunes. (*SR* Oct. 31.)

Decameron Nights: Boccaccio has provided the medieval background for three romps with Louis Jourdan and Joan Fontaine. (*SR* Oct. 17.)

The Actress: Spencer Tracy, Jean Simmons, and Teresa Wright join to act out Ruth Gordon's reminiscences of her youth in a New England village. (*SR* Oct. 3.)

Captain's Paradise: Alec Guinness plays a singularly contented sea captain with a split personality and two very disparate wives. (*SR* Sept. 26.)

TV AND RADIO

How Now Know-How?

I'VE always contended there's no business like show business. Show folks have that good old know-how. I don't know how they do it, but somehow show folks know how to steal that extra bow. In what other business beside show business is a star hung on your door after opening night? And when it comes to getting word before the show has started that their favorite uncle died at dawn it takes show folks, even though broken-hearted, to go on. It's that good old know-how.

If I ever wrote a play I would insist on having nobody but show people to act in it. And the same goes for motion pictures, which is a branch of show business. I would always surround myself with show folks, because they know how to smile when they are low. It's that illusive something known as know-how.

It was only natural, therefore, when television was going through its early stages of chaos that everyone predicted it would never attain any semblance of order or reach its full potential until show folks stepped in and gave it all their know-how.

So not long ago some show folks bought an entire network. ABC was taken over by Paramount Pictures, and put in charge of operations was a man right out of show business who had operated one of the most famous picture theatres in the country, right on Times Square, the center of all show business. Almost immediately the good old show business know-how began to manifest itself.

With something like twenty million dollars at its disposal the revitalized network began buying up the biggest names in show business who were not already tied up by the two major networks. Ambitious shows were built for their stars, and, in the tradition of motion-picture know-how, the biggest television ads ever to appear in newspapers began proclaiming the new stars and their new programs. Here was exciting, stimulating show business—all that the traffic would allow.

Only one thing went wrong. The shows were no good.

With the exception of Danny Thomas, John Daly, Ozzie and Harriett, and of course their Rock of Gibraltar, Winchell, and one or two others, the old know-how isn't working. Ray Bolger, who was such a big hit that night about a year ago on NBC when in one hour he did everything it had taken him a lifetime to perfect, is the major disappointment. Presented on film with synthetically canned bursts of laughter at the most innocuous dialogue ever recorded, Mr. Bolger valiantly tries to dance his way out of his quandary. But it doesn't help. It's a situation comedy with little of either. And the half-page ads proclaiming his show only accentuate its weakness.

Where now the know-how? Maybe it will turn out that this mass medium is not a branch of show business after all. In the past few years the networks have hired some brilliant show folks with plenty of know-how to act as producers or consultants or directors. One by one they seem to have disappeared from the television scene. The mighty like a Rose, Billy. The one and only Jed Harris. And one of the biggest television shows ever produced, that hour and fifty-four minute Ford Show with Mary Martin and Ethel Merman—it ran about six minutes short of its two-hour schedule—was directed and produced by Leland Hayward, a real show folk if ever there was one. I thought it wasn't too much better, after two months of preparation, than some of the shows non-show folks have to turn out every week or so.

Yes, maybe the old show business know-how doesn't apply to television. In television everything is timed to the split second so that nobody can steal that extra bow. And nobody puts up that star on your dressing-room door because they're shoving you out of it that night and somebody else is moving right in for another show. And if somebody's favorite uncle died at dawn I'm sure there would be a cancellation and a substitute would be rehearsing the part.

Maybe we better leave television to the network executives and the advertising agencies and the directors and producers born of television. They have the know-how peculiar to the demands of the medium in which they operate. That show business know-how ain't working no how.

—Goodman Ace.

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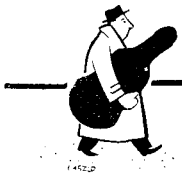

The "Faust" of Gounod Re-created by Monteux

—SR *Caricature by Antonio Sotomayor.*

Pierre Monteux—"wisdom-stuffed head."

IF ANY FACT about the season-opening "Faust" at the Metropolitan Opera House is incontrovertible it is that two French heads are better than one, especially when one is the bushy-black, wisdom-stuffed one belonging to the portly but light-handed Pierre Monteux. The product of Charles Gounod's head and heart has so long been on its own at the Metropolitan that the intercession of Monteux—at Rudolf Bing's behest—would have been thrice welcome, whatever the circumstances of cast or production.

About the only things older than the opera house at the beginning of its seventieth year were a) Monteux and b) "Faust." Would that one could say that the bricks and mortar have worn as well as the flesh of the seventy-seven-year-old conductor and the spirit of the verging-on-a-century-old music! No matter. The present expensive bit of physical restoration (realignment of all the seats on the lower floor) to carry on the program of make-do undertaken in recent years gives promise, at least, of paying for itself in a season or two. So it can be condoned if not extoled.

What can be extoled is Bing's sound reasoning that the lack of French singers of Metropolitan stature need not prevent such others as the Spanish Victoria de los Angeles (Marguerite), the Swedish Jussi Bjoerling (Faust), the Italian-Slavic Nicola Rossi-Lemeni (Méphistophélès), and the Americans Robert Merrill (Valentin) and Mildred Miller (Siebel) from having the benefit of Monteux' sound French schooling in this style. Nobody had to push for an effect, for the amount and texture of the orchestral sound was always strong enough to support the voices but never so thick as to muffle them.

Let it not be supposed from this that Monteux' "Faust" was of the over-refined sort, deft and impalpable. He is an orchestral general with a sure sense of attack, of the value of a salvo of percussion when such artillery is wanted, of the flanking movement of brass, of the *coup de grace* provided by a choral outburst. To my ear, the overall justice of his treatment (sometimes a shade slowmoving) made cast and chorus, orchestra and ballet attentive, even eager, disciples. If being a disciple leads to this kind of discipline let's have more of it—perhaps a vital "Otello" with De Sabata.

Under the circumstances, it would have taken either an enormously brilliant or a shamefully lax stage presentation to usurp attention from the calmly methodical, well-calculated-to-a-climax musical presentation by Monteux and a fine group of solo singers. What Rolf Gerard, as designer, and Peter Brook, as director, did in their mooted updating of the action from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries was neither. I don't think the excellent idea of putting the action in the time of the music worked out quite as well as it promised, but the fault here, I suspect, had more to do with limited time than limited imagination.

In the light of Gerard's past accomplishments the emphatic fact of his "Faust" seems to be that he is happier when the problem is architectural than when it is atmospheric. Like the drab Nile scene of his "Aida," the Garden Scene of "Faust" is moodless and almost pointless. But, like the Cafe Momus scene of his "Bohème," his Kermesse is a picture of gaiety and life. Also, like certain aspects of his "Fledermaus," the street scene for Valentin's death (and the "Soldier's Chorus") develops possibilities for massed stage action with maximum visibility closely related to the peculiar problem of the Metropolitan stage and sight lines. The suggestive church scene, the economical but effective Walpurgisnacht, and the well-contrived prison were all on the credit side. Judgment on the opening scene of Faust's study may be reserved until it is properly lit—which may be a matter of days, weeks, or seasons.

BROOK, it seemed to me, did much that was worthy of high admiration, especially his resourceful management of the crowds in the "Kermesse" and the dueling of Valentin and Faust. His general plan of action struck me as sensitive, respectful of the music and responsive to it, without impulse to call attention to itself. Gerard's decor included some of his usually brilliant costume ideas, of which the gray-blue for Marguerite, the high-collared frock-coated design for Faust, and the young-gentleman costume for Siebel did more to make these personages human beings than they customarily are in "Faust."

What was troublesome about the dramatic action had to do largely with Méphistophélès (a fairly troublesome personality for eons, anyway). The idea of presenting him as a top-hatted, tail-coated, opera-cloaked gentleman almost made one wonder whether he was in an opera or just about to attend one; but there was no doubt from Rossi-Lemeni's performance on which side of the footlights he belonged. Malevolent suavity was the underlying tone, a sometimes forced activity its tonality. Given this new concept to deal with, I think it reasonable to allow the performer time to find his way to the heart of it. In the interim Rossi-Lemeni is certain to provide a high degree of artistic character to balance vocal virtuosity of a singular sort. For a big man he handles himself adroitly, and he even managed to make convincing a striking if rather accentuated bit of business at the end of the "Garden Scene," when Marguerite's deflowering is symbolized by a blossom crushed in the mocking hand of Méphistophélès.

There was no precedent for gauging Rossi-Lemeni's vocal effect in the auditorium—he seems a little wanting at the low end of the scale but with much coloristic resource elsewhere—but plenty for appraising De los Angeles, Bjoerling, and Merrill. The soaring ease of each, and the effective blend of all, relate again to the masterful shaping by Monteux of voices as well as instruments. Miss De los Angeles is not the most dramatic of Marguerites, but she sang splendidly throughout and looked extremely well (thanks to a slimming process since last season and a blond wig to brighten her appearance). Bjoerling is as fine-sounding a Faust

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as the Metropolitan has offered in a couple of decades, and much more believable in action than ever before. As for Robert Merrill, his is just a superb voice for Valentin, one who lived, as he died, in an ecstacy of *bel canto*. His response to Brook's direction recalls how well he fulfilled Margaret Webster's requirements for Marquis de Posa in "Don Carlos"; given proper guidance, he might collaborate in a notable revival of some such work as Rossini's "William Tell" with Rossi-Lemeni.

There will be objections no doubt to a scenic plan of "Faust" in which there is no visible house to which Faust addresses his "Salut! demeure," or a "Kermesse" which finds Marguerite homeward bound from church in the midst of an after-dark frolic. On the other hand, I have acute recollections of the little house, badly sung to for years, and of a sunlit "Kermesse" absolutely insulting to the eye and the intelligence. Let's say that this "Faust" represents progress, not perfection, and be grateful for a notable musical experience, if not a dazzlingly dramatic one.

—Irving Kolodin.

The Ancient Hill

For the Death of One of Beauty

By Raymond S. F. Larsson

NOW let none
pass
that way,

not a sun
light
that day:

let dim moons
all
depart,

sea's wild grief
flood
the heart,

their race suns
no
more start,

all earth pass
as
her cart:

seal the lips,
blind
the eye—

none so bright
shall
pass by.

MUSIC

ABC's of a Scale

***"Music As an Art," by Herbert Weinstock** (Harcourt, Brace. 334 pp. $6.50), traces the development of music historically and analyzes its elements in an attempt to illuminate the nature of an art that defies definition in words. Here it is reviewed by Irwin Edman, Johnsonian Professor of Philosophy at Columbia University.*

By Irwin Edman

HERBERT WEINSTOCK's "Music As an Art" is an enlightening and admirable book about the art of all the arts about which it is peculiarly difficult to be helpful in words. Indeed, part of Mr. Weinstock's wisdom on the subject is his acute awareness that whatever music does and whatever music means must be uttered musically. "Music is an immediate and untranslatable presentation to our comprehension and response." Mr. Weinstock, as his previous works on music, "Chopin," "Handel," and "Tschaikovsky," have attested, is learned in the history of music and an acutely perceptive listener. He is also something more: he is an excellent writer and a man of great general culture, and his musical perception is not that of the pedantic musicologist or the mere identifier of technical elements. Music is for him more than self-enclosed systems of sound; he is aware that music is expressive of far more in human experience than mere analysis of rhythmic, harmonic, and melodic elements can account for and productive of more effects than these three can explain. But he is so genuinely musical in feeling that he knows whatever more music is and does it does so through these elements. And finally he is so much the historian that he realizes how the use of these elements is modified, enlarged, enriched, varied through the history of music. Mr. Weinstock's book, therefore, is neither musical history, purely, though it is a remarkable narrative, at once informed and exciting, of the evolution of musical styles. Nor is it purely "musical analysis." It is a very expert fusion of the two and admirably supports Mr. Weinstock's thesis as admirably stated in his preface:

"With a general knowledge of the parts of musical speech used by composers of the past, and an acquaintance with the most important of their methods of arranging these parts of speech into significant discourse, an attentive listener can be well launched toward enlarged understanding and increased enjoyment. Subsequent alterations in musical language—the additions, subtractions, and reshufflings practised by later composers—can become clear to him as he moves forward in time. Arriving at his own day such an informed listener can come to a musical work in the state of readiness in which he ordinarily opens a book printed in a language he knows."

It would be impossible obviously in a brief review to summarize Mr. Weinstock's brilliant account, identification, and communication of the elements of style, of method, of total fused effect of successive composers and schools. Just a few highlights can be noted. Nowhere to the knowledge of this reviewer could the inexperienced, or for that matter the experienced, listener have so clear and illuminating a statement of what the composers of plain song were doing technically, and why, not least important, plain song heard in a church and by a believer is so different from plain song heard outside a church by a modern pagan. Again, the reader will learn to understand what the relation of the eighteenth-century concerto was to the eighteenth-century concerto grosso. He will see what happened to musical resources with the development of the clavichord, the

Herbert Weinstock—"perceptive listener."

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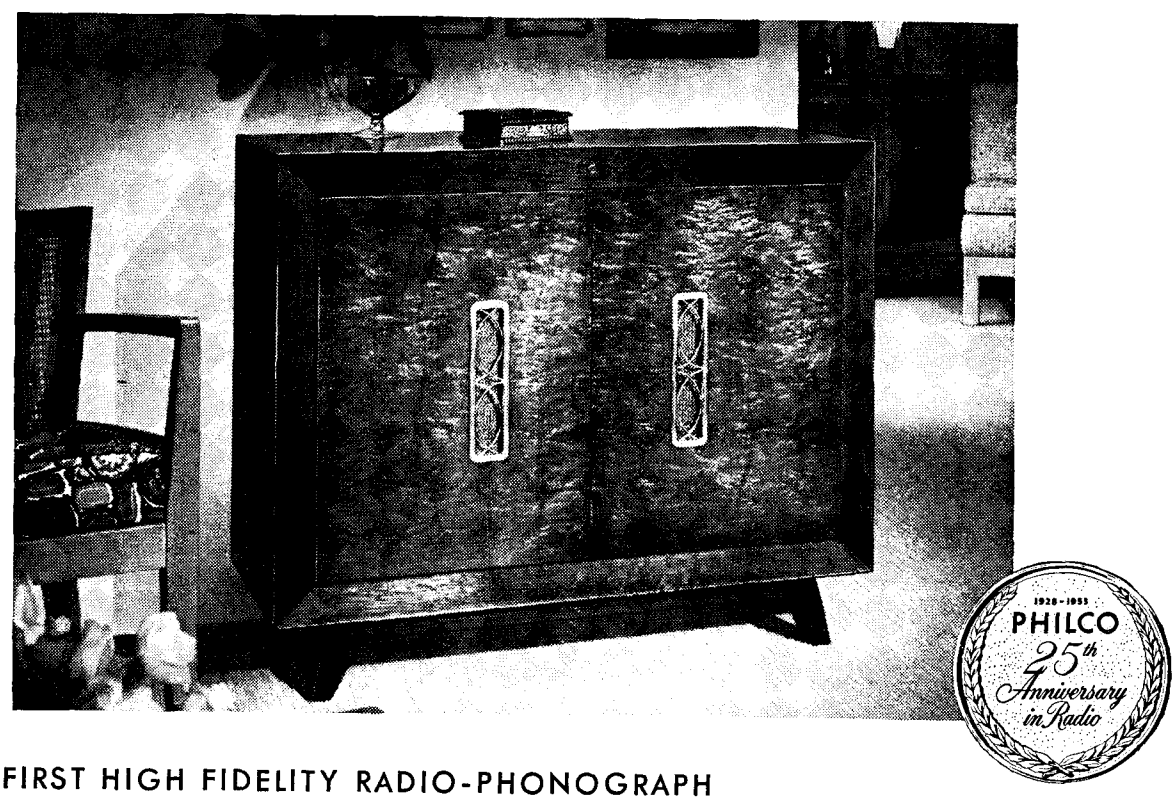

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harpsichord, and the piano. There is a paragraph on the development of orchestral music during the long lifetime of experimentation by Haydn that states admirably, both analytically and historically, what the modern symphony orchestra is as an instrument and in what sense Haydn with his small orchestra and Stravinsky with his enormous one, "though in wholly different senses of the phrase are complete orchestral masters." There is an admirable attempt to explain what is and what is not meant by expressiveness, in Beethoven, whose music, always in musical terms, expressed more than and different from what could be expressed or at any rate was expressed in the classic molds. There is a discussion, both suggestive and succinct, of the breakdown of classic-romantic harmony and of the introduction of exotic scales. Perhaps it takes some one as historically fortified as Mr. Weinstock to tell the reader how to listen to the atonal moderns.

Altogether a sympathetic, useful, and imaginative book this, a genuine contribution and an engaging one to the education of the musical ear and the musical mind. I have, perhaps, only one quarrel. I am in complete agreement with Mr. Weinstock that music *presents* to us more than mere *sounds*; it is experience, including intellectual and emotional aspects of experience, coming to us as patterned sound. I think it confuses the issue to call music "symbolic." The "symbolic" has become a fashionable and confusing cliché in criticism. Mr. Weinstock's use of it is the only thing that can be called an obscurity in a vivid and lucid contribution to musical understanding.

—*Hilda Reis.*

Aaron Copland—"leanness and slenderness."

A Modern Master

***"Aaron Copland," by Arthur Berger** (Oxford University Press. 120 pp. $3.50), offers in brief compass a biography of the noted American composer and an analysis of his work. Harold Clurman, who reviews it here, is a Broadway director who has long been a close student of modern American music in and out of the theatre.*

By Harold Clurman

MUSIC criticism is the most difficult form of criticism. For with music one is, as Anatole France said of esthetics in general, in the clouds. The impressionist is easily tempted to swift departures from the music itself to vaporous realms of conjecture and hyperbole. Technical commentators usually confine themselves to the notation of what one has already heard, a skeletonizing process which takes little account of music's very essence—its texture and spirit. No wonder the annals of music criticism are generally divided between unreliable swooners and unreadable musicologists.

Yet criticism, even music criticism, is inevitable and, believe it or not, necessary. Music is more than effect: it is also a content. We are prone to respond to art works, particularly music, in terms of their ingratiating effect, rarely in terms of meaning. The sound critic is one who attempts to disengage the meaning of the effects which the art work seems to produce. The closer the critic comes to capturing the spirit of the artist, that is, penetrating into the artist's world and making its spirit clear and more significant to us, the more valuable is the critic's contribution to our understanding.

One of the chief merits of Arthur Berger's little monograph, "Aaron Copland," is its attempt to relate the more popular or readily acceptable of the composer's work to the more difficult work. "Since you get pleasure out of the effect of Copland's folk pieces ["El Salon Mexico," "Rodeo," "Appalachian Spring," etc.]" Mr. Berger appears to be saying, "won't you please take the trouble to realize the true meaning of these pieces by listening more and patiently to those of Mr. Copland's pieces the pleasurable effect and value of which may at first elude you." For Mr. Berger rightly insists that the two Coplands—the popular and the reputedly esoteric—are the same man, and that to "root" for one against the other or to dismiss the one because of the other are equally superficial attitudes.

THE first part of Mr. Berger's book deals with Copland the man. It is a concise biographical sketch—not ample enough to constitute a portrait, but sufficient as an introduction. The second section of the book is composed of a very brief description of the sound and "appearance" of Copland's music—its leanness and slenderness which go with a certain economy of means characteristic of Copland both as artist and man.

There follows a technical analysis of Copland's product which may baffle those who cannot read music but which musicians may appreciate insofar as it evinces a devoted study of Copland's actual musical procedure without ever altogether losing sight of the fact that the technical devices discussed are a means to an end. The feeling, the emotional and human resources of the music are obliquely suggested though never completely confronted or defined. For Mr. Berger is a modest man, more inclined to set down what can be demonstrated. His book is a sort of musical *explications des textes*—a critical method by which an intelligent person makes few mistakes by eschewing debatable discoveries.

Every page of Mr. Berger's book implies that Aaron Copland is an important American artist. This well-tempered composer is a man whose creation synthesizes the tension between the loneliness, isolation, and desire for withdrawal a sensitive person must feel in our stony and increasingly joyless society with the equally strong impulse to affirm and assert with humor and an irrepressible vivacity the age-old aspirations of humankind. Copland is no romantically grandiloquent yea-sayer. Classic in temperament and in his assimilation of all the positive tendencies—artistic and social—of the contemporary world, his music expresses a resignation which eliminates defeat and a humility which need not fear the consequences of courage. In his own way Copland is writing a latter-day variation on the Beethoven motto, "Must it be? Yes, it must be."

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Mr. Impresario

"S. Hurok Presents," by S. Hurok *(Hermitage House. 322 pp. $4.50), is a memoir of the dance world by the most conspicuous figure on the business side of the art. Our reviewer, Anatole Chujoy, is editor of* Dance News *and author of "The New York City Ballet."*

By Anatole Chujoy

THE title of Sol Hurok's memoir, "S. Hurok Presents," is taken from the imprint which appears on literally millions of pieces of promotional material throughout the United States and Canada: billboards, window cards, circulars, broadsides, heralds, throw-aways, snakes (those long and narrow sheets which list the nightly programs for an entire engagement of a ballet company wherever such an engagement runs some two weeks or longer), and newspaper advertisements—all proclaiming the imminence or presence of an attraction managed by Mr. Hurok.

In the thirty-four years of his career as impresario the line "S. Hurok Presents" has become not only a personal trademark of Mr. Hurok, but also a hallmark attesting to the quality of the attraction being presented. This is no mean achievement, for much of the concert and dance business depends on the *a priori* acceptance of an impresario's attraction by local managers and the public all over the country, often a year in advance of the attraction's going on tour.

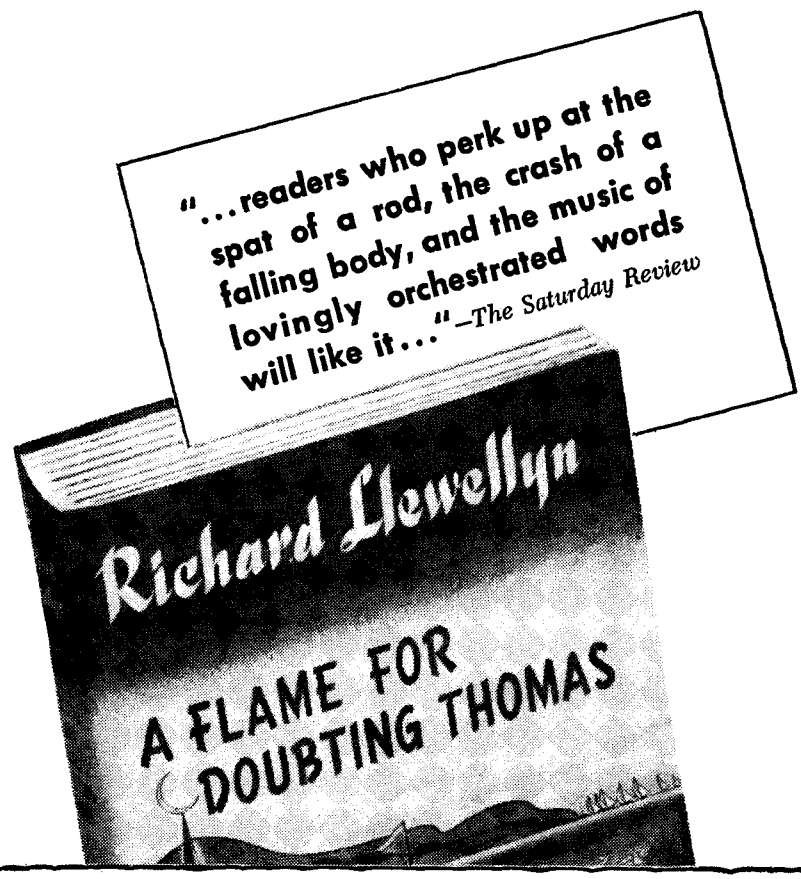
Of all people in the United States connected with the business end of dance, as distinct from its artistic aspect, Mr. Hurok has done more for this art form than anyone else. He has pioneered, worked hard, and contributed much to the popularization of ballet and has gained considerable results.

The list of dancers and dance companies he has presented in America in thirty-four years is imposing. It includes Anna Pavlova, Michel and Vera Fokine, Isadora Duncan, the Loie Fuller Dancers, Mary Wigman, Vicente Escudero, Trudy Schoop, Uday Shankar, Argentinita, the various Ballets Russes, Katherine Dunham, Martha Graham, The Ballet Theatre, the Humphrey-Weidman group, Ram Gopal, the Paris Opéra Ballet, the Markova-Dolin troupe, Sadler's Wells Ballet, Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, and, the very latest, Agnes de Mille Dance Theatre.

Quite a number of these dancers were temperamental and at times unreasonable in their demands. Mr. Hurok had to cope with them, pacify them, and cajole them. Practically all of the directors of the ballets (present company excluded) were either crafty schemers and supreme masters of intrigue or, according to the author, were totally unprepared to manage a complicated organization like a ballet company. Mr. Hurok's recounting of his dealings with the various directors of ballet companies is the richest and most fascinating part of the book.

"It is one of the strange phenomena of ballet," writes Mr. Hurok, "I have never been able to understand. Why is it, I ask myself, that a former merchant, an ex-policeman, or an heir to carpet factory fortunes for some reason all gravitate to ballet, to create and perpetuate 'hobby' businesses? I have not yet discovered the answer."

IT is a phenomenon of perhaps equal strangeness to the reader why Mr. Hurok, having learned first hand about the difficult characters of the sundry ballet directors, continued to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sign new contracts with them year after year, and in at least one case signed a new contract after a lapse of several years, knowing very well that the director in the case had not become less scheming and wily, or more reasonable and pleasant to deal with.

On some of the individuals and organizations Mr. Hurok has managed he suffered financial losses, "considerable," "very considerable," or "prodigious" (depending on the occasion), which he reports; on others, one suspects, he made some profit, which he does not report.

Mr. Hurok devotes a good deal of space to what might be termed pre-Hurok ballet personalities, and what he has to say about them is not particularly new or intriguing. A discussion of his current attraction, the Sadler's Wells Ballet, occupies nearly one third of the book and is way out of proportion.

It is not surprising that Mr. Hurok likes the Sadler's Wells Ballet. Who doesn't? But, as usually happens, this part is not nearly as exciting as the parts where the author is in a critical and occasionally caustic mood.

In his first chapter Mr. Hurok writes:

> I like to think, with what I hope is a pardonable pride, that I have helped it [the ballet] on its journey. It has given me greater pleasure than any of the multifarious other activities of my managerial career. On that side of the ledger lies the balance. It has also given me a generous share of heartaches and headaches. But if I had it all to do over again there is little I would have ordered otherwise. Because of these things, I believe my point of view is wider than that of the scholar, the critic, or the enthusiast.

One cannot let the last sentence above pass without the strongest possible exception. The very fact that Mr. Hurok has been a major, perhaps the maximum, figure in the dance business inevitably makes his point of view subjective and understandably narrows it to the business aspect of dance, if not to the still narrower approach of a particular manager to a particular dancer or company. If the development and the growth of dance as an art form were to depend entirely on box-office receipts Mr. Hurok's point of view would be the most valid and the widest imaginable, but since there happen to be other factors involved, factors, incidentally, of which Mr. Hurok is cognizant, his point of view must be accepted in its strict limitations.

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A self-caricature of Caruso.

The Tenor Supreme

"Caruso: The Man of Naples and the Voice of Gold," *by T. R. Ybarra (Harcourt, Brace. 315 pp. $4.50), is an ex-newspaperman's account of the life and loves of a great and universally admired tenor. Our reviewer was Caruso's private secretary and co-authored a Caruso biography shortly after the singer's death. He is now co-manager, with Arthur Judson, of the New York Philharmonic Symphony.*

By Bruno Zirato

IT IS now fifty years since Enrico Caruso made his Metropolitan Opera debut. And it is over thirty-two years since he died in Naples. Yet his memory is so vivid, the sound of his voice still so much part of my heart and ears, that it seems incredible that there is a whole new generation of music-lovers not even born during Caruso's lifetime. To this audience the new biography by T. R. Ybarra will give an excellent picture of the man as well as insight into the artist.

Having spent so many years in close association with Caruso, I can report that Mr. Ybarra has been punctilious. He has taken infinite pains to be correct in matters of fact and chronology; his material is well organized and presented in an interesting and human fashion. I liked the book very much. That he has been thorough in his researches is shown by the fact that he is able to quote from twenty-seven already published books, seven of them biographies of the singer, and from many magazine articles. Mr. Ybarra has done his patient and skilful best, assembling from these books and articles and from his own sources the most colorful and illuminating of the many stories and anecdotes about the great tenor.

Of course, he may be forgiven some minor inaccuracies (Villa alla Panche and Villa Bellosguardo are two different villas), and also for retelling the long and often petulant stories of the Giachettis, of Gianelli, and of the Monkey House episode. (Here, I imagine, Mr. Ybarra put aside for a moment the role of biographer and reverted to that of the journalist with a nose for appetizing front-page tidbits.) The chapter on his interview with Geraldine Farrar at her Ridgefield home is certainly one of the most interesting in the book; and the numerous details and anecdotes that Mr. Ybarra collected personally from William Guard, the Metropolitan Opera's picturesque press agent, and from Edward Bernays and Mary Garden are very welcome.

There is no doubt that Mr. Ybarra has given us in relatively short compass the essentials of the public and private life of his subject. Perhaps he has given us rather more than the essentials—for I do not and cannot approve of his detailed attention to Caruso's love affairs.

Instead of being scattered through the text, the photographic illustrations are displayed on the endpapers of the book. Also, through the courtesy of Marziale Sisca, editor of *La Follia*, some of the best of the many caricatures drawn by Caruso are reproduced, including a revealing one of me during those strenuous years when I never slept and when the circles under my eyes were as black as Italian coffee and when I was as thin as the long cigarette holder I fancied.

WHETHER or not it was Mr. Ybarra's idea to establish the fact that Caruso did "deserve his great fame," his book does just this, and does it fully and well. The facts really speak for themselves. If today, three decades after his death, people still talk of Caruso, still write from all parts of the world to me (and doubtless to others, too) for particulars about his singing, his repertoire, and other matters; if an author of Mr. Ybarra's consequence has thought it worth while to write, and the publishing firm of Harcourt, Brace has thought it worth while to print, such a book as this; if the Hollywood and the Italian motion-picture industries have found it profitable to produce four or five films based on

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Caruso's life, then what more proof do we need of the answer to Mr. Ybarra's question?

The author observes that he leaves to others who, like himself, have heard Caruso sing "Ridi, Pagliaccio!" the task of describing the impact, the ringing splendor, the shattering thrill of it. "As for me," he adds, "I am content to remember—and to thank God that I shall never forget." I agree. And with Mr. Ybarra's concluding sentiments—"I sit again, among hundreds of other speechless listeners, stunned and shaken by the Voice of Gold. Did he deserve his unique fame? Yes, yes, yes, a thousand times yes"—I again agree.

Notes

TOENAIL SKETCHES: If it is proper to speak of concise autobiographical and compact esthetic evaluations of people who work with their hands—authors, painters, sculptors, etc.—as thumbnail sketches, then it is equally in order to describe such quick reviews of the careers of people who exist through footpower as Gladys Davidson offers in **"Ballet Biographies"** (British Book Centre, $3.25) in some relevant terms. Such as toenail sketches. For this localizes the general area dealt with, also the rather minute scale of the whole.

Miss Davidson is an experienced, well-informed devotee of the ballet, whose treatment of seventy-three personalities in about a hundred thousand words (the figures are borrowed from the jacket copy) is for the most part as good and intelligent as the allotment of space permits. Looking at the ballet scene from this side of the ocean, one may regard unenthusiastically the absence of consideration for Igor Youskevitch, Jerome Robbins, and Agnes de Mille, among first-line active figures—not to mention such past ones as Mikhail Mordkine, Ruth Page, and Karen Conrad, and such rising ones as Janet Reed and Jacques D'Amboise (Humphrey and Weidman may be assumed to be on the periphery, also Jose Limon, not to mention Martha Graham)—but the book, being of British origin, necessarily has the weaknesses of its derivation as well as the strengths.

In terms of the whole Sadler's Wells development, however, the strengths are well worth being grateful for. Do you want to know what is vital about Ashton and Elvin, Fonteyn and Fraser, Shearer and Somes, Rambert and De Valois? A good deal of it will be found here, well organized and interestingly presented. There is also a reasonable representation of persons whose careers have been made largely in America—Nora Kaye, Alicia Alonso, the Tallchiefs, and Rosella Hightower—to broaden the focus. However, in terms of the international market the book is not quite the "balletomane's 'Who's Who'" it professes to be, lacking the necessary objectivity and scope. "Ballet Biographies" is full of interest for what it contains; but what it contains does not exhaust the subject, by any means. —IRVING KOLODIN.

OPERA GUIDE: During the past eight seasons of Metropolitan Opera broadcasts listeners have become familiar with the friendly, informal chats on the day's opera by Boris Goldovsky: "Opera News on the Air." Thirty-seven of Mr. Goldovsky's vest-pocket essays have now been collected in **"Accents on Opera"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $4). Each of the discussions is here supplemented with "vital statistics on opera premières" by Mary Ellis Peltz, publications director of the Metropolitan Opera Guild, which sponsors the book. Because the operas included obviously represent a cross-section of the Metropolitan's repertoire during the final years of the Johnson regime and the first of the Bing, it is not unexpected to find the following contents: nine operas by Wagner, seven by Verdi, four by Mozart, three each

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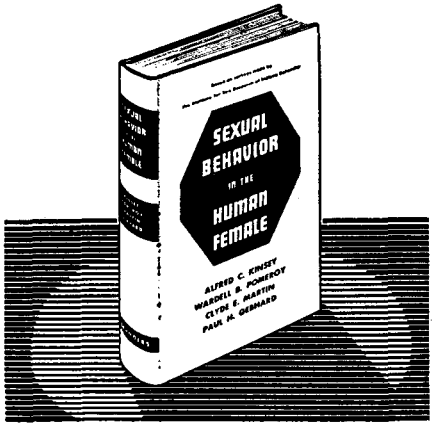

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by Puccini and Richard Strauss, and one each by Rossini, Mussorgsky, Bizet, Mascagni, Gounod, Ponchielli, Donizetti, Massenet, Leoncavallo, Britten, and Stravinsky.

Mr. Goldovsky is conversational and unpretentious, and nothing about his book utters a false claim (though the paper jacket promises "plans for newly staged operas next season," which I cannot find). He has a valuable gift for pointing out indicative examples of the ways in which operatic music can be related to the text, both generally and in specific passages. He asks us to share details he has found out or discovered, and we are happy to do so. With Mrs. Peltz's vital statistics appended, his brief essays make attractive, and sometimes instructive footnotes to the exciting art of which the Metropolitan, for good and for bad, is the foremost purveyor to Americans.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

AN OPERATIC ANA: Whenever still another book about the standard operas appears on the list it is difficult to suppress the pertinent but rude question: "Why?" After all, proportional to the repertoires, there must be almost as many opera books as there are cook books, and the law of diminishing returns operates implacably in both categories. However, in compiling and editing **"The Opera Reader"** (McGraw-Hill, $6.50) Louis Biancolli, co-critic of music for the New York *World-Telegram and Sun*, has avoided producing just another opera book, and if he had devoted more painstaking labor to his task he might have produced a really notable one.

Working synthetically from a long list of books and periodicals, Mr. Biancolli has made a sort of high-grade commonplace book dealing with ninety operas. He provides biographical data on the composers and for each opera a cast, with vocal specifications; a background essay; and data on the first American and Metropolitan performances.

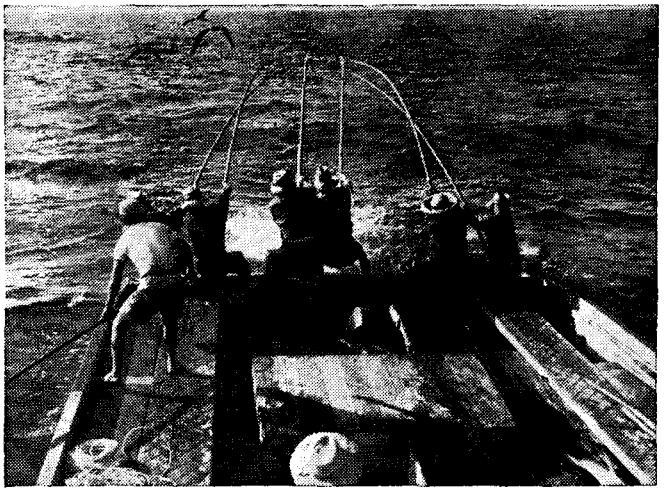
The background essays are the meat of the book, and since writers could be chosen (subject to copyright agreements) with consideration for their special areas of expertise much of the material is very superior—particularly that drawn from the writings of Ernest Newman, William Foster Apthorp, Philip Hale, and the late, beloved Herbert Peyser. The essays are all otherwise available, of course, but not within the confines of a single book or shelf of books.

Such a procedure, however, if not carried through with rigorous standards, can lead to disappointments. A reader cannot justly accept the benefits of an anthology and then fret over the fact that some of his informants operate on widely divergent basic assumptions; but some effort might have been made to include essays consistent in the kinds of information given and exclude those few that offer virtually none of value. The synopses, too, are very variable, ranging in style from the telegraphic to the laboriously detailed and in usefulness from the pellucid to the nonsensical. As a total effort "The Opera Reader" is a real grab-bag affair, but the best of the essays collected in it have values that should outlast the irritations.

—JAMES HINTON, JR.

PERENNIAL BEETHOVEN PROBLEMS: In Ludwig Misch's delightful little book **"Beethoven Studies"** (University of Oklahoma Press, $3.50) various "prize questions" are treated, questions which have kept Beethoven scholars busy for a century: the enigma of the "Grand Fugue," the reason behind the four overtures to "Fidelio," the value of the "Battle Symphony," and quite a few others. Yet, although for many problems definite and often surprisingly compelling answers are suggested, and errors and misconceptions of previous commentators are revealed with uncontradictable evidence, Misch's discourses will hardly mean the end of all discussion. For since the interest in Beethoven's music will probably continue for a long time, also the attempt at ever newer solutions to his creative mysteries will go on.

In this reviewer's opinion the essays on the "Egmont" Overture and the Piano Sonata in D minor are of particular significance. For what Misch here proves is in the last analysis



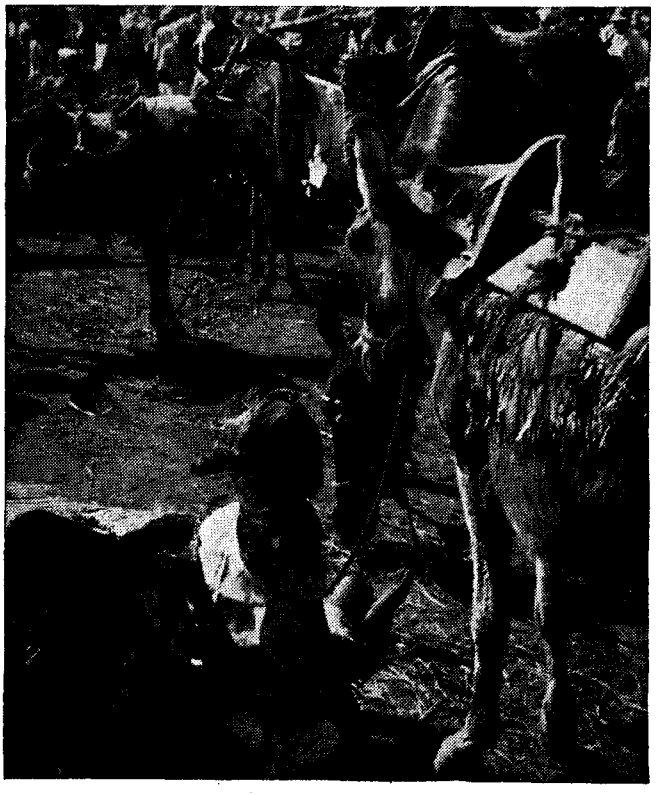


PHOTO CONTEST: Action and repose are contrasted in these two photo entries in *The Saturday Review*'s World Travel Photographic Contest. A group of fishermen form a pattern of strain and tension aboard their boat near Fanning Island in the Pacific. This was taken by Joseph E. King of Honolulu with a Combat Graflex. Sunny, lazy repose is the mood of the picture taken in the public market at Croix-des-Bouquets, Haiti, by Elimire Lobeck, of Englewood, N.J., with a Universal Mercury, Model CX. These are among many photographs entered in *SR*'s travel photo contest, in which twenty-six prizes are offered, including the first prize of a fabulous flight around the world via Pan American World Airways' latest luxury airliners. The contest closed November 1.

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that in music schemes of form cannot make either the "form" or the "content" comprehensible. For in music, as he puts it, "form and content are not separable entities," as "form is determined by the content or rather by the *idea* revealed in it." In this sense it may appear slightly disappointing that, while exposing the fallacy of the schemes, the author still uses them, or at least their terminology, as ideological bases. But in putting too much emphasis on "schemes" instead of on "ideas revealed in them" the reviewer runs the risk of making a similar mistake and therefore contents himself with thanking the author for his fine and stimulating book.

—Rudolph Reti.

HI-FI BEHIND THE TIMES: Originally announced for 1950 publication, John H. Newitt's **"High Fidelity Techniques"** (Rinehart, $7.50) probably would have been welcomed more warmly by the audiophiles of three years ago than it is likely to be by those of today—the majority of whom surely must have outgrown such obsessions as refighting the War Between the (Output-Tubes) Types. Despite the attractions of its title and appearance (it's a handsome 500-page volume with some 200 illustrations), this book has nothing to say on the latest developments in the world of sound, and it provides little in the way of background information that is not available elsewhere, often in more exhaustive detail or in far fresher and more illuminating presentation.

Mr. Newitt is a professor at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and his material undoubtedly made an effective lecture course in "Audio Systems," but in its unfortunate present form it suffers from the author's failure to shape his text to the needs of a specific public. Few of its technicalities are made clearly comprehensible for lay readers, while its lack of rigor and skimpiness of references hold its engineering usefulness down at about the level of audio-servicemen's interests.

—R. D. Darrell.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Destruction (Byron). 2. Damnation (Harold Frederic). 3. Rebellion (Clyde Brion Davis). 4. Re-Creation (Harold Bell Wright). 5. Temptation (Flaubert-Lafcadio Hearn translation). 6. Vacation (Howells). 7. Vision (Lowell). 8. Incarnation (Kipling). 9. Glorification (Robert Alan Aurthur). 10. Degradation (Henry Adams).

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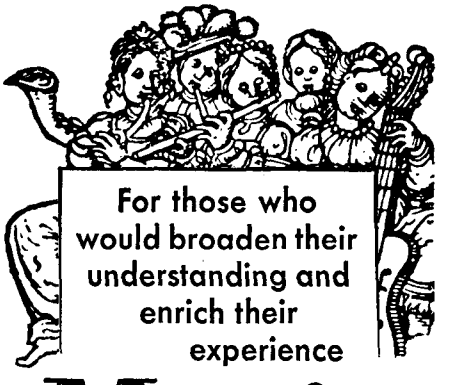

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Ideas

Continued from page 27

rationalism. The Bible itself suffered an attack from an unexpected quarter, from the French Catholic priest Richard Simon. In his books dealing with Biblical exegesis Simon subjected the Old and New Testaments to severe textual criticism. He came to the conclusion that the texts were often mutilated, sometimes even altered, by the various writers, which resulted in making the Bible in parts contradictory and clumsy. This treatment of the Bible as an historical document was roundly condemned by the church.

"All is now ready. The stage is set for—Voltaire."

Did not the *réligionnaires* reply to the rationalists? Another especially fine chapter in the book is that on Bossuet, the great champion of the Catholic faith, who now rose to defend it against the rationalists as formerly he had defended it against the Protestants. "Every passing breath of unbelief," writes Hazard, "caused him a pang." Bossuet denounced with all the magnificence of his rhetoric those who, as he said, made "their own intelligence the measure of God's purposes." Always frank and above board, he stoutly maintained that there was only one truth, eternal and immutable, that preached by the Church and only by the Church. In confronting the rationalists, however, Bossuet was now "at bay," in "a constant state of angry vigilance." He was as staunch and unshakable as ever, yet somehow "it seemed as if things were eluding him, presenting themselves in such novel and unwonted colors that he failed to recognize them for what they really were." A heretic of any stripe Bossuet could readily understand; him he regarded as a believer who was misled and stubborn. And for the heretic he had the greatest compassion. But what was a rationalist? Did not reason prove the truth of Christian doctrines? To use reason as a weapon with which to destroy the Christian faith was something that bewildered Bossuet.

Most of the book is devoted to the discussion of the author's thesis. It also contains interesting chapters dealing with the influence of the writings of European travelers in America and in China; with the appearance on the social scene of a "brave new type of human," the businessman; with the rise of a literature of sentiment, which was to culminate in Rousseau, Richardson, and *Sturm und Drang*; and with the popularity of the Italian opera. Throughout his book Hazard reveals great learning flavored with intellectual delicacy, sometimes with a *soupçon* of raillery. The "European Mind" will find a high place on the list of books for intelligent readers.

Notes

CAUTIOUS LIBERAL: To many Americans of the late nineteenth century the faith of their fathers seemed to be crumbling into dust. Darwin's theory of evolution and the contemporaneous "higher criticism" of the Bible brought a crisis in Protestant theology. At the same time, booming, uncontrolled industry and the crowding of hordes of native and immigrant workers in city slums produced social problems that middle-class churches could not answer. The difficult accommodation of religious thought to science and the rise of a "social gospel" capable of attacking the evils of urban-industrial chaos are exemplified in a new biography, **"Lyman Abbott, Christian Evolutionist"** (Harvard University Press, $5), by Ira V. Brown.

Abbott, as Mr. Brown presents him in this admirably clear and nicely written study in intellectual history, was a popularizer of new ideas, not an original thinker. In his long life (1835-1922), as preacher, author, and editor, he sought to understand and explain to his countrymen the significant transitions through which their agrarian nation was being hurtled into an industrialized world power. He always avoided extreme positions, though the mean was sometimes not golden. "He was an evolutionist but not a Darwinian, a religious liberal but not an agnostic, an antislavery man but not an abolitionist, a temperance advocate but not a prohibitionist, an industrial democrat but not a socialist." As editor, for forty-six years, of the influential *Outlook* he became a popular oracle, probably, Mr. Brown believes, "the outstanding figure in the liberalizing movement" during American religion's critical period.

—J. Merton England.

WHAT IS EXISTENTIALISM? A NEW ANSWER: In his famous encyclical of August 12, 1950 (*Humani Generis*) the Pope condemned existentialism as an aberration of the mind, and likened it to a disease. The Marxists scorn it as the philosophic swan song of a decadent bourgeoisie. And A. J. Ayer, the English positivist, has characterized it as "very largely an exercise in the art of misusing the verb 'to be'." What kind of a philosophy is this which sustains attacks from critics as disparate as these?

The question has many answers, the most recent of which comes from the pen of a lecturer at Oxford. F. H. Heinemann says in **"Existentialism and the Modern Predicament"** (Harper, $3.50) that existentialism is a respectable response to the predicament of our times and an earnest effort to clarify the condition of man. It is not, however, a reasonable response, nor a successful effort. It reaffirms the importance of individual existence in a time of estrangement and alienation. But it is marred by metaphysical errors.

The book is not for beginners. The author's critical treatments are excellent but his constructive conclusion, an inchoate one, is too sketchy to warrant immediate applause.

—Robert Bierstedt.

ENJOY YOURSELF: At the age of eighty one has earned the privilege of philosophizing in general. This, at least, is what John Cowper Powys is about in this curiously titled book, **"In Spite Of: A Philosophy for Everyman"** (Philosophical Library, $5). He is facing, as every man must, the most arcane question of all, the mystery of the self. To this question philosophers have had some answers, but Powys distrusts them all, except possibly Aristippus of Cyrene, an early hedonist who maintained that pleasure was the aim of life. The absorption of the self in enjoyment, the necessity of enjoyment, the personal enforcement of enjoyment—this is the lesson which the author is trying to teach. Enjoy yourself. This is his categorical imperative.

Enjoy yourself in spite of experts (who would prevent such philosophizing as this), in spite of loneliness, in spite of pride, in spite of orthodoxy and heresy (sanctity and impiety alike are dangerous), in spite of madness (all of us are a little mad, and this mania, if it is our own, we must learn both to cherish and conceal), in spite of class, in spite of insecurity, in spite of belief (poetry can substitute for belief), and finally in spite of other people (hell is constituted of other people). And so we have a new philosophy, the "Philosophy of In Spite."

All this, of course, has nothing to do with philosophic systems. It is, rather, a conversation with the reader, whom Powys continually addresses as a "convertite." Simple, honest, and spontaneous, it is also random, amorphous, and garrulous. —R. B.

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Personal History

Continued from page 19

Thadée subject unto him financially, and literally bought Misia.

As Madame Edwards she continued her patroness role, widening her focus to include the world of the theatre and ballet. Unhappily, Edwards's vision widened, too, and again he fell madly in love—with a peasant of an actress. But just then Sert arrived in Misia's life, via *deus ex machina*. She was to live with him for twenty years, and love him forever. After Edwards's death Misia and Sert were married, and began their lusty, joyous life. Again Misia was surrounded by creative genii—Picasso, Diahelev, Debussy—and again her world exploded. Sert became mesmerized by a child princess, one of the Mdivani. A chapter of Misia's chronicle, "To Sert," is a deeply distressing record of her struggle to hold him, and to no avail. Sert had his marriage annulled, Misia clung to the fringe of his life till his death in 1945. "With him," she ends her story, "all reason to exist ceased for me."

This was Misia's first, last, only book, and it must be remembered it was written in French. If it is often wooden that is perhaps the translator's fault. In mood and manner it is much like Caresse Crosby's "The Passionate Years," and, like Mrs. Crosby's book, its strong flaw is narcissism. The reflection of the author obscures the important scene behind her.

Misia Sert, by Toulouse-Lautrec.

Notes

REFORMED BRITISH COMMIE: Bob Darke is a forty-two-year-old cockney bus conductor who resigned from the British Communist Party on May 16, 1951 after eighteen years of distinguished service rendered the Party in the Borough of Hackney, in London's East End. He has recorded his knowledge of everyday Communist practices gained during those years in a book published a short time ago in England as "The Communist Technique in Britain," and here under the dubious title of **"Cockney Communist"** (John Day, $3).

In direct contrast to the rackety, red-faced, huffing and puffing of most ex-Communist literature, Mr. Darke's book is objective, his writing is as clear as glass, and he keeps his soul pretty much to himself. There are no glutinous hallelujahs in it about winning a late grace; in fact, his reasons for his disaffection emerge only slowly and subtly. Like Orwell's Winston Smith, his eventual waywardness probably sprouted from a point of tolerance in his make-up, which the Party could not condone: He never tried to convert his wife and two daughters, or, as was often suggested to him, simply leave them. But in the majority of his activities as a stout trade unionist, a borough councilor, a member of the Hackney Trades Council and the London Trades Council, he was a sternly disciplined practitioner of the Party line. In addition to his part in these activities, Mr. Darke describes trenchantly the general Communist methods in Hackney politics, in its unions, in community endeavors, and in the propaganda campaigns often waged by his eight hundred confreres in a borough of about 190,000 persons for "Peace," against America, for Communist China, or for new readers of the London *Daily Worker*.

Because Mr. Darke's report is muted and unemotional and because he has told us exactly how and why the average rank-and-file Party member thinks and works in Britain, and so in varying degrees in the rest of the world, his book is an invaluable tract. It should be read by the egg-heads and the McCarthyites, as well as the flaccid multitudes who regard democracy as a sort of plump, oblivious pillow.

—Whitney Balliett.

BETTER THAN COTTON PICKING: There's no future in cowpunching. This statement is made on the strength of Fred Gipson's **"Cowhand"** (Harper, $2.75), which gives a factual account of the life of a contemporary cowboy. At best a cowpoke's life was always bleak, underpaid, and monotonously uncomfortable. The same outlook still

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applies, except that there is even less work to be had than ever, and fewer experienced hands to work with. Trailer trucks have eliminated much of the cowboys' work of driving cattle to market; sheep have replaced cattle on grazing lands; wetbacks compete with the cowboy by working for half of his already low wages. All of which combines to make a tough buck practically impossible.

Ed Alford, whose life story Mr. Gipson tells in "Cowhand," got into the cowboy dodge because it looked more promising than cotton picking, his other immediate alternative. He became adept at the variety of skills required, liked the freedom the work offered and the irresponsibility it permitted.

"Cowhand" contains some interesting subject matter, but its episodic organization makes for frequently dull reading. And Mr. Gipson in a try for greater authenticity has written the book in a kind of Texanese lingo that can be mighty irritating to the reader. This one was plumb riled up, pardner.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

GREAT EMPIRE BUILDER: André Maurois has written a pleasant little book about the last and greatest English empire builder. **"Cecil Rhodes"** (Macmillan, $1.75) was published to mark the centenary of his birth which, boasted Rhodes, would be remembered for 4,000 years.

His life described the nineteenth-century success story at its most improbable. He rose from undistinguished origins and conquered by work and will the frailty of his body. In the Kimberley mines he amassed his first fortune, but money was never the measure of his ambition. He used it as the ultimate means to power, and power meant personal dominion and unlimited imperial expansion. How individual ambition and the imperial idea were fused was never better demonstrated than when Rhodes gave his name but British rule to the country that was to serve as a link between the Cape and Cairo.

It is a gentle Rhodes that emerges from these pages. Still, history was not made by the reader of Plato and Aristotle, the admirer of Oxford or the persuasive friend, but by a ruthless and brilliantly energetic man of destiny whose ambition fed on racism and whose conduct was beyond morality. "Greatness," concludes M. Maurois, "is not the same as virtue, but there is always virtue in it." In this book, however, there is too much about Rhodes's virtue and too little about the unquestioned greatness of his dreams and magnificent achievement.

—FRITZ STERN.

Fiction

Continued from page 21

naturally out of the situation—an extremely portentous one—as given.

In regard to style, Mr. Lipsky writes simply and naturally when he is dealing with lawyers, judges, and their ways. At other times he is very commonplace—"Dominguez was in a brown study"; or a little too fancy—"Carlos de Niza . . . a tall gaunt giant with eyes burning in pools of umber." But in spite of numerous errors of omission and commission the story of Lincoln McKeever and his innocent but impossible client, Don Carlos de Niza, is an interesting and entertaining one, and I am willing to predict it will be enjoyed by many.

Notes

SIX BAD BOYS: Gil Buhet, two of whose ten novels the French have rewarded with the Grand Prix du Roman Français and the Prix de Paris, here presents his first work to appear in English, **"The Innocent Knights,"** (Viking Press, $3.50) in a translation by Geoffrey Sainsbury. If any of his other stories are as delightful as this it is difficult to understand why they have been so long in emigrating. M. Buhet chooses the department of Pyrénées Orientales at the southernmost tip of France, bordering the Mediterranean and the Spanish frontier, as the setting for the comic-picaresque goings-on of his adolescent knights. Six boys, led by Pierre Daranluz, outraged because their schoolmaster plans to punish them for a theft of honey from the hives he tends, shut themselves up in the ancient keep of the fortress of Castelcorbon. Since the boys are innocent they refuse to strike their flag and admit defeat. After nearly a week of defiance the news of their rebellion reaches the Parisian press, and all France begins to laugh at the expense of the impotent provincial authorities. Not until the head of the department, the mayor of Castelcorbon, the offending schoolmaster, and the village curé fly a white flag of surrender over each of their official buildings, or until profound apology is made to the sensitive band of youths, will they consent to lower the rusty drawbridge, and bring to a close one of the most carefree and amusing satires written in recent years.

—NICOLAS MONJO.

MAY AND DECEMBER: Cid Ricketts Sumner describes the heroine of **"The Hornbeam Tree"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50) as an "unsettled woman of settled years." Miss Eva Iveson is a New England lady who is, as they used to say, all dressed up with no place to go. At the age of fifty she is finally free of the family responsibilities that have ensnared her youth and maturity. Now she finds herself suddenly alone in the large house in which she has spent most of her life, with only a familiar round of spinsterish activities to look forward to. But Eva still feels young in spirit; like the hardy tree of the book's title, she has abundant vitality even in her wintry phase. The romantic fires in Eva's soul are kindled by a winsome young handyman named Joe, who conveniently appears on the normally humdrum scene. Joe is an ex-serviceman in search of a few months of physical rehabilitation. The interlude that follows has therapeutic value beyond Joe's original expectations. It causes the rebirth of Eva's awareness of herself as a woman—a consciousness which had been stultified by the oppressive atmosphere of her earlier life. The final outcome of this May-December romance should be left for the reader of "The Hornbeam Tree" to discover for himself. Mrs. Sumner tells her story in terms that are often exceedingly pat, but she manages to sustain interest pretty well throughout.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

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The highest proof of virtue is to possess boundless power without abusing it. —T. B. MACAULEY.

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in French and German editions, in which it bears such uninspired titles as "Les Hommes en Blanc" and "Männer in Weiss," André Soubiran's novel now appears in English under a still less arresting name: **"The Doctors"** (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $3.95). It is the lengthy account of the ordeal and amours of medical student Jean Nerac, and the people he meets as he attends to his duties while intern in a large Parisian hospital. A lexicon of stock characters is available: the mother who sacrifices herself for her son's professional advancement, the martinet in charge of the male ward, the wastrel student who runs after women, and the surgeon with the delicate fingers of an artist. In obedience to the demands of the musical romance, Nerac's love is fittingly bestowed upon Marianne, a female medical student. He first meets her in an interchange of badinage spoken over a stomach pump, and eventually possesses her in a loge at the movies.

None of this can account for the book's soberly impressive sales record abroad; but perhaps an explanation for it exists in the lovingly exact descriptions of cancer, tuberculosis, syphilis, and leprosy with which its chapters are spiced. Almost every page carries its sadistic complement of pain and putrefaction, in an orgy of melancholy unequaled since Burton.

—N. M.

WAR AND PEACE, FRENCH FASHION: Roger Nimier's **"The Blue Hussar"** (Julian Messner, $3.75) will come as a blessed relief to readers fatigued by the leaden tones of much recent American war fiction. Nimier writes easily, has a gift for keeping his story on the move, and shows maturity in refusing to allow his ideas more space than they really deserve. We meet his Hussars in the maniac battles which closed World War II in Germany, and get to know them as they form part of the French Army of Occupation in the Rhineland. Eventually our interest is centered on two: Sanders and Saint-Anne. A blend of nerveless brutality and refined thought, Sanders is Nimier's interlocutor, and the best thing about the story. He has a disquieting way of looking at himself and the people around him. Saint-Anne, on the other hand, is a bore (curiously, a word he is particularly fond of). His death—at the hands of the German mistress he unknowingly shares with Sanders—is a pat symbolic event, and unworthy of the generally high level of Nimier's writing, which gets short shrift at the hands of translator Jacques Le Clercq. —FRANK ALBERTS.

Paperback Revolution

Continued from page 14

not dubbed either Hardbacks or Paperbacks. They were simply writers, some of whom had had their novels reprinted. Technically their reprints made them Paperbacks but the term had no special significance and would have seemed ludicrous. Nineteen fifty-three's differentiation into Hardbacks and Paperbacks illustrates as much as anything the controversial and transitional nature of publishing today. But what is lost sight of, in the smoke of this civil war of the typewriters, is that there are no fixed allegiances (as there are no fixed allegiances among the paperback firms publishing both reprints and originals). If more and more Hardbacks are becoming Paperbacks, there are also Paperbacks who are becoming Hardbacks. It is beginning to be a bit difficult to identify a True Blue from a True Gray.

Gold Medal Books, the oldest of the "paperback original" firms, has published almost fifty hardback authors. They include writers as diverse as Taylor Caldwell and John Faulkner, W. R. Burnett and MacKinlay Kantor. Avon Books has Jerome Weidman and Richard Wright under contract; Ballantine Books has Ray Bradbury and Hal Ellson; Lion Books has Manuel Komroff and George Milburn; Dell First Editions has arranged for Robert Penn Warren to edit an anthology of modern short stories.

THE above is not complete but it indicates the wide variety of writers who are turning towards the paperback originals. However, it is not entirely a migration from Hardbackia to Paperbackia. David Karp, the author of three or four originals for Lion Books, sat down with a synopsis for a new original given to him by the editor, Arnold Hano. Hano liked the finished manscript so much—the title "One" was also Hano's—that he suggested to the author's agent that he submit it to hardback publishers. Vanguard accepted the book, and the Book-of-the-Month Club chose "One" as an alternate selection. Karp had hit the "jackpot," a possibility that had been in the back of his editor's mind.

Many ex-hardback novelists feel they can earn more money by writing paperback originals. The "jackpot" is too uncertain. Their own writing experience has demonstrated all too clearly that most hardback novels have only so-so sales. In the *American Writer*, the official magazine of the Authors Guild, they have read that there are 2,000 bookstores

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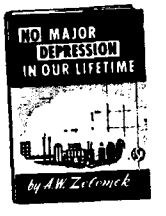

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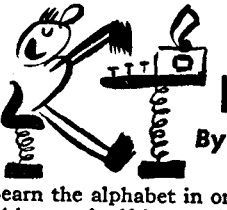

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in the entire country and that in most American communities it would be impossible even to read a book review of a hardback novel, let alone buy one. According to *American Writer*, only three daily newspapers out of 1,700 carry regular book supplements, and less than a hundred devote even a page or so to book reviews. "All of this gives you quite a turn, whether you write books, publish them, or just read them," Laura Hobson wrote in TRADE WINDS, impressed by the same statistics.

Gold Medal, Avon, and Dell pay minimum advances of $3,000 against first printings of approximately 250,000 copies; the smaller firms pay advances of $1,000 to $1,500 against correspondingly smaller first printings. Royalties are usually one cent a book up to 150,000 copies sold; one and one-half cents thereafter. Royalties are proportionately higher for a thirty-five-cent or fifty-cent book. William C. Lengel, of Gold Medal Books, comparing the average earnings of a hardback novel as against those of an original, says: "Most hardback novels don't earn more than their advance. They will sell 3,000 or 4,000 copies. Even if the writer gets a reprint he has to divide his reprint rights with the publisher, and in the long run his total earnings will be less than if he does a successful original. Of course, the hardback writer might hit the jackpot. Book-club sales. A movie sale. But the odds are against it. The jackpot is just what it sounds like. A pot of jack, of money—the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

Ballantine Books, with its simultaneous editions, offers its authors a combined royalty of 10 per cent on the hardback edition and 8 per cent on the thirty-five-cent edition, or 2.8 cents a copy. This means that an author who sells 3,000 copies of the hardback edition at $1.50 a copy ($450 in royalties) earns $7,450. ($7,000 from a paperback sale of $250,000.)

The possibility of earning more money by writing originals isn't the only attraction for hardback writers. "Original publication in paper format," Ian Ballantine has said, "creates reader impact comparable to major book-club selection within days of publication." To many a hardback writer the idea of hitting a mass audience immediately with his novel is a very alluring one. Remember, four out of five hardback novels never get reprinted. John Faulkner has expressed the thinking of still other hardback writers who have signed up to do originals: "As to books that can be put on your shelves and saved, a man is lucky if he finds one of that kind per hundred books

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he reads. A hundred hardbacks cost you two hundred fifty to three hundred dollars. For twenty-five dollars you can get a hundred paperbacks, and if you find one you like you can have it bound to keep."

THIS brings me to the most important point of all. How good or how bad are the paperback originals? Bennett Cerf, of Random House, has expressed the hope that the originals will enable "the publishers of sturdier stuff to make good, if they will, on their oft-repeated and seldom-kept promises to clear the commonplace and the junk off their lists." It is true, of course, that mysteries, Westerns, romances, and historicals equipped with one or more beautiful she-devils are standard items on the paperback fictional bill-of-fare. Awhile ago there was the deviate cycle; and the alky and the junkie were given full coverage. But the facts indicate that the literary hot dog, so to speak, is not being neglected by the hardback publishers either. The coming of the paperback originals has not altered the dependence of all publishers, hardback or paperback, on mass appeal. Their lists will continue to have the two magic words mass appeal written on them; sometimes in invisible ink or in tiny letters, sometimes in huge bold caps. No hardback publisher dares to ignore entirely mass appeal. His four-dollar novel when reprinted will be offered to exactly the same audience of ten million who buy the paperback originals. In fact, the success of the first Pocket Books in 1939 has had a profoundly leveling effect (not necessarily bad) on the writing of fiction. Mr. Average Man and Mrs. Average Woman with twenty-five cents to spend for a book likes action, but it can be the action of a horse opera or the action of Hemingway. The sex and violence of William Faulkner have attracted a multitude of readers; so have the sex-violence books turned out by hacks.

Mass appeal? Definitions vary from editor to editor among the original publishers. Ballantine Books believes that "authors whose style and subject matter are extremely specialized" cannot hope to do well in the mass market; nevertheless, the same firm has published a volume of poetry, "New Poems by American Poets," edited by Rolfe Humphries. Avon Books has just released "Stories in the Modern Manner," a collection of *Partisan Revew* fiction; the editors of this book, Williams Phillips and Philip Rahv, in a note to the readers say: "We feel that the enterprise of pre-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
TARGET IN TAFFETA *Ben Benson* (Mill-Morrow: $2.75)	Racketeers take over Mass. town, but Insp. Wade Paris of state cops calls plays.	Characters largely stock-ish; yarn moves by fits and starts.	Betwixt and between
EYES IN THE NIGHT *Caroline M. Howarth* (Pageant Press: $3)	Conn. cop trails jewel robbers, digs up grave, discovers dead babe, cat.	Too much story for one itty-bitty book to carry.	Involved as all get-out
THE CRIMSON CIRCLE *Edgar Wallace* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Eighth and final unit of CC Anniversary Classics; this first saw print in 1922—	—and by 1939 it had topped 500,000 (he did 70-odd more)	Gothic revival
MURDER OF THE WELL-BELOVED *Margot Neville* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Girls meet boy, farewell joy in Australia; Insp. Grogan gets plenty tough.	Quick scene-shifting slows pace at start, but action improves.	To (and for) the ladies
HEAR NO EVIL *Stephen Ransome* (Crime Club: $2.50)	TV director's life in Penn. town upset by overheard phone call; three deaths ensue.	Steps right along, but personnel occasionally squeezed into plot.	Literate, and largely OK
FEAR TO TREAD *Michael Gilbert* (Harper: $2.75)	London high-school head takes on racketeers, but is glad of Yard's help.	Plot slightly cosmic, but moves on white-wall tires; cast admirable.	Any Gilbert is good
THE DREADFUL HOLLOW *Nicholas Blake* (Harper: $2.75)	British Op. Nigel Strangeways checks on poison-pen epidemic in rural areas.	(Confidential: Author is really C. Day Lewis, Oxford biggie)	Leisurely and literate

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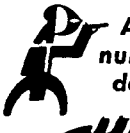

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senting imaginative writing in an accessible and popular form will help to bring together readers and writers who have been separated too long by the barriers of commercial routine and mental inertia." Avon Books has under contract a novel by one of the leading avant-garde writers; it will appear under a pseudonym. "He knows that he will sell in the mass market," Avon's Charles R. Byrne explained, "but he will write it as well as he can. It is an experiment for him away from the experimental writing he is known for." The experimental writing of Jim Thompson's recent "Savage Night," is praised in *The New York Times*. "Odd that a mass-consumption paperback should contain the most interesting experimental writing that I've seen in a suspense novel of late." Knox Burger, of Dell First Editions, describes his list as follows: "I suppose the emphasis is on the modern novel. We have Westerns, mysteries, and suspense novels . . . and we have three or four quite serious novels."

It should be noted that the big three in the reprint field—Pocket Books, Bantam Books, and New American Library—as well as Permabooks have not published any paperback original novels. But business ties with hardback firms (NAL has no such ties) are no guarantee that they will remain out of the original field forever. Of the estimated 1,200 paperback titles that will appear in 1953, 225 will be originals whose sales will come to approximately 55,000,000 copies of the total 250,000,000. And there will be more originals published in 1954. It is true that total paperback receipts have declined slightly in the last few months, but this is due more to cutthroat competition and market glutting than to any lessening of reader interest.

For twenty years after the Civil War the paperbound novel was read by millions whose hardcover reading had just about been limited to the Bible. Verily, there is nothing new under the bookseller's sun. In the 1880's and 1890's simultaneous publication in hardback and paperback editions was a common practice; hardback publishers like Henry Holt, Appleton, and Harper's were also publishing paperbacks. Yet by 1900 cheap fiction and cheap paper, poor printing, and ruinous competition had all helped to kill the paperback book. Will history repeat itself? Not if paperback publishers and editors remember publishing history. And all the available facts seem to indicate in this third year of original publishing that there is a growing rather than a diminishing respect for the millions of readers in today's paperback public.

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

BEAUTY IN THE HEART. By Archibald Rutledge. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50. A collection of short poetic essays brought out to celebrate the author's seventieth birthday. He is an old hand in the Metcalfe school of verse, and the author of some fifty-five books.

DARK ENCHANTMENT. By Dorothy Macardle. Doubleday & Co. $3.50. A novel about witchy doings in a small village in the French Maritime Alps, by an old hand ("The Uninvited") at ectoplasmia.

THE GARDEN OF BELLFLOWERS IN NORTH AMERICA. By L. H. Bailey and G. H. M. Lawrence. The Macmillan Co. $4. A complete study of the so-called bellflower, by the Grand Vizier of American Horticulture, Liberty Hyde Bailey, who, well along in his nineties, seems to have no intention of stopping after coming this far.

GARDENERS AND ASTRONOMERS: New Poems. By Edith Sitwell. Vanguard Press. $2.75. Eleven new poems (Jane, Jane, tall as a crane) about man in his nature and universe, by the eldest member of Sitwell & Co.

THE GOOD SPIRIT OF LAUREL RIDGE. By Jesse Stuart. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. A novel, set in the Kentucky hills, about a teller of tall tales.

HERMAN HICKMAN'S SCRAP BOOK. Edited by Herman Hickman. Simon & Schuster. $2.95. A collection of tidibilia collected through the years by Herman the Huge, including puns, verse by Grantland Rice, Edgar Guest, Robert Service, and Kipling, and folk tales, all told with plenty of lachrymal.

HOMECOMING. By Borghild Dahl. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3. A novel about the wheatier days of Minneapolis, and the growing up there of a young girl whose parents had been Norwegian immigrants.

HOOFS IN THE DISTANCE. By Lida Fleitmann Bloodgood. D. Van Nostrand Co. $10. The equestrian autobiography of a lady brought up in the best traditions in gaslit days, and who has spent most of her life in the show ring, on the hunt, or gadflying with the best horsepeople on both sides of the Atlantic.

LOVE FROM SANDY. By Elwynne Berger. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3. A collection of burbling letters—fictional, of course—from an eighteen-year-old American girl sent to England to study.

195 CAT TALES. By Hettie Gray Baker. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. A big collection of stories about cats—the author's included—such as those belonging to Frank Case, James Mason, Queen Elizabeth, Paul Gallico, Frances and Richard Lockridge, and so forth.

THE PORTABLE RENAISSANCE READER. Edited by James Bruce Ross and Mary Martin McLaughlin. Viking Press. $2.50. Anthologists are spading around in the Renaissance this year like clam diggers. This collection, which is more limited in scope than the recent Haydn-Nelson effort, covers the years 1400-1600, and besides the regulars presents southpaws like Vives, the Spanish sociologist, Palissy, and Aldus Manutius.

SONGBIRDS IN YOUR GARDEN. By John K. Terres. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.95. A book on how to attract birds to your garden or yard, with information on bird houses, proper feeding, nest materials, etc.

SPORT IS WHERE YOU FIND IT. By Philip K. Crowe. D. Van Nostrand Co. $7.50. The experiences of an international sportsman who has fished, hunted, and raced in India, France, England, Scotland, America, Alaska, and China.

STILLMEADOW AND SUGARBRIDGE. By Gladys Taber and Barbara Webster. J. B. Lippincott Co. $5. A collection of letters written by the authors to each other from their respective country homes (Chester County, Pa.; Southbury Township, Conn.) in celebration of the daily pleasures of the bucolic life.

TOMORROW'S AIR AGE. By Holmes M. Alexander. Rinehart & Co. $3. A survey, by an American journalist, of the probable paths air travel will take in the future. —W. B.

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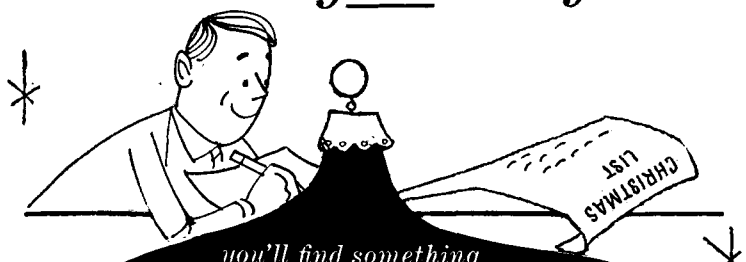

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D. Passing outward from the nerve centers.	168 177 70 79 125 89 26 51
E. Specifying a political unit with less than its due population.	155 180 34 128 83 42
F. Grew either of two successive sets of certain normal human equipment.	166 174 63 131 65 11 140
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V. Cowboys' leather overalls.	137 35 25 87 153
W. Owner of the 45-foot "Snark" in which he and Martin Johnson sailed round the Earth.	88 183 123 90 121 148
X. Clouded; obscured (rather rare).	151 116 77 92 95 162 21 57 172 54 134
Y. Florentine painter specially famous for frescoes, 15th century; aided in decoration of Sistine Chapel.	101 46 135 175 20 66 165 146 117 56 40
Z. Broken violently into fragments.	94 62 129 185 81 4 139 191 74

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 N	2 M		3 J	4 Z	5 R	6 U	7 P	8 G		9 R		10 O	11 F	
12 J	13 I			14 K	15 C	16 M	17 S		18 B	19 K	20 Y	21 X	22 T	23 R	24 G		25 V	
26 D	27 M			28 M	29 I	30 H	31 Q	32 L	33 K		34 E	35 V	36 H	37 U	38 I		39 P	
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55 U		56 Y		57 X	58 T	59 K	60 R		61 U	62 Z	63 F		64 K	65 F	66 Y	67 R	68 O	
	69 Q	70 D			71 P	72 M	73 B	74 Z		75 S	76 L	77 X	78 G	79 D	80 R		81 Z	
82 S	83 E			84 J	85 C	86 M	87 V	88 W	89 D		90 W	91 S	92 X	93 M	94 Z		95 X	
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	125 D	126 O	127 I	128 E	129 Z	130 Q		131 F	132 P	133 I		134 X	135 Y	136 O	137 V	138 M		
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168 D		169 C	170 R	171 J	172 X	173 L	174 F	175 Y		176 S	177 D		178 J	179 K	180 E	181 Q		
182 N		183 W	184 N		185 Z	186 R	187 K		188 T	189 A	190 B	191 Z	192 C					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 39 of this issue.

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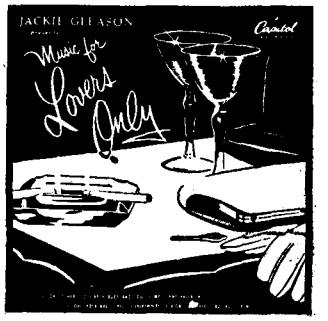

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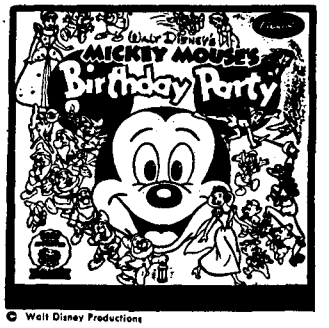

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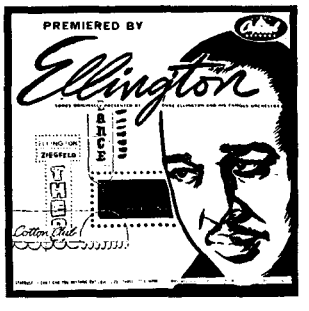

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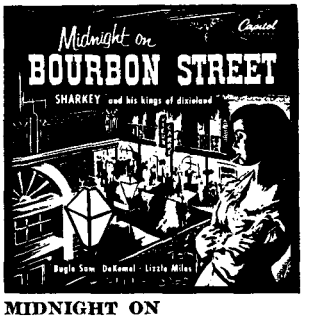

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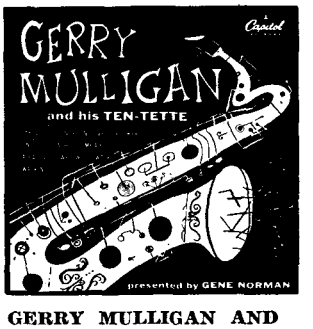

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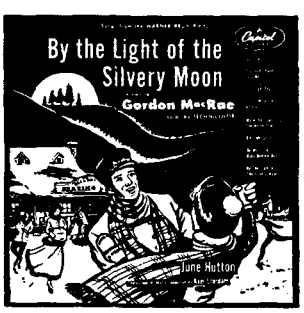

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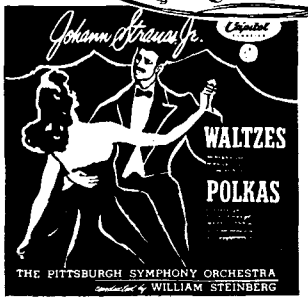

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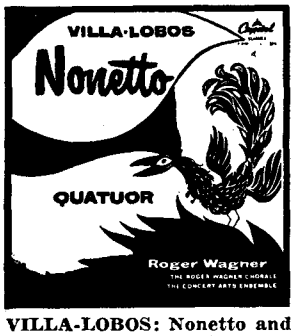

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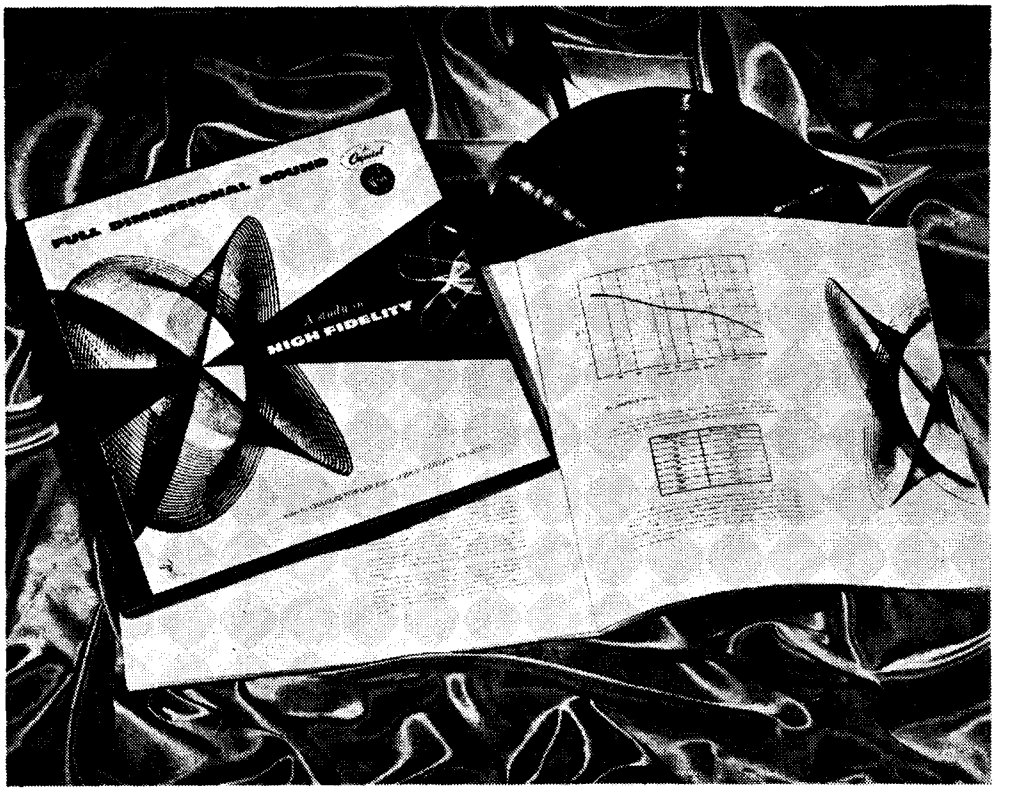

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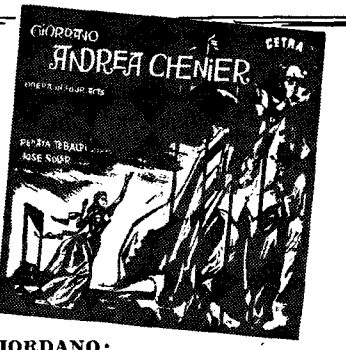

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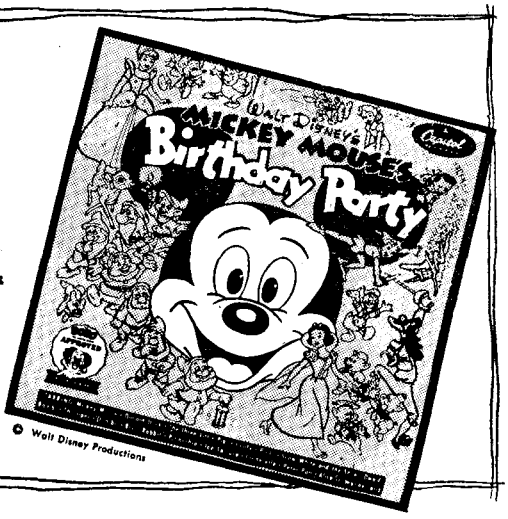

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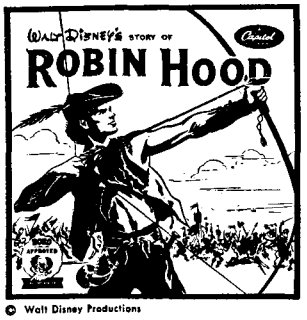

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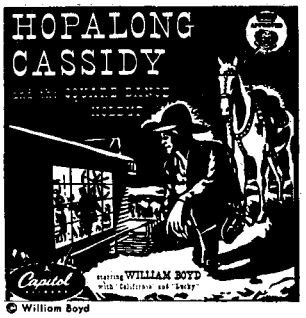

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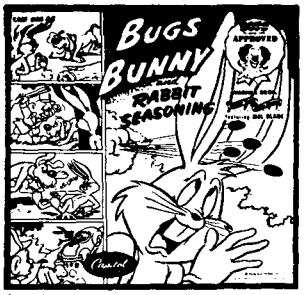

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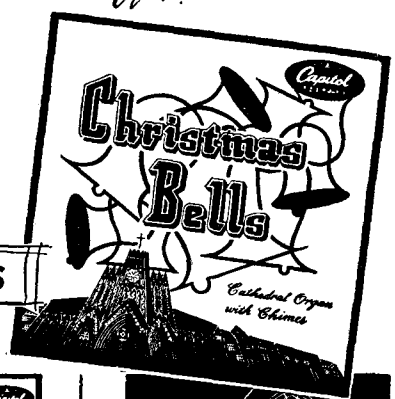

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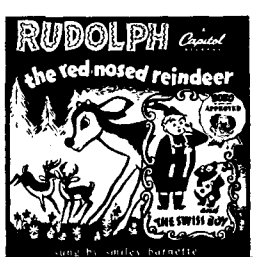

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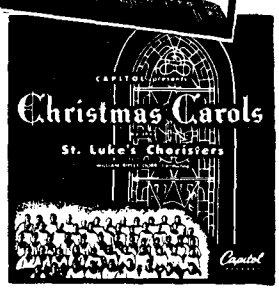

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A Tonefile of Glenn Miller

By IRVING KOLODIN

GLENN MILLER, as I remember him, was (a) orderly, (b) intelligent, (c) well-disciplined, a series of qualities not usually associated with the great jazz trombone players. It is fair to say, then, that he was not one of the great jazz trombone players. His affinity was perhaps more with such another master of the instrument as Arthur Pryor, who left a unique reputation as a bandmaster, a band's man, and a composer-arranger.

Whatever there was about Glenn Miller musically can be found at some point or other in the six-disc album (LPT 6700, $25) that RCA Victor has finecombed from the richest period of his career under the title of "Glenn Miller and His Orchestra." The earliest "side" dates from April 10, 1939, and bears, ironically enough, the title "Wishing Will Make It So." Miller and his band were then on the verge of such a success as all the wishing in the world wouldn't have made so without a long history of effort. The last pieces are dated September 1942, when he was about to leave civilian life for his wartime (it proved to be lifetime) assignment in the Air Force.

In his informative foreword George Frazier suggests that the sixty-odd items gathered from recording sessions and broadcasts of the three-year period comprise an "autobiography" in sound. They do, indeed, but they also give us all the elements from which to evolve a picture of the man and his achievements—more than a profile, what perhaps might with justice be called a tonefile.

What is in these records is only climactically associated with these last years of his life. The long pull of learning the business, of taking the public pulse so many times that your own finally conforms to it, of putting something of yourself into a band without evicting from it all that is in the character of the individuals it contains—all these had to be lived through and absorbed before the moment of combustion occurred. Miller had a long and arduous schooling as a performer in several of the best bands of the Twenties, and he was a good enough jazz man to share two fine sides with that master of the tenor saxophone, Coleman Hawkins, as far back as 1929. He had a close view of the arranger's problem in the work he did for Ray Noble and other bandsmen in the early Thirties, and his creative spark still glows in the period pieces he wrote for Red Nichols and his Five Pennies before the Depression.

You can find his emerging big-band ideas in a brief series of rather rare records he made for Brunswick about 1937—including the reasonably celebrated "Sold American" (based on the tobacco auctioneer's chant and not played much when Miller became the musical spokesman for Chesterfield cigarettes). The series was brief and the records rare for a good reason: there was no particular public for them and they didn't sell. Yet there was in them many of the elements of those that soon would sell over a million copies.

Miller knew as much of all the important things about the popular music business on a night I talked to him in 1938 as he did a year later. But on the first occasion he was lamenting the fact that business was so bad he had to keep his payroll down by getting along without a guitar player, and what kind of rhythm section could you have without a guitar? A year later he could have afforded three guitars if he wanted them. All along, he could have made a comfortable living as an arranger for others with-

Glenn Miller—"more country than city."

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out the woes of running his own band. But persistence was in strong supply in his nature. The fulfilment was worthy of it.

Miller diverged from the others of his time who rose to similar popularity—the Dorseys, Shaw, Goodman, Harry James, etc.—in not being a star instrumentalist who could prod men into accomplishment by example or weld them into an entity by arousing their zeal for emulation. He could, however, draw the ground plan of what he hoped to achieve in black and white on bars and staves. In other words, he was a superb arranger. He then had the perfectionist's instinct for wrestling with a problem until he had shaped it to his mental image. When he finally got a band to sound the way he wanted, something new and refreshing came into the lives of all who admire musical artistry in whatever form it may take.

PART of the "sound" for which he was searching came about by chance. As Frazier tells it, Miller's work for Noble, circa 1932, featured a "voicing" in which a high trumpet part doubled one of the saxes. One day the high trumpet player bowed out, leaving no one able to replace him. In the emergency Miller put a clarinet in place of the trumpet and the new "silvery" blend was born. Noble, however, didn't like it, and Miller retired the idea until he could reinstate it in a band of his own, work on it, polish it, and finally perfect it.

The "new sound" of itself would have meant little had there been no continuity of idea, no judgment and taste and ingenuity in combining it with all the other elements of band performance. Here, it seems to me, Miller was the Great Eclectic of the so-called swing era. The appropriation of the "something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue" jingle as a medley formula for his broadcasts really described the band itself. From the example of Benny Goodman he took a standard of precision; a certain lyrical sentimental quality from Tommy Dorsey; much in the way of accent and color from Ellington, and a sense of beat from Lunceford, Hawkins, and the other notable Negro bands of the time.

The results might be called synthetic, since the band sported no great soloists, and those that developed—Ray Anthony, Billy May, Beneke, Hal MacIntyre, John Best, etc.—were competent rather than distinguished. But at its very best, when all the elements had been integrated and combined in a tight-working relationship, the fact had to be recognized that it was the *band* that was the soloist. Miller molded his players into an ensemble with a unity of style and a surety of purpose that remained flexible in performance no matter how much calculation had gone into the preparation. When you've listened to the ensemble work in Jerry Gray's "String of Pearls" or in an arrangement of "Angel Child," you've heard this many instruments about as well played as they can be.

With this sure sense of a ground plan, the element of a "new" sound that caught the attention and held the ear, the appreciation of what was best in the examples of his contemporaries and a mighty strain of persistence, Miller combined a kind of inland sentiment that differed considerably from the "big town" aura that pulses in Ellington or Goodman. Perhaps it had nothing to do with his birth in Iowa (Clarinda), or with the farm chores as a boy which endowed him with a hand by which mine—of no slight size—would be engulfed when we exchanged a greeting, or with the sense of friendliness that gave him "permanent rank" as a major among men long before the Army got around to doing it—and perhaps it had everything to do with these things.

In any case, one of those early Brunswick records is entitled "Community Swing," and the words convey something of the community of good feeling that Miller had with his listeners. You can hear it in the flat drawl of his voice, as reproduced in the announcements from some of the broadcasts included in these discs, and when he speaks of his "good friend Benny Goodman" or "a tune made famous by Bunny Berigan's trumpet," it is more than lip service he is rendering to convention. How far out of his way he went in helping me write a book with and about Benny Goodman (with whom he grew up in the music business) left me with a lasting conviction that Miller was loyal to the things as well as the people he believed in.

You can feel the depth of his belief in American popular music as something special and cherishable in the beautifully phrased vignette based on Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue"; in the high spirited take-off on Verdi's "Anvil Chorus," which, for all its jazz tempo, contains a lot more musicianship than some of the "straight" versions I have heard; in the wit that produced the accelerated version of "American Patrol"; in the sense of fun that made his versions of "Chattanooga Choo Choo" and "Little Brown Jug" imitable but not reproducable.

There is a whole category of Miller performance that means less than nothing to me: the fast, noisy, all-in arrangements of which the arch example is called "Flagwaver." This, of course, was the trade term for the noisiest examples of big-band jazz in the late Thirties and early Forties; but Miller put the stamp on a certain aspect of his effort in propagating a piece with the title. However, whether called that or "King Porter Stomp" or "Farewell Blues," his efforts in this category seemed to me never more than too fast and too loud.

But it is no easier in jazz to be all things to all men than it is in other endeavors. Miller's special domain, in addition to those brilliant specifics mentioned above, was a land of musical make-believe in which he could

(*Continued on page* 91)

—Photo courtesy Metronome Magazine.

Miller and Benny Goodman—"loyal to the things he believed in."

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Writers as Readers

By HARRISON SMITH

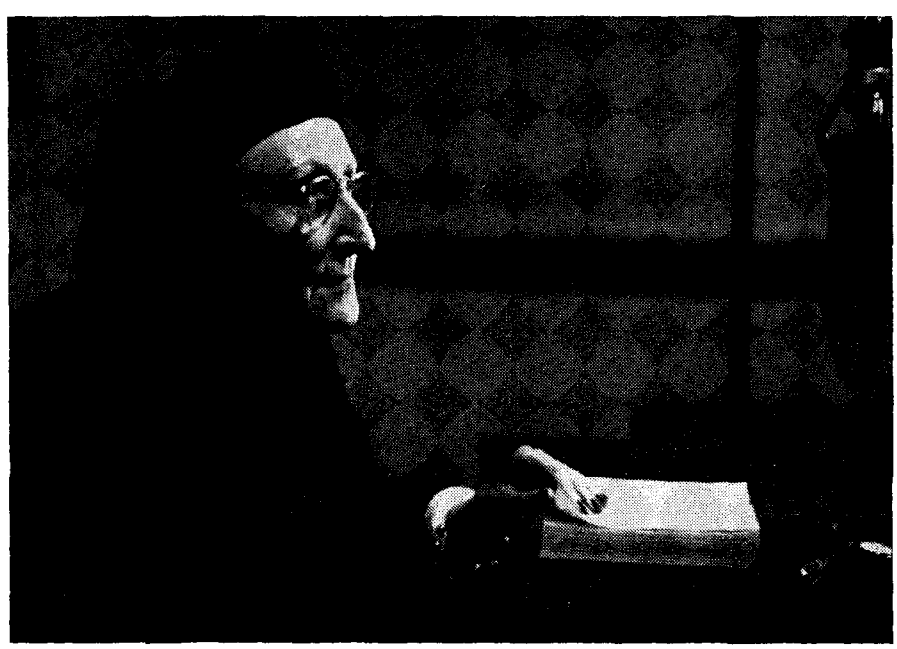
COLUMBIA's latest and startlingly successful venture in recording the voices of twelve famous writers on a dozen twelve-inch LP's (SL 190, $100) obviously adds a new dimension to the ancient art of story-telling, new at least to this generation. It was a strange and illuminating experience to listen to the exquisitely modulated accents of the three Sitwells (Edith and her brothers Osbert and Sacheverell), to hear the sonorous baritone of Aldous Huxley, the sinister tones of John Collier reciting a tale of murder, and the evidence of Somerset Maugham's mastery of the spoken word tinged with the worldly cynicism of an elderly man with no illusions, and also to sense in Christopher Isherwood's tense voice the inner conflicts that were apparent to readers of "Prater Violet" and "Berlin Diary." The intonations of these seven English voices seemed so different and yet so alike in their cultivated speech; in a single sentence one could instantly identify them anywhere in the world as British. The five American writers have more varied intonations, and in some instances their words seem harsh to the ear. The clear, youthful voice of Truman Capote is pleasant to hear, but it does not reveal the fact that he was born in the Deep South, perhaps because he attended a Connecticut high school. It is admirably suited to the gently emotional and lyrical quality of his work.

Of all the Americans, Katherine Anne Porter's rendition of the tragic narrative of a pallid American girl in Mexico, taken from "The Flowering Judas," is the most successful. It is an intense and oddly disturbing story as it emerges from Miss Porter's quiet and musical sentences. Indeed, it became obvious as these varicolored voices echoed at midnight in the listener's quiet room that the selections endowed with the flavor of poetry, mysticism, or passion were more successful than the recitals of stories where one followed a contrived plot, with the exception, of course, of the master storyteller of all of them, Somerset Maugham.

Columbia University's professor of philosophy, Irwin Edman, in his introduction to the booklet that accompanies this series of records writes that literary expression has a great deal to do with the spoken word, that the rhythms of poetry are obviously meant to be heard, and that this is true, but to a lesser extent, of narrative prose. "The very temper and temperament, the core of feeling and the center of thought of a writer lie in the formulation not simply of the meanings of the words he uses, but in the rhythms into which the words fall." Nevertheless, it is also true, as this series of records reveals, that not all writers have this gift of rhythm, though it was often difficult to separate clearly the fabric of the story itself from the voice. This listener, for example, had read John Steinbeck's "The Snake," and for some reason he had never liked it; for though Mr. Steinbeck says it is a true story, it seems to have the appearance of a somewhat preposterous invention, proving the old saying that truth is stranger than fiction. At any rate, listening carefully to his tale of the beautiful and sinister young woman who bought a rattlesnake from a biologist, the story still seemed inept and incredible. If there was rhythm in Mr. Steinbeck's voice, the listener was not aware of it.

The same difficulty was discovered in William Saroyan's rendering of what he calls his "Book of Common Prayer." It may be eloquent; it doubtless is eloquent; but it seemed to me sheer hokum. There is a good deal of that sometimes engaging quality in this talent which was nourished and watered by the Depression years. When Saroyan observes elsewhere that "the mystery of a man was still a mystery when he was in his mother's womb," the ear telegraphs to the brain, "so what?" The eye cannot go backward on the page to discover, if possible, what the author really meant. There was too much of the author's handmade, rustic philosophy in his readings. After listening with delighted attention to Edith Sitwell's poetry, one felt that Saroyan had failed in this medium, though there is a certain fascination in his monotonous, resonant, and unrhythmical speech. Another remembered sentence of Saroyan's, "At that moment there came a knocking on the door. (Bang! bang! bang!) and the soldiers came for Christ," seemed too childish to be credible. In this case, also, it was difficult to differentiate between the meaning and the voice. Though Saroyan fought in his youth like a starved demon to get his short stories published, he can now say without blushing, "Thank you, Lord, for poverty." Calculated ingenuousness is not a success on a long-playing record.

With the exception of the male Sitwells and Somerset Maugham, the women writers in this series are more effective and moving than the men, for they charm the ear of the listener; it is the difference between the violin and the cello. It was difficult not to applaud the astonishing performance of the distaff side of the Sitwell family. Edith Sitwell possesses a trained voice of extraordinary range. When she recites her "Two Poems of the Atomic Age" she is magnificent and cata-



Dr. Edith Sitwell—"terrifying effect and authority."

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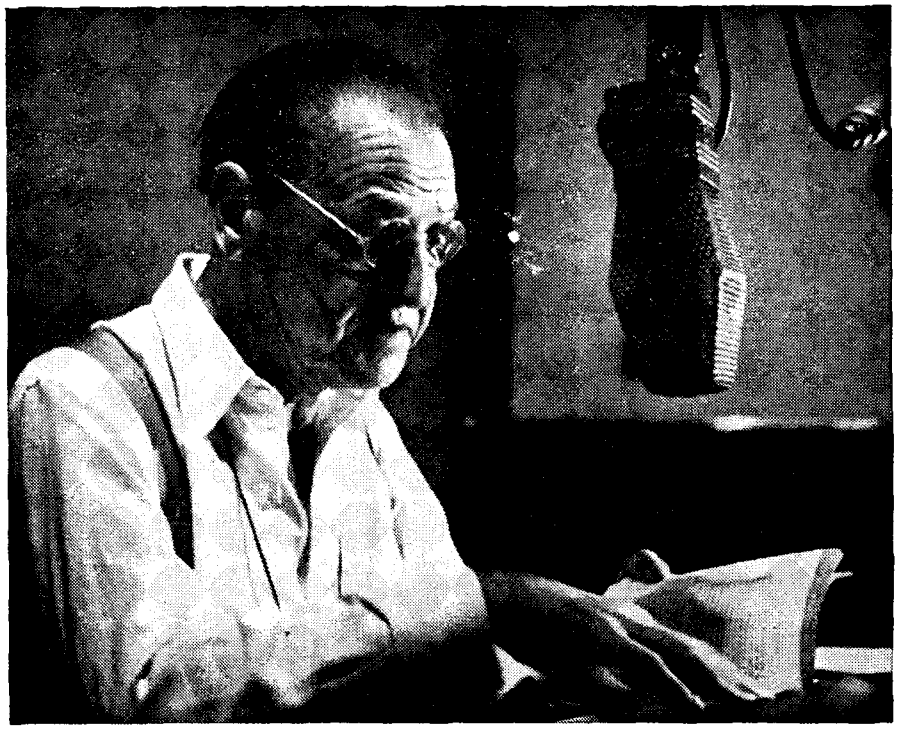
strophic. When you turn the record over, there emerges from the circling disc the distraught voice of Lady Macbeth, resonant and powerful, tortured with agonies sent from hell. It is almost impossible to believe that it is produced by the vocal cords of an elderly poetess whose delicate profile is one of her most enduring charms. Countless actresses have declaimed, "Out, damned spot, out I say!" but none, one is convinced, with more terrifying effect and authority than this apparently fragile lady. Later, her comments on Shakespeare's use of words, drawn from Miss Sitwell's "A Poet's Notebook" and "A Notebook on William Shakespeare," are lucid, entertaining, and not difficult to follow. Altogether it is a splendid performance. When her brother Osbert recites from his many-volumed autobiography, the listener finds himself in the elegance and decorum of the Edwardian Age; and when Sacheverell speaks in a voice that is not unlike his brother's, you are wandering in the desert in Mauretania, or in the huge Gothic castle in which this talented family was brought up.



Somerset Maugham—"the master storyteller of all of them."

ONE of the most entertaining, and at times alarming, performances is Aldous Huxley's readings from "The Brave New World," his inspired and deadly satire on Communism. In his introductory remarks on this record it is obvious that he no longer regards sanity of the human race as impossible to achieve. Somewhere between the utopian and diabolic horns of the dilemma that his novel proposed he sees a brave little world, an isolated island, when like the exhibits in a zoo the Utopians might live in peace, though statism is inevitable. Now, fifteen years after his book was written, he believes that the biologist and psychologist may save, not the present world, but the future. Listening to Christopher Isherwood's transcripts from "Berlin Diary" and "Prater Violet" is also an experience difficult to forget. Emotional and febrile, his words tense with a painful emotional crisis, he describes his adoration for his director and his affection for a friend.

It was not a light task for the editor of this series, Goddard Lieberson, to assemble this collection of records. In his explanatory preface to The Columbia Literary Series it is obvious that it was for him a labor of love. "Part of my reason," he writes, "for starting this series was, if not to frustrate death's capacity for stilling the tongue, at least, to inaugurate archives which would perpetuate the sound of the writer's voice and therefore a dimension of his personality otherwise lost." He was shocked to realize one day, he adds, that considering the date of the birth of the phonograph, it would have been possible to hear today the voices of such writers as Oscar Wilde, Marcel Proust, Emily Dickinson, Henry James, Conrad, Swinburne, Whitman, Melville, Mark Twain, and many others. It was, of course, the advent of the 33-rpm record that made this venture possible; it would have taken eighty-eight discs of the once-standard 78-rpm records to contain the number of words on Columbia's twelve; and it would have cost the subscriber a great deal more money than the hundred dollars he is asked to pay for this collection. It is not the only anthology of its kind, but no other company has gathered in as distinguished a gallery of literary celebrities. There are at least two obvious writers absent, William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway. They were invited to contribute, but for some private reason they did not come to the feast.

Listening to writers read from their books or their manuscripts is not a new diversion. A century ago most of our famous men of letters mounted the rostrum, put on their spectacles, and plowed ahead. Dickens, as everyone knows, read passages from his novels in this country, and last year the ghost of the great novelist, in the outward form of the English actor Emlyn Williams, barnstormed the theatre of the United States with huge success, a one-man show that was remarkably profitable. Indeed, reading aloud, with the family sitting or lying on the floor around the bright nickel-plated lamp and the bowed head of mother or grandmother bent over a book, was a charming domestic custom everywhere. Now that the age of elegance seems to be hovering in the wings, waiting for the gentleman's silk hat and scarlet waistcoat and the bustles of the ladies to come upon the scene, reading aloud may return, despite radio and television. If so, it will be a saner and more delightful world. Columbia's collection may lead to sober and pleasant parties given by the fortunate owner of the voices of these twelve writers.

EVERYTHING, as someone tritely said, comes around full circle. Throughout the long centuries before the printing press was invented words were meant to be heard, and perhaps they will be heard again, for the printed sentence cannot hold the magic of the human voice. "In many ways," writes Mr. Edman in his preface, "one could tell God's plenty about Sir Osbert's talents from his prose as printed, fluent, flexible, exact, his wonderfully, mnemonic sentences, their witty evocation of a past remembered with love and irony." But he found that the writer's voice was a beautiful fulfilment of what he had imagined; they confirmed in sound what Sir Osbert had already put upon the printed page. As far as this midnight listener is concerned, the voices and the words that were magically spun from the whirling discs were, indeed, a new dimension added to the art of creative literature. It was an experience to be repeated, and certainly never forgotten.

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Banchieri to Brahms

By PHILIP L. MILLER

THE latest batch of what we may roughly sum up as "choral records" includes a good deal that will bring pleasure to the specialist, and it should at the same time win over some new recruits to the cult of musical archeology. More could have been done in the missionary field by the first of these discs had the sponsors provided fuller descriptive notes. Titled "Music in the Middle Ages" (Vox PL 8110, $5.95), this program, presented by the Collegium Musicum of Krefeld under the direction of Robert Haas, contains selections by such notables as Walther von der Vogelweide, Witzlaw von Rügen, Raimbaut de Vaqueiras, Adam de la Hale, and others. The soprano Erika Metzger-Ulrich and especially the tenor Otto Pingel sing neatly and in good taste; their music will grow on the susceptible listener. We are not, however, given texts in the jacket notes, nor is any information forthcoming as to the old instruments used.

Of absorbing interest is the "Missa carminum" of Heinrich Isaac (ca.1450-1517), often called the first of the German contrapuntists, and identified in the popular mind with the little song of farewell to Innsbruch, later metamorphosed into one of the noblest chorales used by Bach in his Passions. This fine mass is given in a rather full-blooded manner, perhaps a little too contemporaneous in sound, by the Wiener Akademie Kammerchor under Ferdinand Grossmann (Westminster WL 5215, $5.95).

The surprise of recent months is the program of "Spanish Music from the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella" offered by the Pro Musica Antiqua of Brussels conducted by Safford Cape (EMS 219, $5.95). Hardly one of the composers' names—Encina, Vilches, Luchas, etc.—is likely to sound familiar to even the musically sophisticated, yet each of the pieces is a real gem. The Belgian group has taken a unique place among ensembles specializing in the older music because of their penetration below the surface of a wide and infinitely rich repertoire. They are remarkable too for the purity of their intonation. The performers include instrumentalists along with the singers. As the instruments they play are of a decidedly intimate nature, never rising above a low dynamic level, the singing too is wisely kept within a modest range. Their problem, therefore, is to achieve variety within this limited frame, and the solution is triumphant.

—Fifteenth-century French miniature.

Monteverdi is represented by a little dance opera, "Il ballo delle ingrate," first produced at the wedding festivities of Don Fernando Gonzaga in 1608. Concerned with the unhappy fate of ladies cold to their lovers, this piece must have contributed rather strangely to the gaiety of the occasion. Kurt Stone, in his admirable introductory notes, quotes a description of the grizzly premiere, enough in itself to relieve us of any hopes of seeing it mounted in our time. But on the merits of the music alone it must take its place among the minor masterpieces of one of music's great geniuses. A rather modernized edition by Roberto Lupi is used in this Milanese performance under Ennio Gerelli (Vox PL 8090, $5.95). The orchestra sounds extraordinarily smooth; the singers are notable rather for their sense of style and their devotion than for any outstanding vocal gifts.

Adriano Banchieri, contemporary and friend of Monteverdi, was a musical wit of the first water. His "Festino" is a madrigal comedy to be performed on "Fat Thursday" in the week preceding Lent. Noah Greenberg, who conducts the Primavera Singers of the Pro Musica Antiqua of New York (which unfortunately but inevitably will be confused with the Belgian group discussed above), has succeeded in keeping the songs lively and meaningful. The group sound is enhanced by the presence of a real counter-tenor, serving as a kind of bridge between the tenors and the alto, and the balance is well above average, though the men do outshine the women. Lest there be any danger of monotony, Blanche Winogron supplies delightful interludes on the virginals, drawing on the works of Frescobaldi, Giovanni Gabrieli, Dalza, and Banchieri himself (Esoteric ES 516, $5.95).

Bach's Cantata No. 146, "Wir müssen durch viel Trübsal in das Reich Gottes eingehen," gives unusual prominence to the organ in its long elaborate prelude. The fact that this feature is highlighted in the new recording made in Vienna under Felix Prohaska's direction (Bach Guild BG 525, $5.95) militates to some extent against the chorus, which seems a bit remote on its first entrance. The reproduction, indeed, is uneven throughout, with some of the solos definitely too prominent. However, the singing is generally good, and in the case of Anny Felbermayer it is more than that.

IT is a mere coincidence, of course, that the latest Haydn mass to come from the society bearing his name (HSL 2064, $5.95) should also feature the organ, but it seems to follow naturally after the Bach. It is this aspect that causes the "Missa brevis Sancti Joannis de Deo" to be subtitled "Kleine Orgelmesse." As its proper name indicates, this is a short setting, with its points made simply and briefly, but it is one of the most attractive of the composer's works in the field. Recorded in Denmark under Mogens Wöldike, this performance upholds the high standards set in Copenhagen. The reverse of the disc is given over to a group of Haydn's part songs, nicely varied from the religious to the humorous.

Those who like to speculate on what Brahms might have produced by way of an opera have always had the cantata "Rinaldo" as Exhibit A. There have not, however, been many opportunities to hear it in any land, and so the new recording comes as a significant novelty (Vox PL 8180, $5.95). Recorded, strangely, in Paris under the direction of the versatile René Leibowitz, the performance is not altogether satisfactory. The chief weakness is in the important tenor part, for Joachim Kerol sounds rather constricted in the German manner, and not too secure in pitch. The long taxing role is obviously not easy for him. More could have been done, too, in the molding of the orchestral part. The reproduction of the chorus leaves something to be desired.

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The Measure of Kapell

Kapell—"personification of the artist."

DEAR ANNA LOU: When a dear friend is lost to us we try to bring some solace to the nearest of kin by writing a letter. Many thousands of music lovers in many parts of the world must have felt that impulse when they learned of your husband's tragic end on October 29. I too had that impulse, and writing you this letter my hope is that I may possibly express some of the things that are certainly in the hearts of William Kapell's many admirers.

When I think of Willie I think of him as having been above all else the personification of the artist. Except for yourself and the children, I never recall discussing anything but music with him. The singleness of his passion for the art we both loved was almost frightening, even to a composer like myself. It was as if the sound of music created an hypnotic spell about him—and whether it was sound made by himself or sound listened to made little essential difference. When music was heard nothing else mattered. I know that this is said to be true for most musicians, but for the most part that is a pleasant fiction; in Willie's case it was quite literally true. As you well know, to him a house without a piano was no better than an empty shell; to find himself in a situation where no piano was within easy reach was physically intolerable. In that connection he more than once reminded me of George Gershwin—seeing either of them in a room where there was a piano meant that sooner or later the man and the instrument would meet.

All this has little significance compared with the way in which William was profoundly the artist, both in his very nature and in the symbolic role he was fated to play in the concert world. The artist in him was startlingly evident in his person and in his performing gift: he was passionate, intense, restless, devoted, in love with perfection as a goal, forever striving toward that goal—straining toward it, even. At times his friends must have seemed inadequate and distant to him, for the force and drive of his temperament were such as necessarily to make him dissatisfied when confronted with the signs of sweet reasonableness. His questioning and demanding spirit gave off sparks of a youthfulness that never left him. Willie, if he had lived, would always have remained a youthful artist, in the best sense of that term. The search for artistic growth, the ideal of maturity was a central and continuing preoccupation with him. Emerson once wrote that the artist is "pitiful." He meant, I suppose, that the true artist can never be entirely satisfied with the work he does. William Kapell was that kind of true artist.

And yet he was among the few top pianists of our time. Why? What qualities were particularly his? There were brilliance and drama in his playing, songfulness and excitement. On the platform he had the fire and abandon that alone can arouse audiences to fever pitch. He knew his power, and I have no doubt was sometimes frightened by it. The big public can be a potential menace, after all; it can elicit the best and the worst from the artist. Characteristically, when playing on the stage, Willie often turned his head away from the auditorium, the better to forget us I imagine. Nevertheless, even when most lost within himself, he instinctively projected his playing into the hall, for he was indubitably the performer. I cannot conceive of his ever having given a dull performance—an erratic one perhaps, a misguided or stylistically incongruous one maybe, but invariably one that was electric and alive.

We both know that he was, at times, an easy target for the reviewers of the daily press. He exaggerated their importance, ignored the good things said, and remembered only the bad. I always took this to be a measure of his own seriousness. The successful performer of today cannot plead ignorance of his own playing. He has the recorded disc for mirror. Willie knew better than anyone when he was in top form; to be unjustly evaluated after such performances pained and tortured him. Unlike the composer in a similar position, he could not expect justification from posterity. No wonder he was unusually nervous before stepping on the platform. Like every basically romantic artist, he never could predict what was about to happen on the stage, but on the other hand the satisfaction of an outstanding performance must have been enormous.

I shall always treasure the thought of William's deep attachment to my own music. He never tired of telling me what my music meant to him; and I, on my part, never ceased being surprised at the intensity of his feeling for it. What was most surprising was his fondness for the most forbidding aspects of my music; he repeatedly played precisely those pieces that his audiences were least likely to fathom. He played them with a verve and grandeur and authority that only a front-rank pianist is able to bring to unfamiliar music. He played them, I often felt, in a spirit of defiance: defiance of managers with their cautious notions of what was right and fitting for a Kapell program; defiance of the audience that had come to hear him in works from the regular repertoire; played them, one might almost say, in defiance of his own best interests. In actuality I believe he played them in order to satisfy a deep need—the need every artist has to make connection with the music of his own time. I am touched and moved at the thought of the high regard in which he held them. His programming of new music was an act of faith; it was Willie's contribution toward a solution of one of the most disturbing factors in our musical life: namely, the loss of connection between the performer and the contemporary composer of his own time.

When William died he was expecting a new piano work from my pen. It was a promise I had gladly given him. It is a promise I intend to keep, and when the work is written I can only hope that it will be worthy of the best in William Kapell.

My love and sympathy are with you.

—AARON COPLAND.

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Alfred Deller (counter tenor)—Peter Pears (tenor)—Norman Lumsden (bass).

Duet for Two Sopranos—Now All the Air Shall Ring (Arne)
Arda Mandikan (soprano)—Gladys Whitred (soprano)—The Aldeburgh Festival Choir and Orchestra.
Conductor: Imogen Holst LL-808 $5.95

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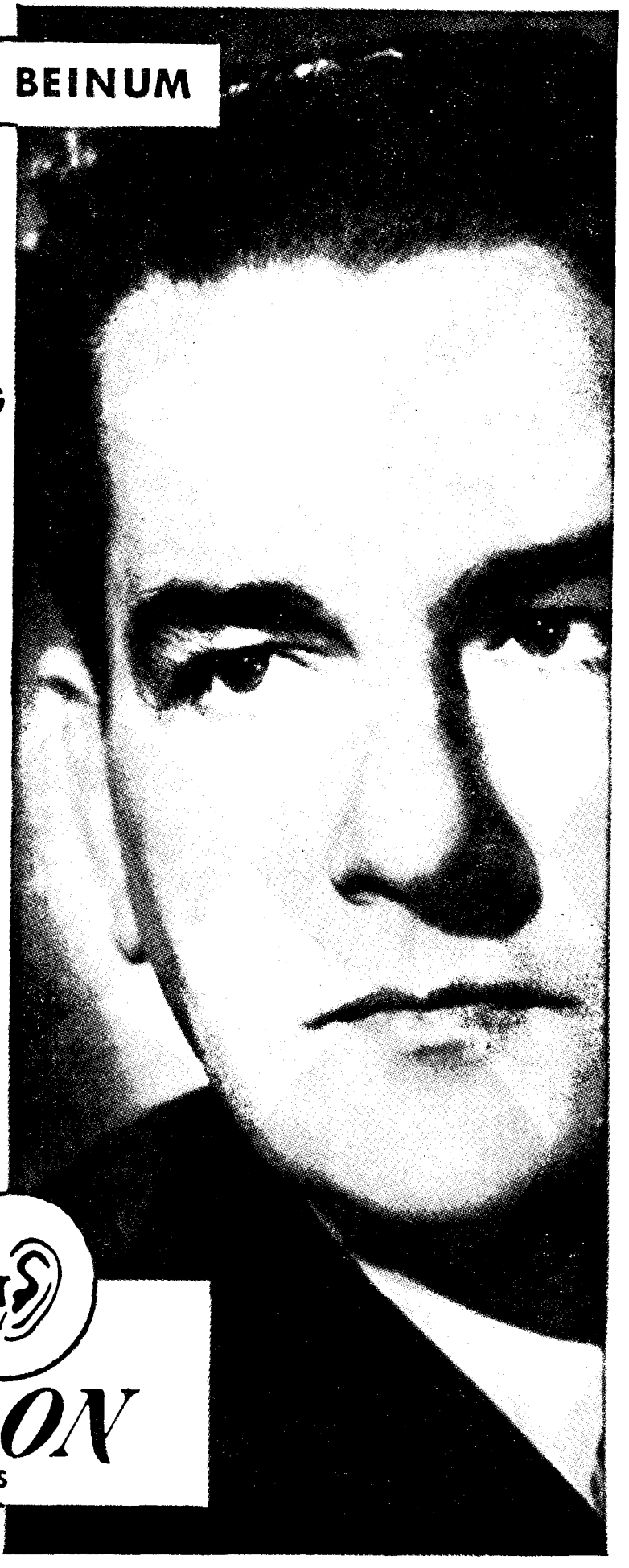

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Onward-Looking Angel

AS befits the reappearance of one of the oldest phonographic "marks" (as identifying symbols are legally known) the white angel on the orange background brings with it several sage innovations that merit universal emulation. The most immediately eye-catching is the substitution of authentic art materials matching the subject matter of the records (designs of Gontcharova to go with Issay Dobrowen's conducting of Rimsky-Korsakov, a ballet panel suitable to Herbert von Karajan's treatment of Tchaikovsky, an original by Pierre Jahan that somehow manages to be equally suitable to works of Prokofiev, Ravel, Falla, etc.) for the miscellany favored by most others. A pull-out envelope with a firm "spine" on which is imprinted the identifying information is an intelligent innovation, also excellent program annotations, complete texts in English and foreign languages of the vocal material, etc.

However, Angel Records does not make a fetish of this packaging. If the customer wants merely the disc itself, without the protective "factory-fresh" cellophane wrapping and the embellishing art, he may have it for a dollar less than the top price of $5.95. Here, it seems to me, the purveyors of Angel have established a precedent that others might consider: a luxury edition for those who are willing to pay for it; an economy f.o.b. (free of bedazzlements) edition for those who want the record and nothing more.

The list of artists represented in the first batch to appear—Walter Gieseking, Herbert von Karajan, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, André Cluytens, Alceo Galliera, Witold Malcuzynski—will ring a bell for the phonographic initiate. They are, of course, familiar from some of the earliest LP's issued here by Columbia. Now that the long-time affiliation of the American and the English Columbia companies has been replaced by a coalition with the Philips interests, English Columbia products will be reaching us with this "new" identification. What is immediately evident is a continuation of English Columbia's familiarly high standards in musical content and sound engineering, with processing (English pressed discs are the rule so far) of admirably even excellence.

Various elements of the first release will be found scattered through these pages in appropriate categories. Here we may direct attention to several characteristic issues, in various musical areas. They range from Herbert von Karajan's conducting of excerpts from Tchaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty" and "Swan Lake" ballets (Angel 35006, $5.95/$4.95) to a pairing of Rimsky-Korsakov excerpts directed by Issay Dobrowen (Angel 35010), from a full-length "Merry Widow" sung by a stellar Viennese cast (Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Erich Kunz, Emmy Loose, and Nicolai Gedda) under the flexible direction of Otto Ackerman (Angel 3501 B, $11.90/$9.90) to a Schubert song recital in which Miss Schwarzkopf is accompanied by Edwin Fischer (Angel 35022, $5.95/$4.95).

As a concert-hall treatment, Von Karajan's Tchaikovsky provides a breadth and definition rarely heard in this music save when the conductor was the late Constant Lambert. The playing of the Philharmonia Orchestra is notably good, the recording soundly focused on musical values. Comparatively, the "Sleeping Beauty" is the more enjoyable of the two sides, for the cygnets of "Swan Lake" are Russified birds with a rather morbid, introspective view of their little dance. As for Dobrowen's "Czar Sultan" and "Coq d'Or" excerpts they are first-rate examples of the best kind of recorded sound, marked by open resonant brass, strings that sing, and a total balance of notable fidelity. Dobrowen's treatment of the "Czar Sultan" music is more gratifying than the "Coq d'Or." Roger Désormière's version of the latter (Capitol) still strikes me as the most fanciful on LP.

—Douglas Glass, London.

Nicolai Gedda—"outgiving enthusiasm."

For Lehar's masterwork nothing but praise is in order for the objectives undertaken and the level of their realization. I have an abiding affection for London's production from Zurich (Reinshagen conducting, on LL 380), but this one adds to that the virtue of near completeness, with enough of the dialogue to make it a consecutive theatrical experience. Hanna Glawari is not the most taxing role Schwarzkopf has done on records, but it speaks highly for her versatility and artistry, as Danilo does for Erich Kunz's. Mark as new, and worthy of future attention, the tenor voice of Nicolai Gedda, who will be heard from in other things to come. His fresh sound and outgiving enthusiasm belie a birth in Stockholm. With Ernest Newman's knowing commentary as a bonus, some admirable photographic memorabilia, and a full German-English text, it is very close to London's "Fledermaus" as a peerless product in this genre. The sound is fully worthy of what is entrusted to it.

FINALLY, the Schwarzkopf-Fischer partnership in a compilation of choice Schubert songs beginning with "An die Musik" and ending with "Der Mussensohn," with such other beauties as "Im Frühling," "Wehmuth," "Lied im Grünen," "Ganymed," and "Auf dem Wasser zu singen" along the way. This is in every way distinguished artistic effort, though I sometimes have the painful impression of feeling Miss Schwarzkopf thinking one phrase after another, rather than pouring out something that she has thoroughly absorbed. At her best, as in "Who is Sylvia?" (sung in the German text), the results are pretty splendid. "An die Musik," however, has more of exaltation in it than Miss Schwarzkopf conveys, and "Lied im Grünen" a warmer green than her rather pale shade (I am thinking of a disc by another E.S. in this connection). Fischer's playing is of his own musical standards—which is, of course, very high; but there is an aspect of flexibility and *support* in such work which can be produced only by experience. Artistry and good will alone cannot make for the results towards which Fischer aspires. As a re-creative feat, it is hard to imagine a better blend of voice and piano than are heard in this spacious, recital-hall sound. —I. K.

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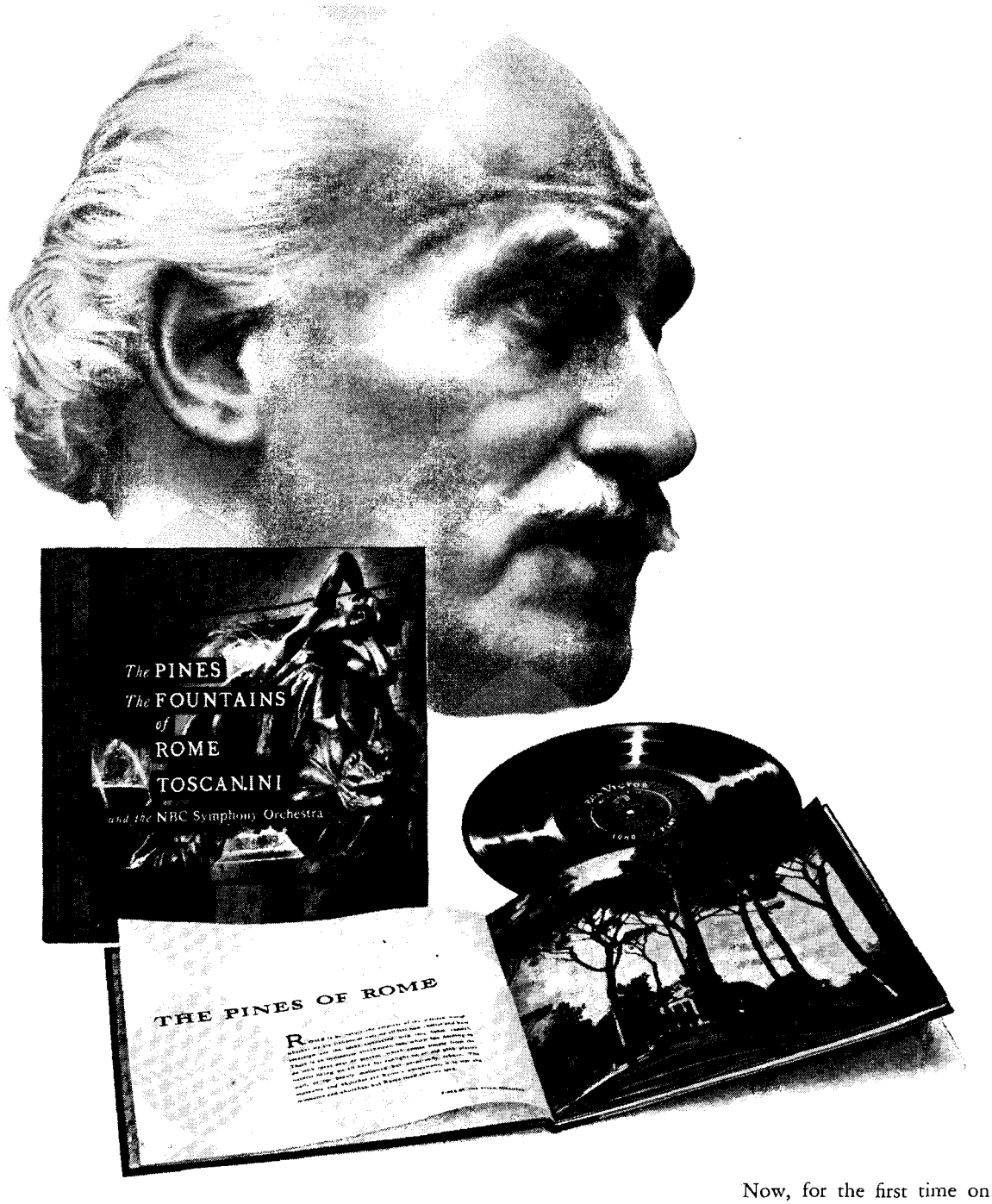

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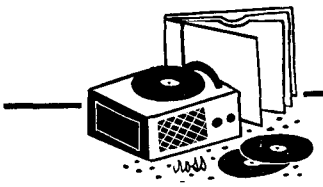

SPOTLIGHT ON THE MODERNS

Major Honegger

HONEGGER'S Fifth Symphony, composed in 1949 for the Koussevitzky Foundation, is one of the most impressive works of this postwar era; yet—despite Charles Munch's many attempts to make it known as such in this country—it has aroused only the mildest attention, and the accolades have gone to less worthy products (RCA Victor LM 1741, $5.45). This may be due to a general feeling that Honegger has had his day and that even the effort of arguing over him, as we continue to argue over Stravinsky, is more than he is now worth. I cannot say with conviction that the attitude is entirely unmotivated. Recently I put myself on record as having been left pretty much unmoved by his inflated "Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher," and a work with similar faults, the "Symphonie Liturgique" (Urania LP 7090, $5.95), is on the current list to do further injustice to Honegger of the Fifth Symphony. But if the celebrated Swiss composer's many lesser achievements may cause us so to lose our interest in him that we are unwilling to pay attention when a successful one does finally come along, it may also happen, contrariwise, that an unprejudiced approach to each new work will make the best works seem all the better since they are set in relief against so many lesser achievements.

—French Embassy Information Div.

Honegger—"clarity and compression."

The Fifth Symphony is, to be sure, more compelling than it is endearing. Honegger is by no means sparing in his use of the dissonant and percussive devices of the earliest days of what is still known as "modern" music. Contrary motion of separate homophonic planes, each made of parallel triads, plays a prominent role in the work, yielding often a pungent, dense texture, characteristic of the Twenties or earlier; and, as a matter of fact, the opening of the finale is even reminiscent, though only for a moment, of the "Dance of the Adolescents" from "Le Sacre." All these devices are, however, by now part of the universal vocabulary, and Honegger applies them with a sense of clarity and compression that is distinctly of today. Some may find the fury of a Walpurgis Night carried just beyond endurance in the finale, and there is a pat method for building a climax in the first movement, consisting of a slowly rising, ornamented chromatic scale in the trumpets—almost two octaves from B to A. This is an obvious attention-getter, but the passage following is so angelic and lovely that we may scarcely blame the composer for rousing the inattentive listener from his day-dream for it.

The tragic mood predominates, but a considerable infusion of delightful banter relieves it in the middle movement, so that we arrive at the finale fresh for the menacing figures of soaring horns and the skips of the violins up to their screeching limits. The "Symphonie Liturgique," by contrast, reveals Honegger in his familiar condition of being so intent on holding a heroic posture that he dare not relax in it for a moment. It is Honegger struggling to live up to the reputation of a most serious composer who will have no traffic with any but the loftiest subjects drawn from the Bible or antiquity. "Liturgique," the rubric for his third symphony of 1946, seems itself in this instance to be but an excuse for indulgent self-expression of anger in a "Dies Irae" that buffets the stormy seas where Rimsky-Korsakov's Sinbad came to grief, and of meditation in two lengthy Parsifalian movements. But as always with Honegger there are moments of sweep and affecting beauty, and mastery is ever apparent. That mastery is encountered, simple and unadorned, in a sonata for violin alone, elegantly played by Christian Ferras, who is also heard in Chausson and Ravel (London LL 762, $5.95). It is odd that this effective little work is not in the regular repertory.

The Fifth Symphony is wonderfully coupled with Roussel's "Bacchus et Ariane" on the reverse side, and both are rendered with utmost brilliance, feeling, and skill by Munch and the Boston Symphony. That we have a definitive recording of the Honegger only four years after its completion is due to Munch's passionate dedication to this composer. It is, however, also a distinct advantage that the contemporary devices of this music are well integrated by now within the performing technique of orchestral musicians.

Other twentieth-century music is far less fortunate—Schoenberg's, for example, though his idiom was developed considerably earlier than the idiom Honegger uses today. Even a work like Schoenberg's "Five Pieces for Orchestra," Opus 16, which dates back to 1909 and precedes his twelve-tone period (though it is unrestrained by tonal barriers), is still likely today, under any but the most exceptional circumstances, so to unruffle performers that a chaotic and brutal result will obtain where all should be serene, tenuous, pastel. What a very great joy it is, therefore, to have, at long last, the superb recording of this work by the Chicago Symphony under Kubelik in Mercury's Olympian Series.

THE version in which the "Five Pieces" are recorded (though the Mercury sleeve is singularly mute on this point) is not the instrumentally reduced one Schoenberg made in 1949, with woodwinds in pairs instead of fours, with four horns instead of six, and so on. The last of these five miniatures, in its avoidance of repetition, looks forward most to Schoenberg's later development. Earlier in the set there is no dearth of repetition—the attractive, blues-like ostinato in the celesta in the second piece, "Yesteryear," for example. "Summer Morning on a Lake" has a single chord orchestrated in more than one way, and two versions alternate in such a manner that the attack of one and the release of the other are dovetailed, creating a slow, hypnotic oscillation—an effect almost stationary, but not quite.

One may have one's choice of this masterly Schoenberg work coupled either with another, and more familiar, masterpiece of our time, Bartók's "Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta" (Mercury MG 50026, $5.95), or coupled with Hindemith's "Sym-

(*Continued on page* 86)

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Frogs in the Slough Do It

By FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

SINCE "Voices of the Night: The Calls of Thirty-four Frogs and Toads of the United States and Canada" owes a good part of its existence to the confessed inability of herpetologists (those who study creeping things) to describe satisfactorily in words the strange and wonderful sounds made by frogs and toads, we are not going to blunder blindly into their science and try to do them one better. The brochure that accompanies this LP states that it presents "music of ponds, creeks, and marshes from Florida to Labrador, expertly recorded for nature lovers on a 33⅓ rpm disc." This is all true, and nature lovers are hereby informed that the record can be had at most stores, or by enclosing a check for $6.75 in an envelope addressed to Cornell University Records, 124 Roberts Place, Ithaca, New York.

But aside from two remarks presumably addressed to the general public as justification for the undertaking, precious little hint of the real reason for these recordings is given. "It is the object of this record," reads Professor Allen over a frog chorus as the stylus swings into the first grooves of Side 1, "to present to you the songs of thirty-four of the commoner species so that you may learn to enjoy a phase of nature hitherto restricted to ardent herpetologists." And on the sleeve, we read "It is the hope of Dr. Kellogg and Dr. Allen that this record . . . will stimulate a wider interest in and knowledge of frogs and toads."

There is no doubt that if these are prime motives for presentation, Professors Allen and Kellogg have already succeeded. For this LP is an expansion of an earlier 78-rpm album presenting the voices of twenty-six frogs and toads, and is in a sense a sequel to a release that has already proved highly popular. It can be reported that the addition of eight new voices has enlarged the scope of the original set, and that the transfer of sound direct from original film and tape to microgrooves is more successful than the transfer, in 1948, of the first twenty-six calls to 78-rpm vinyl discs.

It is a good engineering job, and contains some splendid singing, divided between a competent cast of nine varieties of *hyla* (toads, frogs), six of *acris* (cricket frogs), six of *bufo* (toads), ten of *rana* (frogs), and three non-conformists: *Microhyla carolinensis* (Narrow-mouthed Toad), *Scaphiopus holbrookii* (Spadefoot), and *Eleutherodactylus ricordii* (Bahaman Tree Frog). It is also a record that will be coveted by high-fidelity experts, children, nature lovers, and all indoor enthusiasts of outdoor phenomena.

But is that all? It takes a lot of time and patience to record frogs and toads. Some pretty bulky equipment (parabolic microphones, wide-range amplifying systems, miles of tape and film,

power generators) has to be lugged across ditches, through swale, and up and down the length of marshy ponds, before one batrachian peep can be preserved. Furthermore, because frog and toad calls cannot all be found in one place, quite a bit of travel is involved—from Florida to Labrador, as it states on the cover. Most of the work has to be done at night. And we learn that Professors Allen and Kellogg have been recording sounds of nature for the past twenty years, with backing (and we imagine it must be considerable) from the Albert R. Brand Bird Song Foundation, Laboratory of Ornithology, Department of Conservation, Cornell University. What are these professors doing out so late at night?

For an answer, we went to Dr. Charles M. Bogert, of the American Museum of Natural History. Dr. Bogert has just come back from an extended expedition to Mexico and the southwestern part of the United States, and he has brought with him many tapes taken on this *sortie*. They will soon be issued as an LP, "Sounds of the Southwest," by Folkways Records. Dr. Bogert, who might be described as an "ardent herpetologist" in good standing, was understandably enthusiastic over his recent experiences with a portable tape machine. For him, recordings of batrachian voices have considerable meaning. To begin with, he has found that recordings will enable scientists to preserve a permanent catalogue of species that will rival previously developed methods for keeping track of frogs and toads. He also believes that recorded calls are sometimes "a better basis for identification than morphological characteristics." This means that where two frogs of a subspecies might seem on examination to be similar in every other way, a slight difference in call might assist scientists in a new classification. Classification alone may not bear much weight; but it does when we understand why herpetologists are studying these minor distinctions.

SUCH studies are part of larger investigations that are being carried forward in regard to evolution, and they affect essential conclusions of all natural scientists. Among other things, frog and toad calls, complex as they are to the human ear (the LP in question bears witness to this even on first hearing), are part of the "isolation mechanisms" that keep females of any particular sub-species primarily interested in males of that same particular sub-species. For it is the males who do the singing, and the females who respond when sung to. And it is only during the breeding season (which varies according to species) that the singing is accomplished.

Dr. Bogert went on to say that a tape recording could "pinpoint" a call as it had never been done before. Often a scientist hearing a variant might not hear the same call again for two years (given the wide geographic distribution, variations of seasonal conditions, and the time elapsed between field trips), and his memory alone at that point could not make positive comparison and identification. This probably means that field workers in herpetology will have to work their machines two ways when confronted with a new song; first a playback of the original or a variant as a quick check, then a recording of the new call so the two can be juxtaposed accurately.

This may call for considerable sleight of hand when the engineer is already up to his thighs in slough, but this is the way these things are done. That all this adds up to some of the brightest and liveliest home entertainment imaginable is, as far as herpetologists are concerned, quite incidental. But it is worth noting that there is no Despond in their slough, and for this we are duly grateful.

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HITS AND MISSES

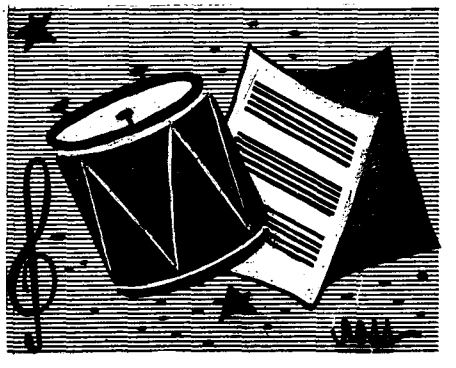
Dizzy, Django, Doc, et al.

THIS department has not been in Paris for twenty-six years. That still allows us to say that everything they tell you about the Twenties is absolutely correct. In the summer of 1927 Delta Kappa Epsilon, an American organization, held its national conference in the bar of the Paris Ritz. After a day spent in contemplating the prismatic glories of Sainte Chappelle, it was possible to repair to Les Ambassadeurs, where Irving Aaronson and His Commanders could be heard rendering "Gimme a Little Kiss, Will Ya, Huh?" With our own eyes we watched a choleric group of Englishmen, in hand to hand combat with a French contingent, reduce the cabaret Chez Florence to a tattered ruin while the colored band ducked under the piano and there was little visible result from the pacifying efforts of a member of the party named Georges Carpentier. Side trips to see the blue glass of Chartres were enlivened by memories of evenings at the Bal Bullier, where there was a jazz pianist with a long white beard. Anything went.

Anything, apparently, still does. We are reeking this month with French perfume, which is a pretty mixed aroma. First, there is an LP called "Dizzy in Paris," made in the great city in 1952 by the modern trumpet master Dizzy Gillespie and a small band consisting of Nat Peck, trombone; Wade Legge, piano; Lou Hackney, bass; and Al Jones, drums (Contemporary C2504). The program, perhaps worth citing in its entirety, consists of "Mon Homme," "Toujours" (étude de Irving Berlin), "C'est Comme Ça," "'S Merveilleux" (George Gershwin), "Fais Gaffe!" "Au Pays D'Oobladee," "Nocturne Lunaire," and "J'ai du Rythme." Now Dizzy's fantastically agile work on the trumpet can be thoroughly exhibitionistic, but it is almost never dull and sometimes highly exciting. This record is a case in point, and the Peck trombone is also noteworthy in its sober way. But one of the richest pieces of business comes from vocalist Joe Carroll in "J'ai du Rhythme." Singing in middle tempo, with Dizzy's delicate squeals behind him, Joe has so much rhythm that any more might well amount to a traumatic experience. He makes Ethel Merman sound as if she were sitting down, and that is no aspersion on that great lady. But it is clear that in this seizure Carroll is risking his all, and it is always impressive to see a man of talent do that. The Parisians must have loved it.

A month before he died the extraordinary gypsy guitarist Django Reinhart made an LP which now comes to us under his name (Clef MGC-516). This Parisian was perhaps the outstanding jazz musician developed outside the U.S. A player of rhythmic and romantic force, not to speak of any amount of nuance, he does hypnotizing things with "Night and Day," "Nuages," "Blues for Ike," "Insensiblement," "Brazil," "September Song," "Confessin'," and "Manoir de Mes Rêves."

Those who like the little French girl who rises in the café and sings prettily of the relation between the sexes will find her nicely embodied in Line Renaud, who offers an LP "With Love" (Vox VL 3210). Her songs include George Auric's fetching bit from "Moulin Rouge," the popular "April in Portugal," and Oscar Straus's memorable little waltz from the widely censored motion picture "La Ronde." Some of the best tunes from Cole Porter's "Can-Can" and Richard Rodgers's "Me and Juliet" are elegantly played for dancing by Gordon Jenkins's orchestra (Decca DL 5469). As a lichened survivor of the green days of Art Hickman, Paul Whiteman, and Leo Reisman we are always searching for a sweet band which plays light tunes fittingly and not as though its arranger had been studying the scores of Richard Strauss. Gordon Jenkins fills the bill, and his operation with Porter's Frenchified "C'est Magnifique" and "I Am in Love" does these fine tunes more justice than they have been used to receiving. A modern-style French jazz band may be heard in "Henri Renaud's All Stars" (Contemporary C2502). We find their music, inspired by the latest American jazz directions, consistently skilful, interesting, and rather monotonous. The band's advanced harmonic habits, it seems to us, are sometimes a little too fixed, but we are fascinated by the more or less "cool" version of Louis Armstrong's "Mahogany Hall Stomp."



LEAVING the French theme, here is a musical grab bag which may assist Christmas shopping. Some years ago—the record jacket doesn't say when—a felicitous chamber jazz recital was held under the aegis of the fine traditional pianist Knocky Parker, who is today a professor of English at Kentucky Wesleyan College. He had with him one of the best colored clarinetists, Omer Simeon, and the drummer Arthur Herbert. Their impeccable New Orleans-style business, including tunes by Jelly Roll Morton and Scott Joplin, is recommended to devotees of the lucid, the balanced, and quietly seductive (Dixie LP 101). A ripping Dixieland exhibition is given by the cornetist Doc Evans and his band, recorded before a large audience at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis (Soma MG 100). Doc is a forty-five-year-old veteran who has played with some of the best, and his present group illustrate his familiar, steaming virtues. The old-time religion is also indebted to Wally Rose for another LP of scholarly ragtime piano playing (Columbia CL 6260). In San Francisco the pianist got hold of a vintage upright whose hammers had been augmented with thumbtacks in an effort to simulate the harpsichord. Turning this bastard to more profane purposes, Rose gives affectionate accounts of "Triangle Jazz Blues," "Nonsense Rag," "Hot Chocolate," "Castle House Rag," "Hot House Rag," "Scott Joplin's New Rag," "Rooster Rag," and "Silent Movie Rag."

The novelty of the month, and an endearing one, is an LP of recordings privately made by the composer Kurt Weill and the lyricist Ira Gershwin in the rehearsal phases of the musical comedy "One Touch of Venus" and the film "Where Do We Go from Here?" The late Mr. Weill sang warmly in broken English and, playing his own music on the piano, gives a charming rendition of Ogden Nash's witty lyrics from "Venus." Ira Gershwin has a voice of utter clarity if something less than unforgettable quality. He projects his own deft verses with comic lift and graceful support from the composer. These sides, called "Tryout" (Heritage LP-H-0051), have the specially ingratiating quality almost bound to result when fine talent is completely at ease.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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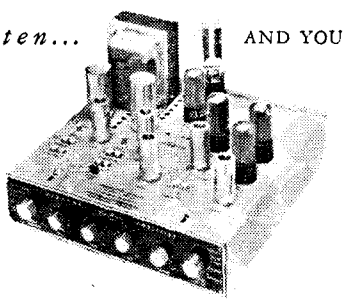

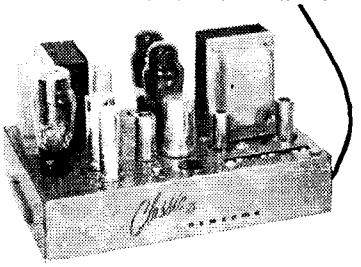

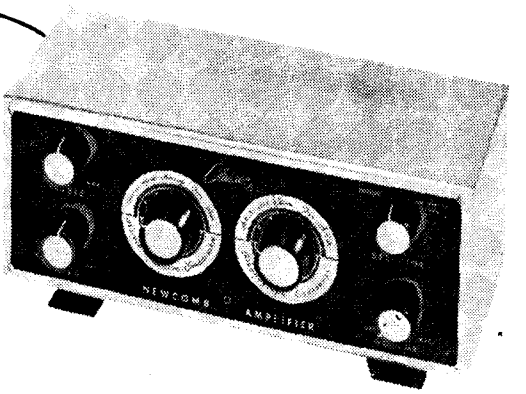

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Italian Evenings, Spanish Hour

AS ONE who sang his first Italian two decades ago in several dozen performances of the Sextet from Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" (including one in the Union League Club of Chicago), I cannot agree with the writer of the notes for Urania's new set of this still-thriving bloomer of the 1830's.

Urania's annotater states: "The great Sextet remains today the finest concerted number for mixed voices in all opera (with the possible exception of the Quartet from 'Rigoletto')." I suppose the "mixed voices" is there to avoid argument over the "Rosenkavalier" Trio, but that still leaves the "Meistersinger" Quintet; and for the fun of a good argument I think it still leaves the Quintet from the "Masked Ball," which in Toscanini's hands this year should regain its rightful stature.

There was a time at the Metropolitan, specifically the pre-Caruso days, when "Lucia" was given without benefit of the final scene of the last act. The opera was considered a one-woman show, and with the lady's death in Act III, Scene 1, all interest in the rest of the opera expired. The Met and the rest of the world's opera houses still give "Lucia," and so far as we know include the final scene. But they continue to give it for one reason only: to show off whoever they have for the title role, hoping she will pack the house and, having packed it, will bring it down.

—Bruno.

Dolores Wilson—"fine routine."

Urania's recording (URLP 232, $18.50) has for Lammermoor's unhappy bride the Philadelphia-born soprano, Dolores Wilson, who will make her Met debut in the same music come next February. Work in Italy and in this country, with such notable artists as Toti dal Monte and the late Giuseppe De Luca, has given Miss Wilson a fine routine in the role, and she carries its burdens easily. Her voice is, at least on the recording, a good-sized coloratura. She makes no attempt to show off high F's, whether she has them or not. Her top in the set is E flat, and all but one of them sound very well indeed. What is more important, Miss Wilson's scales under the top are even and properly controlled.

At the same time, the singing is rather unsubtle. True, the part is stereotyped beyond much recall. But the name of Dal Monte recalls so much shading, such delicacy of phrasing, that we had a hope some of this would come through. The general outline is there, but the technique, in trills and in some fast passages, is not yet beyond improvement. How it will be by February, not to mention twenty years from now, depends on how Miss Wilson responds to the chances for a fast buck compared to the unending road to really fine singing.

Her company in the set includes a tenor I find consistently boorish: Gianni Poggi. For the few phrases, notably in the first-act duet "Verrano a te sull'aure," that have a bit of finesse, there are dozens that are forced, bleated, and unpleasant. Colzani is a sturdy Lord Henry Ashton, and a newcomer, Silvio Maionica, is resonant if unimaginative as good old Raymond Bide-the-Bent. Guglielmo Fazzini is a far better than average Norman, and for the little they have to do Ebe Ticozzi and Mario Carlin serve handsomely as Alice and Arthur.

The orchestra and chorus of the "Opera di Milano" do as they have always done (which is pretty well) for conductor Franco Capuana, and the technical end of things could hardly be better.

When you jump the sixty years minus two, between "Lucia" and Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," you are jumping over, among other things, the creative spans of Giuseppe Verdi and Richard Wagner. Wagner's span is not important as far as Puccini was affected in 1893, but from our standpoint in 1953 we hear Puccini with ears accustomed to the matched geniuses of Italy and Germany. Verdi was at his greatest heights when Puccini's "Manon" was born. "Otello" five years before had placed him forever at the head of Italy's opera masters. "Falstaff" was heard for the first time in La Scala on February 9, 1893. "Manon Lescaut" bowed in at Turin's Teatro Regio just eight days earlier, on February 1.

THE NEW Cetra recording (C 1243, $17.95), in replacing Columbia's set made nearly twenty years ago, offers the opera's admirers a chance to solidify their affection with thorough familiarity. What that familiarity may breed is less predictable than with several other Puccini scores not yet well enough known. We can imagine readings of greater passion than the conductor Federico del Cupolo gives in Act II, especially from Geronte's entrance to the end of the dancing scene, and for the most part of Acts III and IV. Puccini is working here with inspiration that came and went in spurts, far differently from the uninterrupted flow that makes "Bohème" so rich at the same time that it is economical. The conductor is the one who can and should manipulate affairs so that weakness seems brief and strength predominant. Not easy, perhaps, but possible. However, Del Cupolo has been recorded with some of the finest orchestral sound in operatic disc history. The sheen on the strings is particularly attractive. And the chorus of Radio Italiana in Turin is excellent.

Clara Petrella is the heroine. She sings with more vocal allure and control than in either her Fiora or Nedda (as heard in Cetra's "L'Amore dei Tre Re" and "Pagliacci"). The shrillness that often mars her work is less noticeable, and her dramatic gifts as well as her remarkable lower voice make many of the scenes impressive. She is not, however, a Manon Lescaut of sensuous beauty, and what else did this young spoiled thing have if not a voice to beguile manly ears? To point to her biggest solo moment, Petrella can make us believe that life behind the silken curtain is dull. But she cannot make us think of a more alluring setting because the unyielding timbre of the voice refuses to suggest something more impassioned.

Vasco Campagnano is the Des Grieux, and again I must pine for something else. One could wish that

(*Continued on page* 95)

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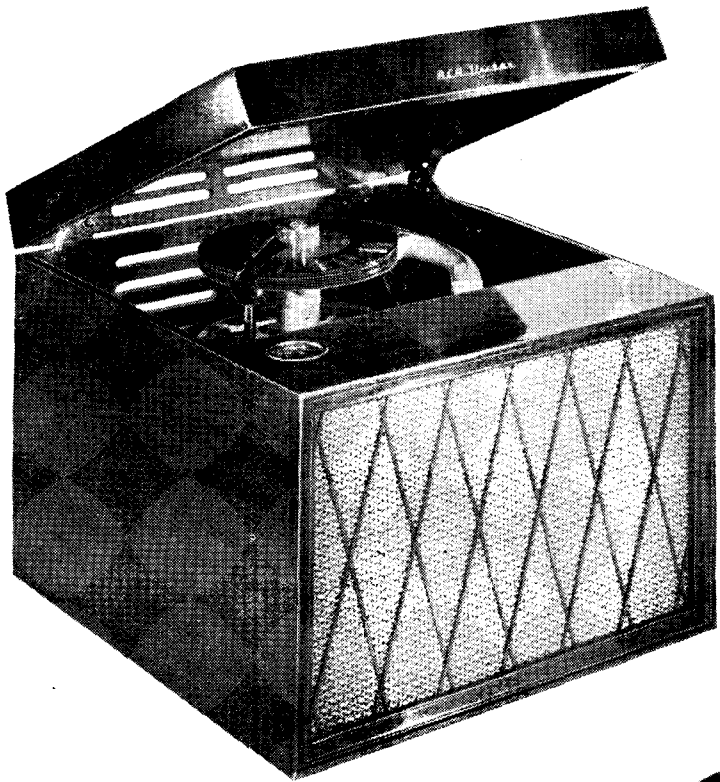

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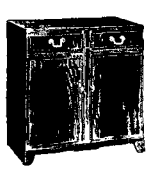

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Recordings in Review

An die Musik

SCHUMANN: *"Frauenliebe und leben," etc. Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, and Edwin McArthur, piano.* (RCA Victor LM 1738, $5.72.)

AS THOSE who followed the Flagstad career in all phases of its American manifestation know, the art of the concert singer was something that came to her late in life; but how strongly and completely she mastered this part of the singer's challenge the present disc attests better than anything previously offered. In addition to the Schumann cycle, the repertory embraces Schubert, Brahms, Richard Strauss, and somewhat incongruously but with sure emotional effect, works of Oley Speaks ("Morning"), McArthur ("We Have Turned Again Home"), and Ernest Charles's exercise in renunciation, "When I Have Sung My Songs."

The beauties of execution here are numerous, with a vocal quality very little less than exceptional. But what surpasses expectation and surprises the attention are the niceties of feeling, the appreciation of the effect in a swell on a single word or a phrase curved across a bar line. The art of the lieder singer is, in large part, the art of the fine point, and Mme. Flagstad's power of utterance was, on most occasions in the past, inclined to overwhelm the requirements of most songs (save the biggest of Strauss or those of her Scandinavian composers which she understood so well). But I doubt if there is a more beautiful record in existence today of "An die Musik," her "Ganymed" is a joy, and even her singing of Speaks's "Morning" is a feat in making the most of a too obvious invention. McArthur's work is not always accurate, and too often it lacks the flexibility Mme. Flagstad's kind of singing deserves. I welcome the comments of Bernard Miles (her English friend of the Mermaid Theatre) on the record "sleeve," but they should not be offered to the exclusion of any texts at all.

Novaes in ¾

CHOPIN: *Waltzes. Guiomar Novaes, piano.* (Vox PL 8170, $5.95.)

THIS being a time of frenzy and sensationalism in the interpretation of music for the piano, any new Novaes record comes as a grateful interlude of regularity and order in the interpretation of the music that appeals to her. It is our good fortune that what has appealed to her lately (in succession to the Preludes, Etudes of Opus 25, and Nocturnes) is the total series of Chopin Waltzes, including the E major, posthumous, No. 15.

There could, and should, be an essay concerned with Novaes as the outstanding example of the old-fashioned pianism as it flourished thirty years ago. (Rubinstein belongs chronologically to the epoch, but has digressed from its precepts to a broader, more florid style.) In that concept, tone, beautiful tone, took precedence over all other considerations, with consequences that are still remembered by those who had the good fortune to hear Godowsky, Rosenthal, De Pachmann, Ignaz Friedman, Gabrilowitsch, or Josef Hofmann at their best.

Novaes was a decidedly junior member of the order when they flourished in the Twenties, but she has persisted to become the living example of their legendary art. Something constructive, musically, could be established by a work-by-work comparison of the same literature as recorded by Dinu Lipatti. I imagine it would come down to an equivalent of Gielgud vs. Evans as Hamlet. My inclination would be to Bernhardt—that is to say, Novaes. The piano sound is decidedly good.

Iberiana by Blumental

SOLER: *Sonatas, etc. Felicja Blumental, piano.* (London LL 769, $5.95.)

HERE is a disc to prove that not all the best pianists are well-known, and not all the good music is familiar. Felicja Blumental might well be a *nom de disque* for Guiomar Novaes (see above), to judge from the musicianship, artifice, and control of the playing, blended with a certain kind of unostentatious expressiveness. Those who should know say that Miss Blumental, who has no describable existence aside from this recording, is from Brazil (as is Mme. Novaes).

Practically any piece of the ten on the two sides of this disc might be by Scarlatti, but none actually is. All show some trace of his influence, or at least of the influences that shaped him as well as the composers named Seixas, Cantallos, and Carvalho, whose works are bracketed with the somewhat better known Soler (better known thanks to Andrés Segovia). The patterns are continuously ingenious, with a kind of lightly learned quality typical of Scarlatti. Included in the series is a sonata of Mateo Albeniz, an eighteenth-century precursor of the more recent Isaac and, so far as is known, no kin.

Among other virtues, this is one of the better instances of piano reproduction, with a warm resonant sound from bass to treble, an even distribution of emphasis. Recalling that so fine a South American artist as Rosita Renard stayed away from us until too late, we can only hope that Miss Blumental will not be so diffident.

The First by Orff

ORFF: *"Carmina Burana." Eugen Jochum conducting the Bavarian Radio Orchestra and Chorus, with Elfride Trötschel, soprano, Hans Braun, baritone, Paul Kuen, tenor, and Karl Hoppe, baritone.* (Decca DL 9706, $5.85.)

THE emergence of Orff (foreshadowed in RECORDINGS Sept. 26) is an accomplished fact in this first full, or other, length recording of a work by him. Though the period it represents (1937) is now far in his background, it at least provides a basis for evaluation as later works accumulate.

Perhaps the most startling fact about this collection of two dozen medieval folk songs (they were first given at the Frankfurt Opera in the form of a "scenic cantata") is Orff's willingness to be conventional. To be sure, it was a more popular attitude during the late Thirties in Germany than the so-called "kultur bolshevismus" which brought about Paul Hindemith's self-exile to the United States. But in a larger area of esthetics Orff shows a responsible courage in striving for a new expression in terms of old principals rather than merely digressing, come what may.

By comparison with the recent, more adventurous "Antigone," "Carmina Burana" is decidedly tame. But it shows an underlying rhythmic impulse, a facility for dealing with large-scale tonal matters, and a command of orchestral resource that deflate any tendency to snap judgments. Orff is here, and the probability is that something of him is here to stay.

In this work he is dealing with a series of medieval folk songs based on manuscripts from the fourteenth century found in a Bavarian monastery fifty years ago. (The monastery is at Benedictbeuren, hence the title.) The texts are Latin, and Orff has put together a sequence that begins and ends with one titled "Fortune, Empress of the World," celebrating the well-established fact that man is subject to all manner of unexpected hap-

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—SR *drawing by Norkin.*

Carl Orff—"responsible courage."

penings. The texts are grouped in three parts, the first celebrating the joys of spring, the second in praise of wine, and the third proclaiming the pleasures of sensual love.

From this one can derive such philosophy as one will. Musically, it shows a strong influence from Russian sources (rhythms à la Stravinsky, Mussorgskyian choral masses, a trend towards Borodin, melodically) in a tonal web for the most part diatonic. Sections for chorus alone are interspersed with others for members of the solo quartet. Something of Mahler's example is evident in it, without direct derivation.

Conductor Jochum obviously knows what he is about, the soloists are excellent, and the clarity of the recording permits one to match the oddities of the sung Latin with the full English text gratefully included with the issue. Simply as sound, this is worth three hi-fi "Scheherezades."

Szymanowski's "Concertante"

SZYMANOWSKI: *"Symphonie Concertante." Artur Rubinstein, piano, with the Los Angeles Philharmonic conducted by Alfred Wallenstein;* also RACHMANINOFF: *"Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini."* Rubenstein, *with the Philharmonia Orchestra directed by Walter Süsskind.* (RCA Victor LM 1744, $5.72.)

SZYMANOWSKI'S "Symphonie Concertante" is the work of current interest here, for this is the same version of the Rachmaninoff "Rhapsody" which was admired in its original form on 78 rpm and in earlier transfers to the slower speed (45 rpm in any case). It remains a powerful, well-conceived arrangement of the musical thought Rachmaninoff put on paper, and a superior estimation of the spirit it contains which cannot be put on paper. I may be wrong in judging this a new cutting from the original; it sounds better, in any case, and the overcut percussion near the end (which marred the first form of it) is better managed.

The "Symphonie Concertante" of 1931 is a work meriting recording, and Rubinstein is obviously the man to do it. A count against it is a rather prosaic beginning, with some too overt Straussianisms (Richard kind) distracting attention from the more individual elements of Szymanowski. But the composer works himself steadily into a vein of more personalized expression, especially in the atmospheric andante and the stylized finale. Rubinstein's performance throughout is active, eager, and appropriate, with the massive tone production generally held in abeyance, and sparingly utilized at most. Wallenstein applies the orchestral touches deftly and his orchestra plays well. Some of the high frequencies are a little searing, unless compensated.

Ravel, in Part

RAVEL: *"Bolero," "La Valse," "Rapsodie Espagnole," "Alborado del Gracioso," etc. René Leibowitz conducting the Orchestre Radio-Symphonique de Paris.* (Vox PL 8150, $5.95.)

ONE of the deceptive aspects of the tape-to-LP process is the encouragement thereby offered to those who believe that because a thing is possible it is also plausible. The stimulating possibilities of an all-Ravel disc offering the literature enumerated above are not to be denied; they have, in fact, been investigated earlier but not so extensive combinations by other conductors. The total playing time of fifty-nine minutes plus is, of itself, impressive.

The repertory is also recorded with a keen instinct for color values, but this is, as Ravelians know, only a part of the composite in his music. Leibowitz tends to overstress the bizarre and colorful aspects of these works at the expense of those elements that must be cousined and cajoled, shaped and articulated with a control he does not yet command. His "Bolero," for example, makes much of the coarser nasal sounds in the clarinets and trumpets, trombones and (even) flutes, to stress the Hispanic elements it contains. He also takes a rather daringly slow tempo. But the treatment neglects to give the all-important rhythmic pattern its proper place in the total scheme. To be sure, the percussion can be heard (and how!); but it has to be felt as an inescapable undercurrent if the effect is to be hypnotic instead of monotonous. In like degree, the "Rapsodie Espagnole" and "La Valse" lack subtlety and refinement. The sharpness and definition of the recording are welcome attributes, but the penetrating highs are overstressed for home consumption.

Three Times Franck

FRANCK: *Symphony in D minor. Paul Paray and the Detroit Symphony Orchestra.* (Mercury MG 50023, $5.95.) *André Cluytens and the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française.* (Angel 35029, $5.95/$4.95.) *Vladimir Golschmann and the St. Louis Symphony.* (Capitol P-8221, $4.98.)

IN A FAVORITE witticism in "The Moon and Sixpence," Somerset Maugham remarked that he obeyed the ancient injunction to do, for the soul's good, two things each day that he disliked—by getting up and going to bed. A music critic who has been hearing the Franck symphony for twenty-five years can go that one better by spending a day listening to three new recordings of it, thus improving his soul if not his disposition.

Of these productions, two are decidedly good and one is decidedly inferior—the best, in totality, being (to my admittedly blunted taste for the work) Paul Paray's virtuoso playing of it with the Detroit Symphony. He manages to avoid both the rather constrained correctness of Cluytens and the heavily "misterioso" treatment of Golschmann, and evokes a conception that has its share of drama but no distorting melodrama. In addition, the bright, well-balanced sound is several shades superior to the equally well-balanced but rather dullish studio quality of the Cluytens. Both are to be preferred to the wooly, unresonant outcome of Capitol's experiment with the St. Louis organization.

In competition with versions by Monteux (San Francisco), Munch (Paris Conservatory Orchestra), and Ormandy (Philadelphia), Paray matches steadily the musical values in the best of them and commands a playing of the score only exceeded in disciplined control by the *nonpareil* Philadelphians. Certainly he has accomplished a remarkable feat of organization in a relatively short time. This is the best of its recorded demonstrations.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports: Classical LP's

WORK, COMPOSER, DATA	REPORT
Bach-Walton: "The Wise Virgins." Felix Litschauer conducting. Vanguard VRS 440, $5.95.	The admirable choice of repertory (the suite culminates, as admirers of its early forms know, with a beautiful setting of "Sheep May Safely Graze") and Litschauer's affectionate direction of it are offset by some misguided hi-fi accentuations in "Ach, wie flüchtig." Throughout the string sound is wiry, compensation or no. With it is the Scarlatti-Tommasini "Good Humoured Ladies," not quite as well played as it is under Désormière on London LL 624.
Beethoven: Minuets, Opus 139. Erich Kloss conducting the Frankenland State Orchestra. Lyrichord LI45, $5.95.	*Not the most interesting "minor" Beethoven; nor is the performance of the sort to redeem the* limited appeal of the music (the opus number, being in excess of 135, belongs to those assigned by Sir George Grove). With it is a "Romance Cantabile"—ungainly term!—said to belong to Beethoven's Bonn period. It is a mild little piece, offered in a version for piano (Helmut Schultes) and small orchestra. Sub-standard performance.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 7. Paul Paray and the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG 50022, $5.95.	One in a series of productions (see Wagner, below, also page 81) which promises to give Paray his proper prominence among conductors of the day. This is an admirably concise, large-scale treatment of the work, not as dynamic as the Toscanini, but formulated with a full utilization of the conductor's art. Clear, not very vibrant sound, especially graphic in the finale.
Chopin: Preludes, Opus 28. Friedrich Gulda, piano. London LL755, $5.95.	Gulda's good judgment in the choice of repertory he has previously recorded is a mite astray here. It is a thoughtful enough performance, but without the unstudied sympathy which has distinguished his Mozart and much of his Beethoven. The piano, too, leaves something to be desired in its appropriateness to this kind of music.
Debussy: "Fantasie"; Poulenc: "Aubade." Fabienne Jacquinot, piano, with Anatole Fistoulari conducting. M-G-M E3069, $4.85.	Though the "billing" is as stated here, the Poulenc, on side B, is decidedly the more engrossing of these works. Debussy's early (1889) "Fantasie" does not improve with familiarity, though this performance is superior to the previous recording. Poulenc's quondam ballet score is full of his special brand of ingenuity and musicianship, brightly re-created by Miss Jacquinot. Fistoulari, however, strikes me as a shade overenergetic in an attempt to make the work more dazzling than it inherently is. Excellent sound, in M-G-M's now gratefully consistent manner.
Gould: "Tap Dance Concerto." Danny Daniels, tap dancer, with Morton Gould conducting the Rochester "Pops" Orchestra. Columbia ML 2215, $4.	If you can imagine the wood-block as the solo instrument in a concerto, you have some idea of the aural pleasure in this concept. Until I have heard Fred Astaire's version, I'd hesitate to weigh the merits of the Daniels treatment, though it is evident that he puts his own "stamp" on the work. The overside "Family Album" is fluent and facile, two qualities in which Gould excels. He leads his own works expertly, and the recording is all that it should be.
Kreisler: "Caprice Viennois," "Liebeslied," etc. Reginald Kell, clarinet, with T. Camarata conducting. Decca DL 4077, $2.50.	A seemingly good idea gone astray for want of the kind of flexibility and warmth in the playing that Kreisler has taught us to expect in this music. (Is it an illusion or does Kell play double stops, by use of a dubbing technique?) What surprises most is the rather staid, pedagogic manner in two musicians usually as free and adventurous as Kell and Camarata. Good sound.
Mozart: Rondos (K. 382 and K. 386). Carl Seemann, piano, with Fritz Lehmann conducting the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra. Decca DL 4079, $2.50.	Deft, well-turned performances, notable for a better quality of sound than has been standard for products of the Bamberg assembly line. The fresher of the works is K. 382 (in D), which is also the more familiar, thanks to Edwin Fischer. As is the irritating custom with this series, no data at all is offered on the jacket.
Schoenberg: "Verklärte Nacht"; Vaughan-Williams: "Fantasia on a Theme by Tallis." Leopold Stokowski and orchestra. RCA Victor LM 1739, $5.72.	Stokowski and his singing strings are in superlative sonority here, producing prodigies of purple, plush passage-playing. However, the style of the Schoenberg is decidedly gaudy, and one wonders whether the lavish use of echo chambers is a service to the music. The playing of the "Fantasia" is more appropriate to the subject matter.
Schubert: Quintet in A ("Forellen"). Adrian Aeschbacher, piano, with members of the Koeckert Quartet and Franz Ortner, double-bass. Decca DL 9707, $5.85.	Aeschbacher, of Swiss birth and Schnabelian influence, is a practised hand for this music, and the string players are all able, but the playing lacks the spirit and aliveness of the Westminster version with Badura-Skoda. Moreover, though the balance is good, the microphone is a little distant from the instruments for the best results.
Tchaikovsky: Concerto No. 1. Shura Cherkassky, piano, with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Leopold Ludwig, conductor. Decca DL 9605, $5.85.	This is version No. 15 (as of this month's tabulation) on LP, and certainly one of the best. As is well-known, Cherkassky can play as well as he wants to, and here he wants to play very well. However, I question whether there is occasion in this music for the amount of brooding, note-by-note, rather self-consciously "serious" phrasing that Cherkassky indulges in. Remarkably fine sound, not only of the piano and the total orchestral, but also of the individual wind instruments.
Strauss: "Adele," other waltzes and various polkas. William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony. Capitol P-8222, $5.70.	All praise to Steinberg for varying the customary round of a dozen familiar Strauss waltzes with the unfamiliar, well worth-knowing "Adele." However, he is inclined to bear down heavily on the accents (more in the half-dozen polkas than in the "Acceleration" and "Emperor" Waltz), with overbearing effect on the more than sensitive microphones. Decidedly good playing.
Wagner: Excerpts from "Tristan," "Götterdämmerung." Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra with Margaret Harshaw, soprano. Columbia ML 4742, $5.45.	A rather confusing problem in terminology is posed here, for Miss Harshaw is heard only in the "Immolation" Scene, though one expects also that she would sing in the "Liebestod." That, however, is wholly orchestral, and a gorgeous climax to versions of the "Prelude" and second-act "Liebesnacht" which match anything the orchestra has lately recorded. Harshaw, however, is tremulous in control and not convincing in dramatic accent, the treatment of the "Immolation" hardly showing her in representative voice. It is preceded by a performance of the "Funeral March" which is rather deader than need be.
Wagner: "Lohengrin" Preludes (Acts I and III); "Tannhäuser" Overture and "Bacchanale." Paul Paray and the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Mercury MG 50021, $5.95.	Paray's production of the "Lohengrin" Prelude is a masterful example of shaded orchestral playing, the one long crescendo and decrescendo beautifully supervised. However, the "Meistersinger" Prelude which follows on the same disc is jaunty rather than spacious, and the overside "Tannhäuser" suffers from brass playing too much in the unvibrant French style (trombones especially) for this decidedly Germanic music. A comparison with the Knappertsbusch-Vienna Philharmonic record of last month will be instructive on this point.

—Irving Kolodin.

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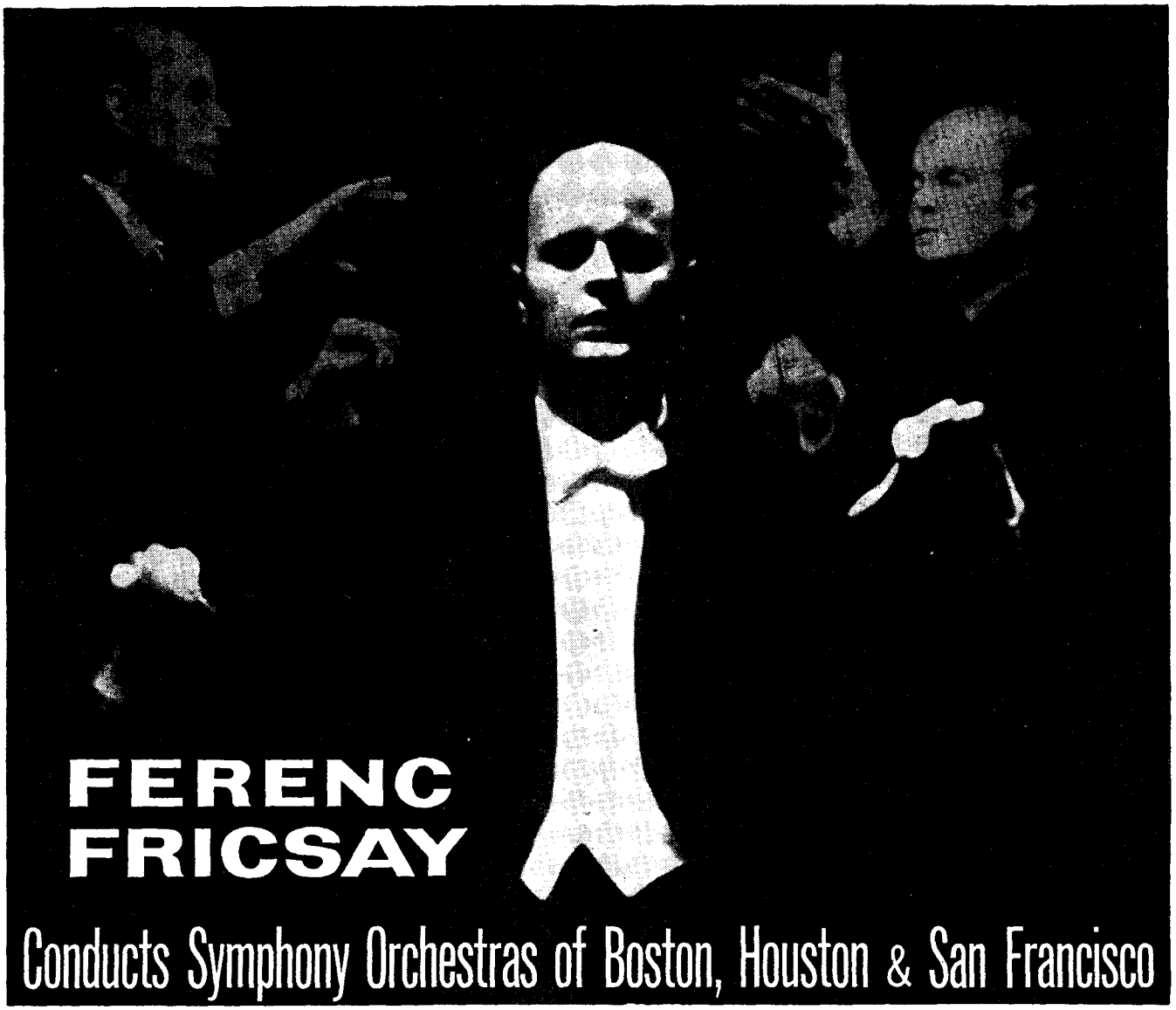

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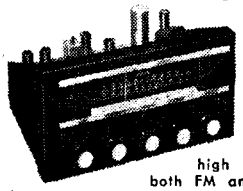

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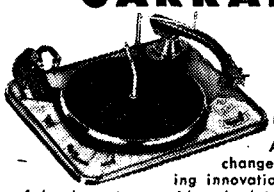

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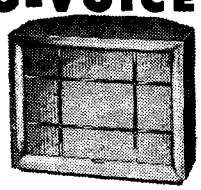

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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

AS EVERY *SR* reader knows, books are "published," but records are "released." To the literal mind this may conjure up visions of thousands upon thousands of records standing "like greyhounds in the slips, straining upon the start" as they await the moment when the factories' prison gates are thrown open and they are on their way to the freedom of the shops and, subsequently, to the benevolent captivity of our record libraries.

In the comparatively uncomplicated days when all records were supposed to revolve at 78 rpm the monthly releases used to appear within a day or two of a scheduled date, and that was that. Since the advent of LP, however, all this has changed. We have a "24th LP Release" (Decca), a "Mid-November Release" (EMI), and sundry plain "November Releases," but your guess is as good as mine as to when any of these records will actually be on sale in the shops. Up to the time of writing at any rate, only a very few of the vast number of records announced for this month have shown any eagerness to venture forth into the smog-laden November air. The root of the trouble is undoubtedly the vastly increased competition brought about by LP, for this competition has now reached a pitch of intensity where each of the major companies is attempting to bite off more than it can chew.

EMI's current list, though at the moment no more than a promissory note, is the largest and most ambitious since their initial release of October 1952. HMV's quota includes the 1947 Beecham "Messiah," Toscanini's remarkable performance of "La Bohème" as well as the "Prelude and Good Friday Music" from "Parsifal," the final scene from "Siegfried" (Flagstad and Svanholm), Beethoven's "Pastoral" (Furtwängler), "Brandenburg" Concertos Nos. 2 and 5 (Fischer and Philharmonia), Dvorak No. 4 (Kubelik), Mendelssohn's youthful D minor Concerto and the Sonata in F (Menuhin), and Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" Quartet (Amadeus). In addition, HMV announces as "forthcoming attractions" the Toscanini "Otello," "Lohengrin" conducted by Wilhelm Schuechter (with Rudolf Schock and Maud Cunitz), and Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast" (apparently a "dubbing" of the 1943 recording).

Columbia, not to be outdone by its canine brother, offers an equally impressive list headed by "I Puritani," and includes a fair number of American recordings made before diplomatic relations with its transatlantic namesake were finally broken off. Domestic products include an ample ration of Delius—"Mass of Life," "Over the Hills and Far Away," "In a Summer Garden"—conducted, of course, by Beecham, who also contributes four "Scènes Historiques" of Sibelius; Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra (Karajan and Philharmonia); Brahms's Concerto No. 1 (Malcuzynski); "A Garland for the Queen" (a composite work written as a Coronation tribute, with contributions from leading British poets and composers, and intended as a modern equivalent of "The Triumphs of Oriana"), and a recital of Mozart operatic arias sung by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, whose recording of Strauss's "Four Last Songs" and the closing scene from "Capriccio" is promised for the near future, together with a new "Tosca" (Callas, Di Stefano, and De Sabata).

Only a small part of Decca's current release has so far reached me, but it includes a very solid performance by Böhm and the Vienna Philharmonic of Brahms's Third Symphony, a lively and excellently recorded account of Act I of Adam's ballet "Giselle" (Paris Opéra Orchestra under Blareau), and a selection of piano music by Liszt and Mendelssohn, finely played by Julius Katchen. Of the remainder, those that take the eye are Haydn Symphonies 96 and 97 (Van Beinum), Strauss's "Don Quixote" (Krauss and Vienna Philharmonic, with Pierre Fournier), two Boccherini Quintets (Chigi Quintet), Ferrier's recording of Brahms's "Alto Rhapsody" (from 78 rpm) and a group of popular Viennese songs (Julius Patzak).

Decca's Medium-Play releases continue apace, though quite a few people still seem to be confused as to whether "medium" refers to turntable speed or playing time (a friend of mine, connected with Decca, was awakened by a telephone call from the BBC at some ungodly hour on a recent Sunday morning in order to be asked, "At what speed do you play MP records?"). Goodness knows what confusion "Extended Play" will lead to if and when it arrives on these shores!

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Most of the current MP's still derive from previously issued LP recordings but here and there we find new fare such as Heinz Rehfuss's fine performance of Mussorgsky's "Songs and Dances of Death" and the "Four Last Songs" of Richard Strauss, beguiling music of autumnal sweetness, charmingly sung by Lisa della Casa, supported by Böhm and the Vienna Philharmonic.

THE most important item on the current 78-rpm list—Volume IV of the new "History of Music in Sound": The Age of Humanism (1540-1630)—has not yet reached me, but those that are already to hand include some fine discs. Beecham's prewar version of Chabrier's "España" was a model recording in its day; the new recording, excellent though it undoubtedly is, only tends to underline the extent

to which technical leadership has been wrested from the hands of EMI during the past decade. Despite wonderful playing by the NBC under Toscanini, the "Waldweben" from "Siegfried" remains an irritating hotch-potch. Cannot the Maestro find some adequate singers with whom he could record some genuine Wagnerian excerpts before it is too late? Other notable orchestral discs include a sparkling performance of the "Bartered Bride" Overture (Kletzki) and Karajan's impressively somber and dramatic account of "Finlandia" (already available on LP as makeweight to the Fifth Symphony).

Flagstad, who was in excellent voice when, recently, she appeared in London for the last time (she sang the "Wesendonck" Songs and the "Liebestod" with the BBC Orchestra), is not at her best in Schubert's "Allmacht" and "Du bist die Ruh." She tires audibly during the former and sounds uncomfortable throughout the latter song. We do not hear much of Lortzing's music nowadays—at any rate outside Germany—so that Erich Kunz's delightful performance of "Fünftausend Thaler" from "Der Wildschütz" is most welcome. It is charming music containing more than a hint of Donizetti, even if the humor is at times a little heavy-handed.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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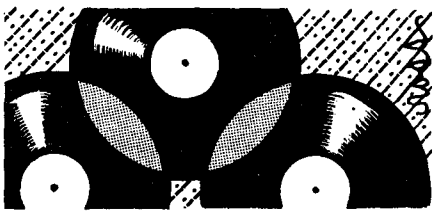
Spotlight on Moderns

Continued from page 72

phonic Metamorphosis on Themes of Carl Maria von Weber," a work characterized by a heavy humor for which I have no keen appetite (MG 50024, $5.95).

IN ANTICIPATION of Christmas demands, newly recorded contemporary music is more than ever abundant, and summary treatment will have to suffice for most of it. Stern's recording of Prokofiev's two violin sonatas with Zakin at the piano stands high on the list (Columbia ML 4734, $5.45). This powerful young violinist is in his best form, and his fervency, lyricism, and coloristic range are especially favorable to the earlier and more subtle of the two sonatas. Three of the same composer's piano sonatas (Nos. 3, 4, and 8) have been recorded by Robert Cornman (London LL 748, $5.95) with energy and firm articulation that are very notable indeed, though he shies a bit from poetry.

Cornman is one of a handful of young American pianists whom we



are surprised (and also gratified) to observe on London's roster, since they are not very widely known or so handsomely sponsored in their own country. Julius Katchen is another of them, and he is heard in thoroughly distinguished readings of Ned Rorem's Sonata No. 2 and an attractive sheaf of pieces from Bartók's "Mikrokosmos," Vol. 6 (London LL 759, $5.95). Rorem re-echoes the tune that Poulenc has been singing for years, and with the old, though pianistically still impressive, figurations. Poulenc is an odd model for anyone, since he is so dependent on his own models and just manages to get by with a small, though potent and appealing, personal inflection.

Stravinsky's "Pulcinella" Suite, long deplorably absent from the LP catalogue, is out all at once in two different European versions, neither of them wholly satisfactory. The Vienna Chamber Orchestra directed by Hollreiser (Vox LP 8270, $5.95) gives a performance that is rather stolid but is considerably more polished than the one by the Berlin Radio Orchestra under Rother (Urania LP 7093, $5.95),

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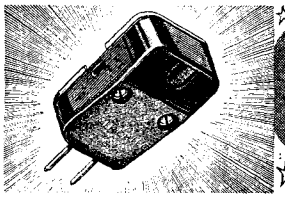

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and it has the advantage of Stravinsky's "Apollon" on the other side. Stravinsky is also copiously represented on a record of four-hand piano music containing the Sonata and the Concerto for Two Pianos and the two sets of "Pièces Faciles" for one piano (M-G-M E3038, $4.85). Bartlett and Robertson are the performers, and while they have the notes quite well under hand, their playing is noticeably short on style. There are a few startling miscalculations on the part of the performers—the opening movement of the sonata, for example, which is too fast and methodical. The old Concert Hall LP by Gold and Fizdale remains the finest recording of the sonata. I hope their reading of the concerto is brought out before long, for it is one of Stravinsky's weightiest works, and of all the two-piano teams I have heard play it only Gold and Fizdale have succeeded in surmounting its knotty problems of balance and structure.

THOUGH Janáček's music has never excited me particularly, my attention was considerably arrested by Rudolf Firkusny's playing of the Moravian composer's piano music, particularly the latest of the works in his recorded selection, "In the Threshing House" of 1912 (Columbia LP 4740, $5.45). Works of a lower order executed in a lofty and inspired manner will, of course, sound better than masterpieces performed by a mediocre musician. Still, it cannot be denied that there is something in this music, an intensely idiomatic use of the keyboard, a refined ear for sonority, that lends itself to such sympathetic execution on Firkusny's part. The unfortunate thing about Janáček was his inability to express his ideas in any but a rhapsodic form. There is, moreover, never really any fast music, so that when we hear a series of rapid notes it assumes the character of an ornamental flourish within an andante or adagio. Consequently, it does not hold the interest for long.

Poulenc's "Bal Masqué," one of the gems of contemporary music on LP, out for some time on a ten-inch disc, has now been reissued with a new Françaix work on the reverse side, "Serénade BEA" (Esoteric LP 518, $5.95). Nothing has been gained in the process. Against the pedestrian string sextet of Françaix, the Poulenc sounds more than ever like champagne. "BEA" is short for Beatrice (Goll), and from these letters Françaix derives a motive in the most obvious way. The playing by the Pasquier Sextet under the composer's direction is very good. But what ill-spent effort!

—ARTHUR BERGER.

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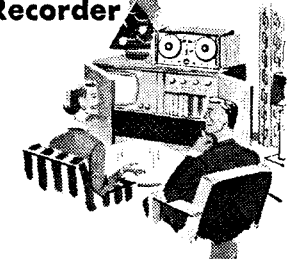

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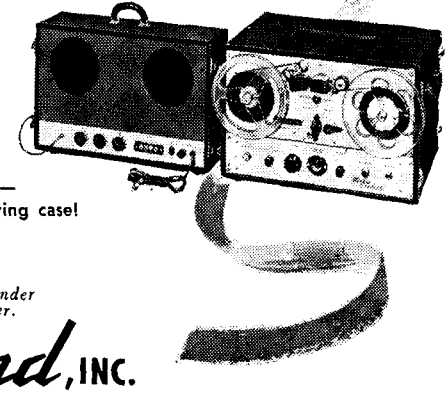

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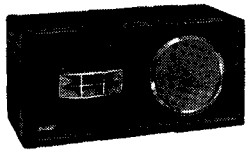

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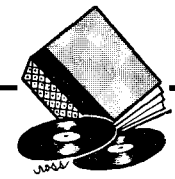

THE SPOKEN WORD

Words and Drama

IT may turn out that in the long run T. S. Eliot's chief contribution to modern literature will be his revival of poetic speech in the spoken drama, especially, perhaps chiefly, in "Murder in the Cathedral," originally written twenty years ago for a festival at Canterbury. Anyone who has seen an amateur production of this eloquent play will recall how even fledgling actors, merest amateurs, are prompted to rise beyond themselves as they respond to the nobility, the precision, and the music of the lines, and to the nuances of human feeling, complex yet clear, which they express. The actors in the Old Vic recording (Angel 3505B, $11.90/$9.90) are not amateurs; they are not fledglings. They know how to speak, and they are trained in the long tradition of Shakespearean verse in the theatre in England; they are actors with a sense not only of the theatre but of the play. The result, on records, technically flawless, is nothing short of superb. Anyone now anywhere in this country can listen to a singularly commanding performance of one of the few genuinely effective poetic dramas of our time.

This recorded performance of an "Old Vic" production makes clear once again how much the performances of that great acting group rely on diction, on the use of the voice, on the timing of silences, how much each actor uses his voice as an instrument of his imagination and treats the sentences as moments in a sequence and as dramatic elements in a play. For all their fine mastery of speech and of verse, however, the actors in this play are not elocutionists. They are not making a display of beautiful verbal sound, of exquisite verbal textures, but are using it as means for dramatic expression. Listening even to the massed voices of the chorus, wherein, by the way, each word remains distinct, one has the sense that everyone who speaks a syllable knows what the whole play is and is about.

Robert Donat as Thomas à Becket.

It is, of course, about a saint and a martyr, Thomas à Becket, but a saintly man who knows the world and its temptations and the temptation, too, the subtlest of all, of spiritual pride, the Archbishop whose murder by self-conscious knightly murderers is the subject matter of the play. But only the surface matter. Little takes place in the way of action, but the minds and feelings in this play are full of action, and subtle variation, and change. These it is in which everyone concerned is so adroitly competent, not only Robert Donat as the Archbishop, but the four Tempters who try to corrupt the dedicated spirituality of the Archbishop, the knights who murder him, the messenger, and the priests. They are deftly developed by the director, Robert Helpmann, to whom must certainly be attributed the unity of mood, the subtle variations within the mood, the sense of human frailty and human splendor, of mortal doom, of immortal salvation, of fated suffering and fated action "that the wheel may turn and still be forever still." Robert Donat conveys with exquisite exactness all the refinements and sensibility of this spiritual churchman who knows the world and sees beyond it and who brings every resource of voice and intonation to communicate all the intricacies of delicate soliloquy, the compassionate simplicity of the Christmas sermon, and the moving benediction of the women of Canterbury. Donat's acting throughout the play is a recital by a virtuoso, but it never ceases to be a part in and of a play.

Not least of the achievements of this recording is the handling of the chorus of the Women of Canterbury.

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They make us feel that "the blood of the martyrs and the agonies of the saints are, indeed, on their heads, as they make us feel at the beginning the imminence of the martyrdom. In the handling of the chorus of speaking women the director gives this play full of Christian feeling the note of Aeschylean tragedy. They lend a recurrent chanted music to the drama, a music in which every word is melodiously clear. It is hard to say which is the greater miracle, the performance or the recording of it. The printed page has a serious competitor and so has the stage.

The essay on the play by T. C. Worsley in the enclosed pamphlet places Eliot's *oeuvre* and could not be better done. —IRWIN EDMAN.

* * *

IT IS a pleasure to be able to report to prospective theatergoers and record purchasers of 1963 that if Miss Claire Bloom develops as she should and benefits by prudent direction, they will have the opportunity by that time to see and hear a Juliet of poetic and extraordinarily moving beauty. The Old Vic recording (RCA Victor LM 6110, $16.35)—a virtually complete performance of the play—records Miss Bloom's first essay of the part, which bears about the same relation to her future performance that Margot Fonteyn's first Swan Queen bears to her present triumph. That RCA saw fit to preserve this Juliet is more a tribute to faith than good judgment.

Miss Bloom, whose lovely dancer in Chaplin's "Limelight" is so warmly remembered, is temperamentally and vocally exactly right for Juliet. She has what Booth Tarkington once called "the bride quality"; she has a voice of range and (still largely suppressed) power; she has the ability to melt and chill your bosom. What she lacks most right now is simplicity.

She makes pointless pauses: "If that thy bent of love (time out for heaven knows what and now let us resume) be honorable." She is addicted to—or perhaps has been directed to employ—upward curlicues at the ends of speeches which belie meaning and destroy reality. She also lacks the Handelian line which is essential to the great Shakespearean roles and whose absence is especially notable where clauses occur between parts of a verb. ("So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called, retain . . .") But she has the essential magic. Not all the misdirection, all the choppiness, all the undeveloped artistic intelligence can entirely smother it. Listen to her in Act III, Scene 2, where she quite misses the im-

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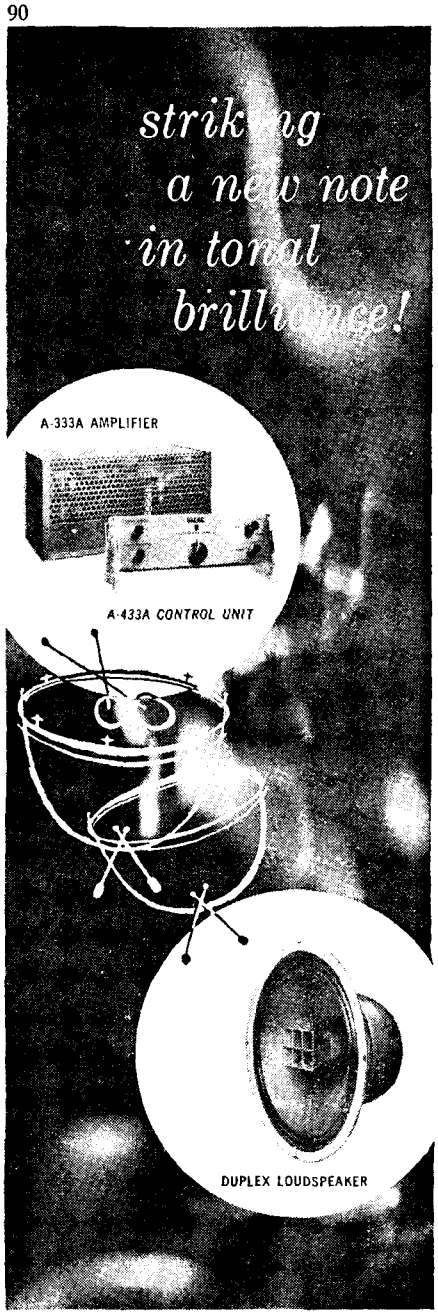

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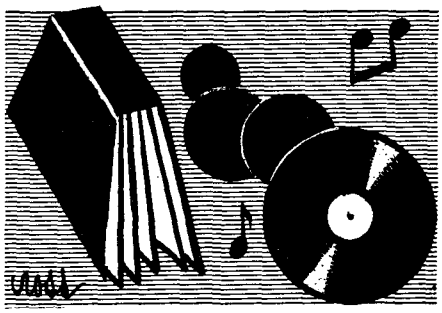
petuosity of "Gallop apace" but progresses to the real anguish of "Romeo is banished!" Or listen to her potion scene, a strange mixture of emptiness and mystery. She is entirely unmoved by the thought of stifling in the vault but pierces hard with the line about dashing out her desperate brains. Experience and sound advice will make this young lady a consistently fine actress.

Next in importance to the play is Romeo, in which Alan Badel, at his best, merely skims the surface. At his worst, towards the end, he sounds, not tragic, but as lugubrious as a despondent muezzin calling the reluctant faithful to prayer. Too, he lacks proportion; he expends as much emotion on bidding the apothecary get something to eat as he does on his suicide.

The two actors' plums in this play are the Nurse and Mercutio, minor parts which can make stunning effects. In the first, Athene Seyler is



excellent, a juicy old vulgarian full of loving guile. As Mercutio, Peter Finch is leaden in the Queen Mab speech and achieves the considerable feat of dying—in that scene which is an actor's boon—without evoking pathos.

The venerable Lewis Casson is properly warm-hearted as Laurence, a truly "comfortable friar." The rest of the cast is unexceptional but not unexceptionable.

It is worth noting that a number of odd things happen to the text in this recording. Two examples out of many that might be given: in Romeo's "My life is my foe's debt," where the last word rhymes with "Capulet" in the preceding line, that last word is changed to "thrall." In the Mantua scene, the perfect line "Then she is well and nothing can be ill" is rendered "Then nothing can be ill for she is well," to jibe with an alteration in Romeo's previous line. The same meaning but not the same music.

The level of performing quality in acting records is still far below that of musical records, a fact unaffected by this album; but at least here we are given glimpses of Miss Bloom's possible future.

—Stanley Kauffmann.

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Glenn Miller

Continued from page 63

plant a poorish specimen such as "Devil May Care" or an in-between one like "Angel Child" and nurse it into a sunburst of musical effect. When he got a really fine first-growth tune like Jerome Kern's "Make Believe," the results could be fairly spectacular—in a quiet, constrained, almost diffident way. Considering the atmosphere of raucousness associated with most places where popular music is played, such a trend bespeaks a monumental determination to do a seemingly simple thing in a very hard way. But from it emerged something lasting and unique.

THERE are in this sequence of sixty-odd examples of Miller's "book" some dull spots as well as some recurrent instances of the noisy "Flagwaver" category. But there is a grateful absence of duplication of items already reissued on five ten-inch LP's (RCA Victor LPM 31, LPT 30, LPT 3001, LPT 3002, LPT 3036). The sequence has been artfully devised by Frazier (aided by Bill Zeitung) to blend diversity with substance. No attempt has been made to preserve chronology; but a comprehensive table giving the time of origin of each recording session or broadcast is a useful attribute of a handsomely designed, well-bound album. The drawings by Richard B. Oppenheim are also an adornment.

Topping the whole accomplishment is a splendid work of making well-balanced, similar-sounding music of studio sessions and commercial broadcasts. The unnamed, unsung, but far from unimportant technicians have performed an audio feat of the first order in giving us so much of the atmosphere and the quality of the real thing with decidedly uneven materials to cope with.

It is particularly good to have this reminder of "the real thing" in the aftermath of the well-meaning but misguided efforts to reconstitute a "Miller band" under the guidance of Tex Beneke or various other disciples, playing arrangements of this or that much authenticity. For the records are inescapable evidence that what was singular and distinctive about Miller's music perished when he died while en route by Army plane from London to Paris in December 1944—his experience, his taste, his sense of style. And not least, something that he brought with him from his birth in the heart of America that marked him as more country than city, slick or slicker as his music might become.

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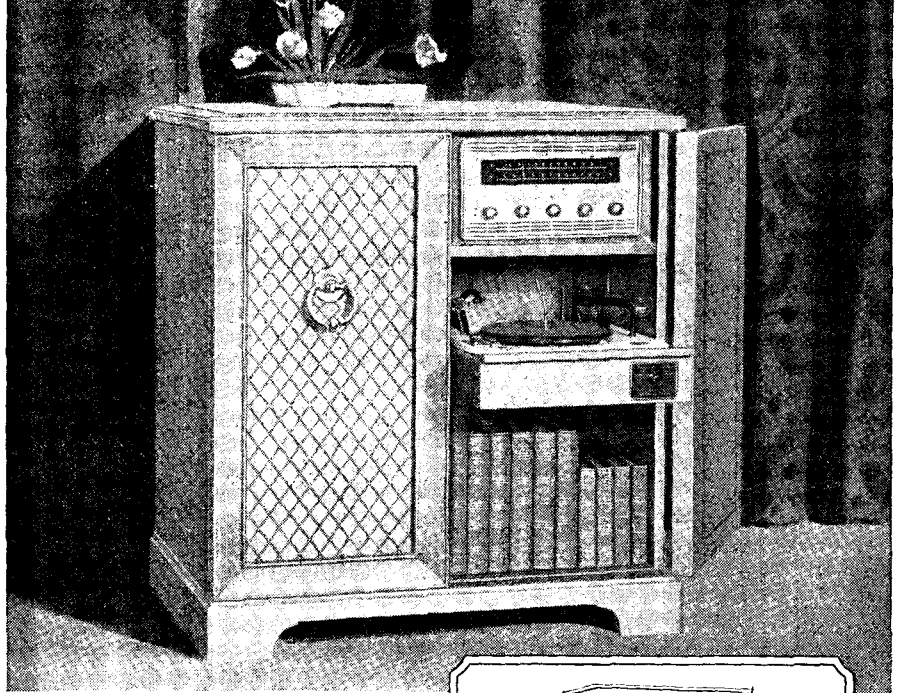

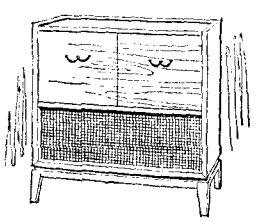

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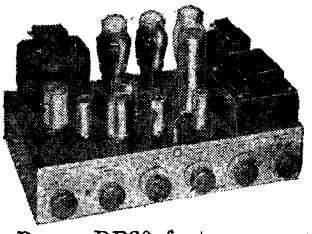

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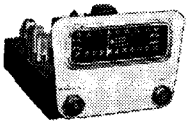

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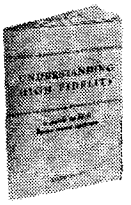

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SOME HIGHS AND LOWS

Checks and Double-checks

AMONG history's minor ironies is the seeming tendency of any great mass movement to discard or unrecognizably alter many of the ideals of its original founders. In the tremendous army now enlisted under the mystic banner of High Fidelity, for example, amateur technicians, hobbyists, and home-workshop experimenters, who were perhaps the most earnestly dedicated of all early audio pioneers, nowadays often feel themselves to be forgotten men.

But the apparent failure of the "build-it-yourself" faction to play more than a minority role in current audio activities may not be a permanent one. For already there are portents that one of the chief obstacles to the reinvigorated growth of home experimentation is about to be overcome. At long last, amateur soundmen are beginning to be given access to cheap, direct, and practicable means of checking the performance characteristics of both home-made and commercial systems.

To appreciate the full significance of this development, the layman should be reminded that while it is comparatively easy and inexpensive for an amateur to build or assemble amplifiers, it has been quite impossible in the past for him to make objective performance checks without a battery of laboratory test gear whose purchase price and use techniques usually are far beyond his resources. To be sure, reasonably good testing equipments recently have been made available in "kit" form (most notably, perhaps, by the enterprising Heathkit Company of Benton Harbor, Michigan) at surprisingly low cost. But while there has been an extraordinary number of experimenters willing to spend, say, thirty dollars and an evening or two of assembly work for a vacuum-tube voltmeter kit, there surely must be a far larger public for still simpler, cheaper, and easier-to-use sound-measurement devices.

One of the most ingenious means I have yet come across for meeting this need is the Dubbings Company's new D-500 Test-Level Indicator ($3.95)—a little plastic box containing three pilot lamps and a pair of clip leads. Connected across a loudspeaker's terminals, when a frequency-test record is being played, this gadget shows at a glance whether the system's departures from "flatness" remain within, or exceed, the range of plus-or-minus three db.

Naturally, such an indicator lacks the accuracy, range, and freedom from "loading" of a vacuum-tube voltmeter, but it does provide a convenient rough check of a sound system's frequency response. It may be used with any of the "constant-frequency" test records now on the market, but for special equalization checks it is particularly useful in conjunction with a welcome new Dubbings release (D-101, $4.95), which contains thirteen test-frequency bands, from 30 to 12,000 cps, for each of the standard LP recording characteristics.

Yet necessary as straight frequency-response tests may be, a truly high-quality system must meet far more than the minimum requirements of amplifier "flatness" and correct equalization provisions. And of all technical characteristics perhaps none is more closely correlated with subjective listening judgments than the intermodulation-distortion rating. But here, unfortunately, laboratory tests demand even more elaborate equipment and techniques, which up to now have been outside the scope of most experimenters and, of course, were quite impossible for laymen.

Yet (*mirabile dictu!*) the same creative imagination which a few years ago first enabled over-all frequency response to be checked by ear with a White and Gray Noise Record, now has triumphed over seeming impossibilities to produce a means by which any listener easily may *hear* whether his sound system can meet the rigorous standard of 2 per cent IM distortion. This is the fabulous Emery Cook's new "N-A Beam" disc (series 50, $4.80). Not only is it admirably adapted for detecting worn-stylus, pickup-tracking, amplifier-overload, and voice-coil-rub troubles, but it is —to my mind—perhaps the most inspired example to date of truly inventive engineering's ability to meet the aching need for sound-system checking devices that can be used with notable ease and profit by amateur audiophiles.

The final judge of all reproduced sound must be the critical listening ear, of course, but even the best of ears should welcome more-than-humanly objective guidance.

—R. D. DARRELL.

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Styles in Schubert

COLUMBIA by going to Prades and RCA Victor by digging far back into its files have perplexed the collector with a choice of two virtuoso performances of Schubert's Duo, Opus 162, one by Joseph Szigeti and Myra Hess (ML 4717, $5.45), made at the 1952 Casals Festival, the other by Fritz Kreisler and Sergei Rachmaninoff (LCT 1128, $5.72), made at Camden in 1928. Only the most didactic Schubertian could say categorically which interpretation is "the best." They are different. Kreisler's is sweet, lilting, dreamlike at times, and technically immaculate. Szigeti's is more vigorous and forthright; it bounces with gusto where Kreisler skips with nonchalance; it is also pocked with a few minor technical blemishes. Rachmaninoff subdues the piano part more than Hess (this may result from microphone placement) and he espouses a more loose-jointed keyboard style. Except for a slight "wow" in the piano reproduction, the old recording stands up well.

Which one to recommend? On the basis of the Duo alone, the answer would have to be "Both of them." But the pairings make a choice easier. RCA backs the Duo with Grieg's Sonata No. 3, in C minor, played for the ages by Kreisler and Rachmaninoff with a warmth and sincerity in the middle movement that must be heard to be believed. Columbia's pairing is the Schubert "Variations on 'Trock'ne Blumen'" for flute and piano, skilfully performed by John Wummer and Leopold Mannes, but apt to be tiresome for all but fanciers of the flute.

The Szigeti-Hess recording comes in a four-disc album (SL-183) with other Prades performances from the Schubert chamber repertoire: the Trios, Opus 99 and Opus 100, and the Quintet in C, Opus 163. Casals is heard in all of these, as well as such other luminaries as Isaac Stern, Alexander Schneider, Milton Katims, Paul Tortelier, Horszowski, and Istomin. Instrumentalists of this order can be expected to play with a keen sense of musical values and with the aplomb born of splendid technical mastery. They do. But occasionally they also communicate a feeling of unwelcome tenseness—which only proves that an ensemble needs time to work together just as much as it needs talent. —ROLAND GELATT.

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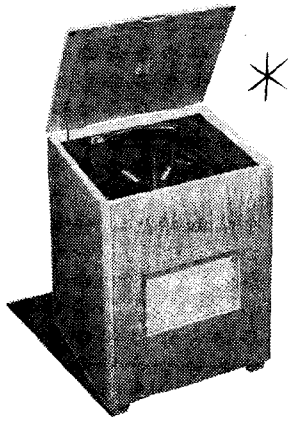

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More Scarlatti sonatas (none duplicating any chosen by Sylvia Marlowe) become available on two single Columbia twelve-inch LP's —one played by Robert Casadesus (ML 4695, $5.45), one by Walter Gieseking (ML 4646, $5.45). Both are excellent examples of modern piano recording. Casadesus gives us six Scarlatti sonatas and four excerpts from Rameau suites; Gieseking five Scarlatti sonatas, the Bach Partita No. 6 in E minor, and the Handel Suite No. 5 in E major ("The Harmonious Blacksmith"). Only one Scarlatti sonata is played by both men: the E major (Longo 23) sometimes called the "Cortège." Casadesus playing it is a great pianist and fine musician performing a piece; Gieseking playing it is a magician.

Few demonstrations so sharply point up the difference between excellence and the excess by which genius goes beyond excellence. So much more attention does Gieseking award to infinite small details—in this, as everywhere—that if he were to lose grasp for a single measure the temptation would arise to say that he is sacrificing overall form for momentary effect. But the fact is that his myriad of momentary effects prove to be exactly the sections from which he constructs overall form. If I can do so without jettisoning my belief that all the music Gieseking and Casadesus here play is in a sense "transcribed" when played on the piano, I should like to say that both of these records are highly satisfying, and that Gieseking is the greatest living pianist in music of this sort.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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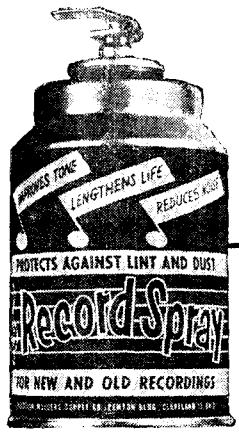

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Italian Evenings

Continued from page 78

the general level of tenors was considerably higher and that when recordings are made those few who *are* better were around. Campagnano is serviceable—and, heaven knows, lots of operas have been sung by tenors fitting this description.

Saturno Meletti is a good Lescaut, which is saying a lot. It's not an easy role to bring to believability. Pier Luigi Latinucci is wholly convincing as Geronte, a character generally unpleasant throughout. Minor roles are well sung by Tullio Pane and Mario Anselmi (two each), Tommaso Soley, and Piero Poldi. Ortensia Beggiato is singularly unsuccessful as the briefly vital Singer in the Madrigal in the second act.

"Manon Lescaut" deserves knowing, for its moments of beauty are frequent and fresh in sound. They clearly point to "Bohème" and the Puccini to come. The work is by no means too youthful to stand firmly on its own. Those who love the sounds and sensations of Puccini will want to round out the nearly complete list of modern recordings of his scores with this set.

—PAUL HUME.

* * *

IN ALL but one respect the new Opéra-Comique recording of Ravel's "L'Heure Espagnole" (Angel 35018, $4.95 or $5.95 according to packaging) cannot challenge the Ansermet version reviewed here three months ago. Its sole superiority lies in its vivid theatricality; these are singing actors communicating a story, not just musicians clustered around a microphone.

Denise Duval endows the role of Concepcion with gay, coquettish charm, and René Herent displays a keen sense of comedy as the cuckold Torquemada. If Franc-Nohain's wit were more important than Ravel's music, this would be the recording of "L'Heure Espagnole" *par excellence*. But the values go the other way, and musically the Opéra-Comique forces are satisfactory but not transcendent. André Cluytens does not illuminate the whole glittering fabric of Ravel's score as Ansermet revealed it in his recording for London, and the Opéra-Comique Orchestra is no match for the Suisse Romande.

Angel's "factory sealed" packaging, with an excellent libretto translation by Francis Steegmuller, is itself a work of art.

—ROLAND GELATT.

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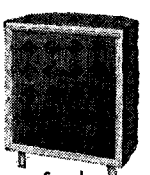
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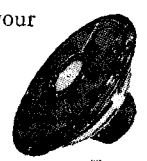
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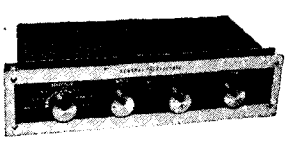
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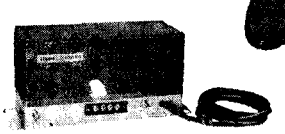
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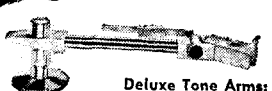
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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

FERRIER'S PERGOLESI

Don't you agree that the tragic death of Kathleen Ferrier calls for a reissue of the Pergolesi "Stabat Mater" on LP?

PARSIFAL.

Arlington, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *London Records reports that a reissue is being considered.*

NEW ART MEDIUM

IS ANYBODY ELSE ANNOYED at the heavy-footed art on the jackets of some of the best records? As an amateur record collector with an amateur interest in the graphic arts, I am.

Here we have what is the only new art medium in the past decade (television doesn't rate yet), and the two companies that have, technically at least, the finest recordings, put them in slipcases that seem to have been designed by gifted grammar-school art students. I point the finger specifically at Westminster and London. The covers made for the big companies—RCA Victor, Columbia, Decca—although sometimes too slick for my taste, at least don't have that sharp-edged, earnest amateur look about them. As an example of what a small company *can* do, take the Haydn Society. When you buy one of their issues, you buy a piece of art worthy of framing, as well as a record.

I don't know anything about the finances of the record business, but I'm sure that there are lots of good artists around who could do pleasing and unusual designs cheaply.

WILLIAM COLE.

New York, N. Y.

MITROPOULOS AND ORMANDY

IN REGARD TO Irving Kolodin's article "Dimitri and Eugene" [*SR* Oct. 31], I wonder if the technical control of musical means is the writer's sole criterion for judging a conductor's merit.

Dimitri Mitropoulos is an adventurer. He has made bold to explore the great wealth of works neglected or previously unknown to the accepted literature of symphonic masterpieces—so many of which have been played to the point of banality through countless repetitions. He has brought to public hearing the most serious creative musical efforts of our time. He has sought, within the whole breadth of Occidental music, a direction, a significance, a vitality, which transcends any fixed interest in musical means for their own sake.

Not half so much, I suspect, can be said of Eugene Ormandy.

JAMES B. FELTON.

Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Ends are important, but so are means. And the fact of communication must be established before one considers what is communicated.*

"THE AUTHENTIC VERSION"

I SHOULD LIKE, if I may, to make a few comments upon Oscar Brand's article dealing with folk songs and singers, "The Authentic Version" [*SR* Aug. 29].

1.) The title of the article and the use of the words within the text are, from the folklorist's view, inaccurate. There can be no such thing as "*the* authentic version" of a folk song circulating orally among the folk. Each version is *an* authentic version. There are, for example, more than one hundred versions of "Barbara Allen" in the recorded collections of the Library of Congress. No two are alike textually or musically, yet each is *an* authentic version. To the best of my knowledge, no folklorist or student of folk song from the time of Francis James Child to the present has used the definite article to characterize authentic folk song.

2.) Mr. Brand's statements that folk songs have been reshaped, arranged, or substantially changed to suit wider audiences is hardly a revelation, since it has been common practice from the time of the Greeks to the present, not alone in folk song but in other fields of folklore as well. In this respect, Homer, Herodotus, Brahms, John Jacob Niles, and a Bali print at Bergdorf Goodman's have much in common.

3.) Mr. Brand asks: "What will happen to the common belief that folk songs are not created by people, but by amorphous conglomerations known as 'social groups'?" The theory of "communal creation" of the ballads has been thoroughly exploded for several decades. At its point of origin, each folk song is the creation of an individual.

4.) Mr. Brand says: "The historian is welcome to his frozen folk songs." Folk songs circulating orally among the folk cannot be "frozen," since they are constantly being "re-created" (Phillips Barry's coinage) as they pass from individual to individual. The example of "Barbara Allen" has already been cited. The "freezing" process is much more likely to occur when an excellent entertainer such as Burl Ives blankets America with his version of a "Lolly Toodum" or "Blue Tailed Fly," in effect "standardizing" the songs so that "incorrectnesses" are pointed out to other singers, both on the folk and popular levels.

5.) In general, it seems to me that a certain confusion holds within Mr. Brand's article primarily because he fails to distinguish between the *folksinger* and the *singer of folk songs*, and to differentiate between what happens to folk songs within the traditional area of the folk and what happens to them in the entertainment world of our "popular" or mass society. One deals here with different

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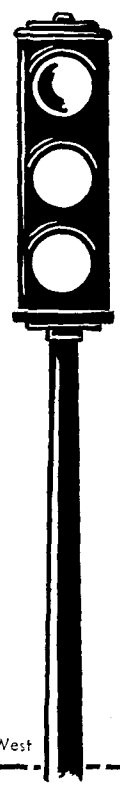

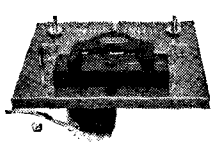

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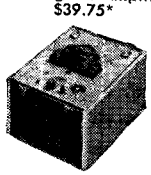

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groups and different levels of our culture, and not to set up standards distinguishing them seems unfair to each, as unfair, for example, as juxtaposing the simplicity of an adobe house in New Mexico with a Frank Lloyd Wright creation.

6.) Mr. Brand may well prefer the songs which are sung by the polished entertainer. *De gustibus*, and there can be no quarrel here. On the other hand, the term "folk song" for much of the material needs to be used cautiously and with heavy qualification, since a) the folk song has moved out of its original *milieu*, has been altered to suit a totally different audience, and is being played and presented in a highly non-folk manner, and b) much of the material is not folk song at all, since it has never circulated among the folk, has never been transmitted in the folk manner, and has not been subject to any "re-creation" whatever. ("Venezuela" is an excellent example.) Mr. Brand, however, is not alone in the rather loose use of the word "folk song," as recent popular book publications of so-called folk songs attest. The word "folklore" has been similarly abused also. But they should not be in *SR*.

DUNCAN EMRICH,
Chief, Folklore Section,
The Library of Congress.

Washington, D. C.

WAITING FOR "LOUISE"

IN THESE LUSH DAYS of long-playing records, when almost every opera from "Abu Hassan" to "Zaide" is now on LP, and some of the most popular operas have as many as five recordings to choose from, is there any hope that Carpentier's "Louise" will be issued soon on LP?

Cetra-Soria has recorded much Italian opera, from the most obscure to the most popular, and Urania seems to be doing the same for German opera, but French opera remains the "orphan" of the catalogue.

MARIE PONZO.

Teaneck, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *London has "Louise" under consideration, as has also—we believe—Cetra-Capitol.*

ON APPROVAL

L. B. HOLDRIDGE'S approach ["Murder in the Listening Booth," *SR* Oct. 10] seems to be quite realistic in many respects, remarkably naive and unrealistic in other ways.

It is most certainly true that the listening booth as described in the article is inexcusable; particularly with respect to the use of inferior styli. However, the small auditorium recommended by Mr. Holdridge would undoubtedly prove totally impracticable for all but the very largest dealers in one or two cities. The space simply is not available.

Next, we must face the problem of certified, sealed records. I really wonder whether Mr. Holdridge realizes what the cost of carrying a basic duplicate demonstration stock would be to the dealer, both in cash outlay and in storage space occupied. The record business, however personal its approach may be, is sup-

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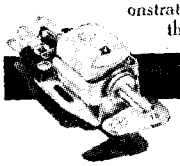
Last fall my dealer offered a suggestion. "Wait a little longer," he said. "You'll be glad you did."

He was right. I now have Pickering's new turn-over cartridge. A simple flip of the handy lever and I'm ready to play any favorite that fits my mood—whether it's standard or microgroove. More than that, I'd swear my recordings sound better than ever.

I'm glad I waited . . . but you won't have to.

Ask your dealer to show you this convenient new turn-over cartridge. Have him demonstrate it. See if you, too, don't hear the difference!



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posedly based on turnover, and for a dealer to accumulate a full stock for demonstration alone would make for a shocking cost even to the very largest stores.

Furthermore, the demonstration record would, in time, become worn and no longer provide a true sound; this by its very nature as a demonstrator to be played over and over.

As a solution to these problems, I submit a method which has been in use in my shop for over two years with unqualified success. It is to be assumed that anyone who desires such virgin perfection in records and such a true picture of the sound contained therein is capable of handling and caring for a record in such a way as to insure maximum prevention against any and all damage to the disc. Thus, I suggest that the store desirous of providing the utmost in satisfaction and good will to the sound-conscious record buyer permit records to be sold to a selected list of responsible, qualified persons on an approval basis. Any record rejected because of defect, poor performance, poor sound, or improper handling may be returned to the store for either exchange or credit.

The buyer may then hear the record in his own home, on his own rig, on his own time without having to clear a listening room for waiting customers, and is free to judge for himself the merits of each and every disc. It has been our experience that even the fussiest audiophile will accept a record that may have been previously played, provided the playing was done with a diamond with the proper qualifications, and that the disc shows no damage from handling.

There are, of course, inventory control difficulties raised by such a system, but they are insignificant compared to such solutions as duplicate demonstrator stock or an auditorium, and a store can adapt to its own particular situation in a remarkably short time.

WM. D. BENSWANGER.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

SAPPHIRES—GEM AND SYNTHETIC

HOLDRIDGE MAY BE CORRECT in his statement that diamond is far superior to sapphire for phonograph styli. However, his statement is much weakened by the following: "There is no true gem sapphire commercially available in phonograph styli. The substance offered under that name is a synthetic material which, while quite hard, bears about as much relation to gem sapphire as zircon to diamond."

Synthetic sapphire, which is available commercially and is used for watch bearings and other uses, is chemically and crystallographically indentical with "gem sapphire," being aluminum oxide crystalized in the form of corundum. Many tests made by the National Bureau of Standards show that it is just as hard and contains fewer defects and impurities than natural material. Zircon, on the other hand, is zirconium silicate, while diamond is carbon; and zircon is well known to have much less inherent hardness than diamond.

H. F. MCMURDIE.

Bethesda, Md.

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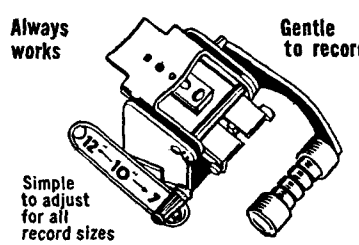

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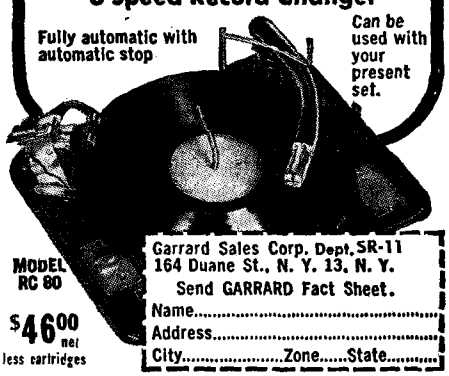

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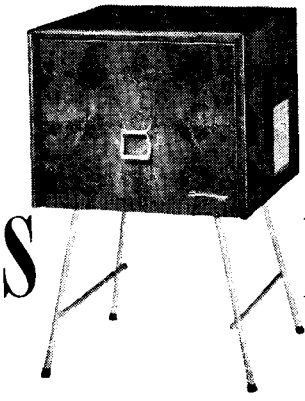

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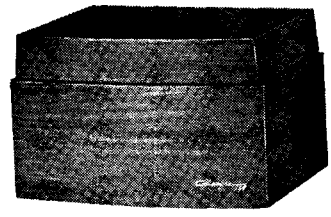

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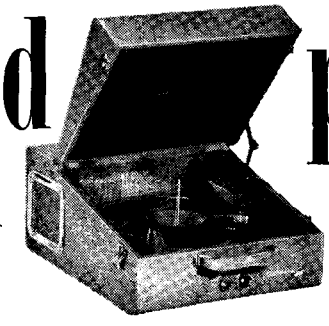

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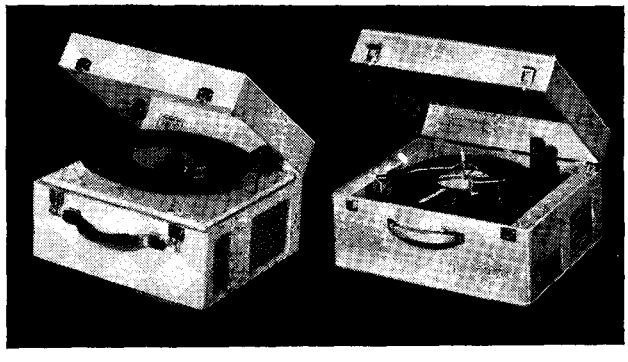

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